Europe-on the Nose! By W. B. Courtney

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December 1, 1934

Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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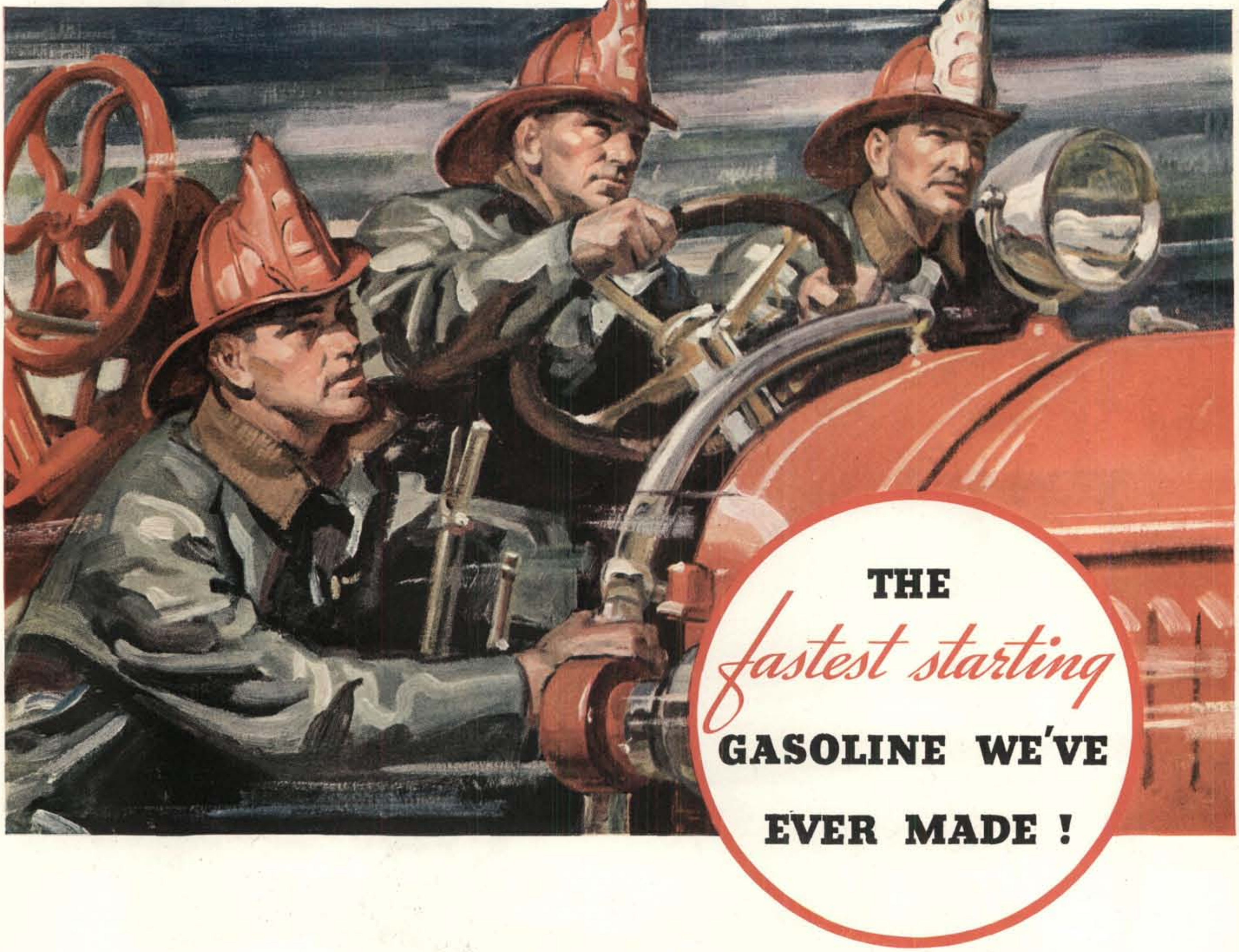
Dec. 1, 1934

For this WINTER . . .



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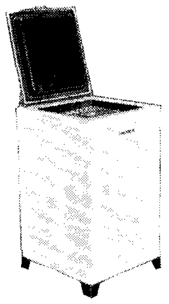

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ARCHIE was sort of light to play on the school team, but he was Spunkie Westlake's son and Spunkie had been quarterback for Michigan. Archie said his father would act as coach. So they let him play.

There was something funny about it, though. When Spunkie turned up to coach he didn't look like a football player. He wasn't very steady on his feet and he didn't seem to know the rules.

That was tough on Archie. He was a "Hero's Son" and he felt the responsibility. He had to live up to his dad's record—and make his dad live up to it too. In the best football story you have read in years Frederick Hazlitt Brennan shows you how he succeeded.

TAKE Canada. She may not always love us, but she can't get away from us—in sickness or in health. Just now Canada is not exactly sick, but it would be an exaggeration to say she is enjoying the best of economic health. And so drastic measures are being proposed—to put it baldly, a New Deal for Canada. The people want it; the Liberals are eager to give it to them; all that remains is to find some guise that will not be too offensively American. Walter Davenport, fresh from a Canadian outing, reports the troubled political conscience of the Dominion.

IT WAS a funny-looking gadget. It looked something like a set of individual carburetors for each cylinder and something like a supercharger. It made a car run like nobody's business. It carried Ed Hamm right out of his garage into the company of magnates and bank presidents' daughters—one of the latter anyhow. It was a very good gadget. Francis M. Cockrell makes it downright romantic.

FOR a girl who has gone to school in the United States the life of a South American señorita can be pretty hard to take. Ancha found it so. Her grandmother dictated everything she did. She even selected the man for her to marry, a man Ancha didn't like, a man she hated, in fact. But for everyone there is a "Flower of Chance" to be plucked. Ancha's flower bloomed amid the violence and bloodshed of a revolution. Her love story is told by Louise Kennedy Mabie.

FANNIE HURST writes the Short Short Story. Bill Cunningham, Harold L. Ickes, William MacHarg, Arthur Somers Roche, George Agnew Chamberlain and others make gay contributions that have just a touch of earnestness. An exhilarating mixture.

This Week

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December 1, 1934

Cover by Arthur Crouch

IRVIN MONROE
Clay Pigeon. When a soldier of fortune fell in love. Page 7

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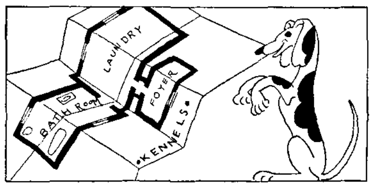
●

Any Week

FOR a long time Mrs. B. Willson of Kansas City, Missouri, resisted the preachment that the country was going to the dogs. Now she has her doubts. "Down State," reports she, "a cousin of mine raises hound dogs for hunting. Business has been pretty good. So he applied to the government for a loan with which to build new kennels. They kept his application a week; then returned it with a note reading: 'Returned for proposed plumbing specifications. Please specify number of bathrooms and type of laundry equipment to be used.' "



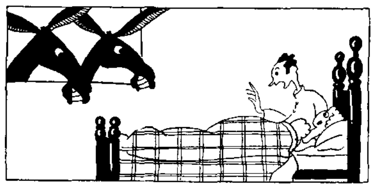
AND Mr. Lewis B. Hall of Bensenville, Illinois, locates something wrong too. He read Secretary Henry Wallace's article, "The Tyranny of Greed," in Collier's and concludes that "any writer who makes public such an article or any publisher publishing it, thus engendering class hatred, is a traitor to the best interests of American citizenship and should face the firing squad without the privilege of defense. This," adds Mr. Hall, "from a 75-year-old but not a partisan."

WE HAVE the uncomfortable feeling that even if Mr. Hall's firing squad did visit us, and could shoot straighter than we could when we carried a rifle back in 1917 and 1918, Collier's would manage somehow to struggle along. Which would be fine for Miss Eugenia Claussens of Duluth, Minnesota. Says she: "If I knew how to run a magazine and had a magazine to run, I wouldn't be satisfied until somebody told me it was as good as Collier's."

"WELL," sighs Mr. Ernest B. Doelgen of Denver, Colorado, "the shouting's all over and it's all fixed up for the fellow who hasn't got any money and hasn't got anything to get any money with to be taken care of for the rest of his days by the fellow who has money or who knows how to earn some. Congress is going to fix that all up. Then the only thing we'll have to worry about is to find enough fellows who can get it to support the guys who can't think of any way to get it. This all leads up to my idea: What's the use of working if some boob who is working will have to take you in? The only trouble is, suppose the guy who is working gets tired."

BUT we're not worrying. Mr. Joseph Z. Padillo of Long Beach, California, offers us a solution of one of our major worries. "For five thousand dollars," says he, "I will turn over to you in the presence of witnesses an original plan for increasing your income."

FOR thirty years Mr. and Mrs. C. B. McCaleb of Olustee, Oklahoma, have been reading Collier's and not once, until now, have they given us anything to read. Our patience is rewarded. Mr. McCaleb tells us that the government has erected several mattress factories near his farm. "I really need a mattress," says he, "because during the past summer there came a rift between myself and Mrs. McCaleb. The one we have is filled with corn shucks, causing the mules in the near-by lot to keep my wife awake. You see, being restless, I twirl over often and the rattle of the shucks in the mattress makes the mules think I'm on my way with a turn of corn for them. Then they bray uproariously, awakening Mrs. McCaleb and in general disturbing the household. Therefore, I'm appealing to you: How can I procure one of these noiseless government mattresses? And hurry up; this is no joke."



MRS. J. F. LINDABERG of Mobile, Alabama, interviewed a farmer who, when she asked him what he thought of the New Deal, replied: "That depends on whether it works as good for me as it does for the politicians."

BRINGING up a small matter that has been occupying the attention of Mr. Malcolm D. Pollard of Atlanta, Georgia. "In a very few weeks," says he, "we shall be entertained by a Congress of presto-change economists who were rescued from their own financial doldrums by the generous if rather careless votes of the people."

"WE'VE had kitchen cabinets, watchful waiters, White House spokesmen, fact-finding commissions and Heaven knows what in the past helping our Presidents to run the government," observes Mr. Ed G. Kincress of Houston, Texas. "And now we have the Brain Trust. By the way, what's become of that Brain Trust?"

LOST in thought.

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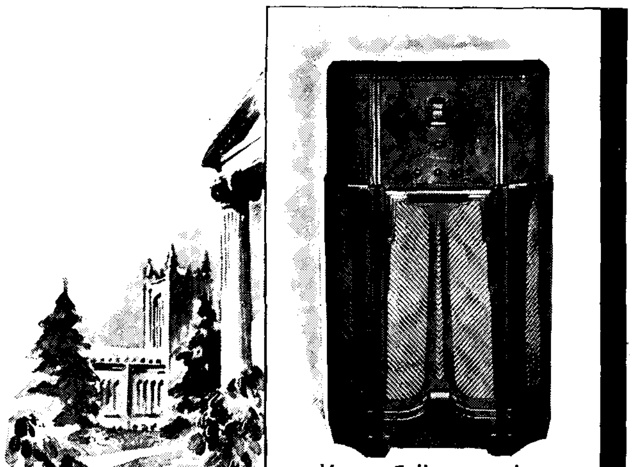

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Chairman of the Department of Music, Vassar College

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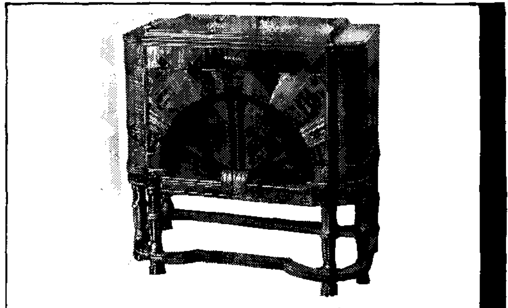

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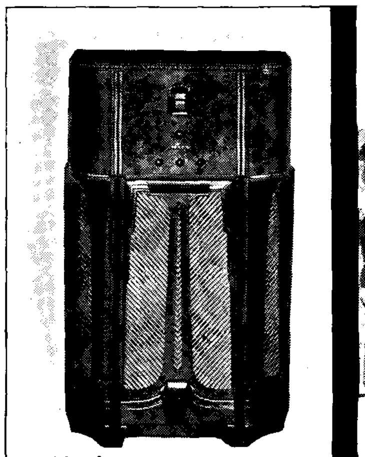

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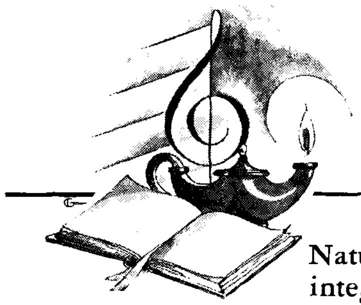

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Collier's The National Weekly for December 1, 1934

Mr. Hollister meets a beautiful girl at Tony's—a story that leaps with today's speed

Clay Pigeon

By Irvin Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE key turned around in the lock all right, but the door wouldn't open. I went back down to the lobby, and the little fat clerk was at the desk. I told him that there was something wrong with the lock on the door of my room, and it wouldn't open. He fussed around for a bit, and then he said:

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Hollister, but unless you can give us something on account, I'm afraid I can't open it for you. Rules of the house, you know, the management's very strict with us."

I said that I quite understood, and went out. He seemed rather embarrassed about it all.

Outside it was hot and dusty, and there was that curious taste in the air of a storm on its way. I counted what I had in my pocket. About a buck and a half. If I bought two drinks in Tony's he'd give me one on the house. After all, it didn't make much difference whether I started sleeping in the park tonight or later. A buck and a half couldn't do me any good. I went in Tony's.

It was empty except for a man and a girl at a table at one end of the bar. Tony was polishing glasses as usual, and he looked up as I came in and smiled, his white teeth flashing in the darkening room. He said:

"*Buon' giorno*, Signor 'Ollister, come *va?*"

I told him I went very well; that was easier than saying anything else.

Tony took down a glass full of mint from the shelf. "Nice fresh mint today. I make you a julep, Signor 'Ollister?"

"All right," I told him. "A julep." Then I looked around.

The girl at the table was facing me. She was very pale, with great dark eyes and an all but heart-shaped face. Lots of black hair, so black it looked bluish, and a nose that wasn't very big, but was very straight. Her mouth curved as delicately as a child's. She was very beautiful.

The guy with her was talking a blue streak. She looked at me, and our eyes met. I started to look the other way, but she didn't move, so I held it.

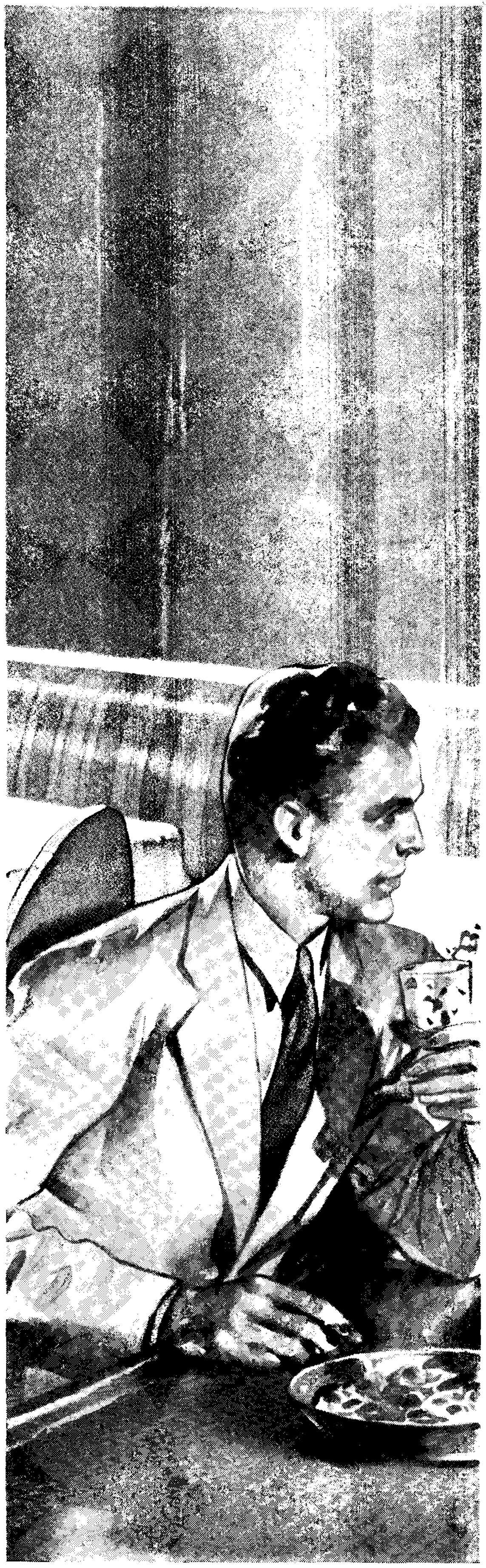
You know how it is when you put your tongue to the end of a flashlight battery to see if it's dead? That was the way she made me feel. It was an effort to tear my eyes away, and turn back to the bar.

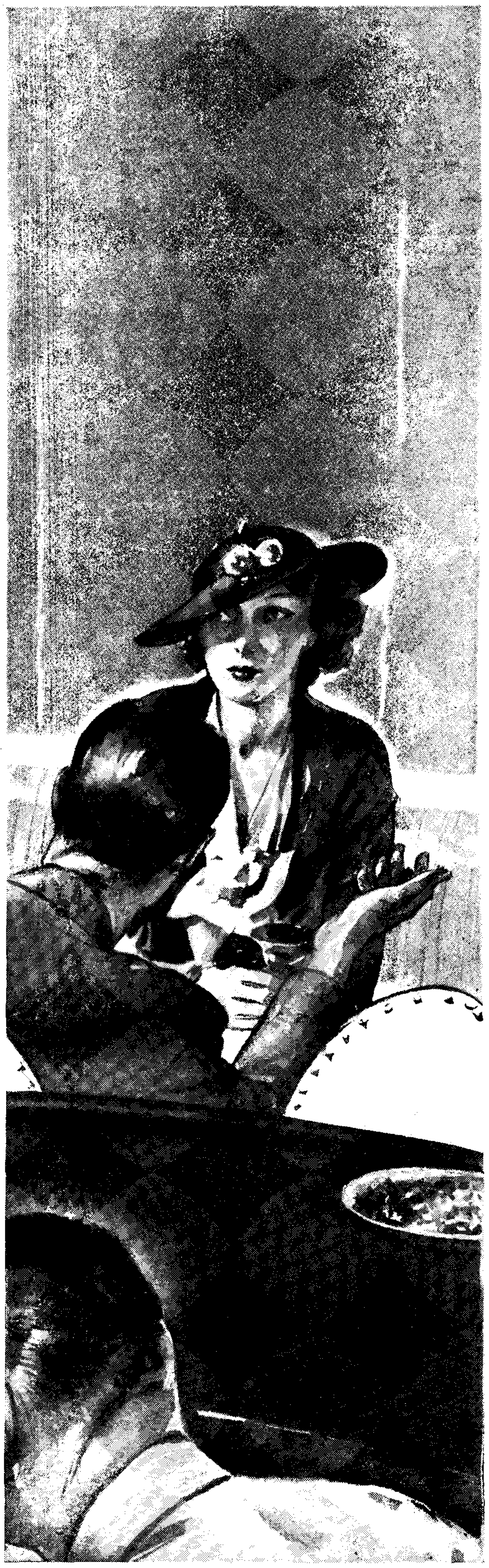
TONY put the julep in front of me. I had finished most of it before I looked again. She was looking at the wall now, or at nothing, and then the guy turned around and I got a look at him. He was younger than she, just a kid, in fact; black-haired too, and strikingly good-looking. Almost too much so. He looked at me, and then he turned back to her and said something. Whatever it was, she shook her head no. He kept on talking to her, but she didn't pay much attention to him. Somehow I felt that she had something on her mind.

I didn't see that I could do much about it, so I finished my julep and asked Tony to make me another one. I sat there drinking it and trying to think where the devil I'd go when I left. The storm had broken—you could hear the rain sloshing down the airshaft in back. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was the kid from the table.

"I beg your pardon, but didn't I meet you the other night at the Garden?"

"I don't think so," I told him. "I haven't been in the Garden since the Rosenbloom fight."





She shook her head no. He kept on talking to her but she didn't pay much attention to him. Somehow I felt that she had something on her mind

"Oh, I'm sorry." He seemed slightly crocked. He glanced around at the table and lowered his voice. "Gee, dames are hard to reason with, aren't they? Even if they do happen to be your sister?"

I agreed.

"Say, I wonder if you'd come over and have a drink with us? Save me doing a lot of explaining."

I said I would be delighted. I murmured that my name was Hollister, and he said his was something; I didn't catch it. We shook hands.

We got to the table before I looked at her. The kid said:

"Sonya, this is Mr. Hollister."

Then she smiled. Her teeth were very white and even; it made her look lovelier than ever.

WE SAT down and made some sort of conversation, quite banal; what you would expect. The kid was going to a lot of trouble to be nice and I couldn't dope the whole thing out. Maybe it was on the level, and maybe it wasn't. Well, I didn't have much to lose that I could see; anyway, I'd play along for a while. There couldn't be anything very wrong about a girl with a face like that.

She was very quiet, but when she spoke I noticed she had a slightly Mayfair intonation.

The kid said: "Sonya just got in this morning on the Aquitania. We haven't seen each other in two years. This is a family reunion."

Somebody came in, and he excused himself and left the table. I went on talking to the girl about London for a while, and then I looked around to see where he'd gone.

He was at the bar talking to a guy that looked like a Greek. He was a little, slim guy, overdressed; you knew he'd smell of pomade and perfume if you got close enough, and it wouldn't have to be too close either. He looked over at me and then he took the kid's arm, and they came walking up to our table. The kid didn't look very pleased.

He introduced him as Mr. Papa-something; that was as far as I could follow it, you know these Greek names. I said I thought I'd be leaving, but the Greek would have none of it. He was buying a drink. Well, I didn't want to go much anyway. I looked at the girl, and she smiled at me. That was all the encouragement I needed.

We had the drink and the conversation went on about nothing in particular. Arthur, that was the kid's name, seemed a nice enough boy; but I didn't like the Greek.

Finally they started to leave, and the Greek turned to me:

"Why don't you come up to Arthur's tonight? We're going to have a leetle party. Aren't we, boy?" He looked at Arthur.

"Yes, wish you would, Hollister." He gave me the address, up in the East Sixties.

I CERTAINLY didn't want to say goodby to that girl. Then I remembered the spot I was in, and I began to feel worse and worse. Wasn't it just my luck to meet someone like her when I was broke?

"Please do, if you can." She smiled up at me again.

"Why, I'd like to very much." That didn't begin to express my feelings about it, but it sufficed.

I went back to the bar and watched them going out. The kid had his hand on her arm, but the Greek seemed to be doing a lot of hovering around her.

I paid Tony for my drinks, and sure enough he gave me one on the house. I didn't need it, I was feeling pretty good now, but I took it anyway. Anything free looked good to me. Then I left; I said I might see him later.

The rain had stopped, and it was cool and nice. I went over to Sixth Avenue and had dinner for a quarter, and I called up a couple of guys whose place I might sleep at, but they were out.

About nine I started uptown. The address the kid had given me was on one of those quiet streets way over East. It was a private house, remodeled into apartments, no doorman or desk, and I went up in an automatic elevator.

Sonya opened the door.

"Hello! Please come in. Arthur had to go out for a moment, but he'll be right back."

Inside the place was nice; typically a man's flat but in good taste. There was a bar at one end, a little portable one. Sonya walked over to it and I followed along.

"Drink?"

I said yes, and she poured me some bourbon.

"Soda?"

"No, thanks."

We sat down on a big divan and then she got up and turned on one of these little pocket radios. She got a good dance orchestra, and came back and sat beside me again. I said:

"Bet you can't get music like that in London."

"Not often. They're getting better though."

"Lord, I wish I were there now!" That wasn't what I meant at all. "That is—not this minute, but—oh, you know what I mean!"

SHE was laughing at me. "All right, I know what you mean. I think I do, anyway."

I said: "Sonya, I—oh, I forgot. You don't even know my first name, do you?"

"Not unless you tell me."

"It's Jimmy," I told her.

"And what were you going to say?"

"Never mind; skip it. Wait till you know my middle name, then maybe I'll tell you."

"Oh! Well, tell me why you want to be in London then."

"I think I'd be pretty sure of a job with Gaumont Pictures. One of my best friends is head of the story department, and they're crazy about American talent now anyway."

She snuggled down on the couch. "So you're a writer, Jimmy?"

"Well, a little around the edges," I told her. "I've been a lot of things, and in a lot of places."

"Tell me."

"Maybe I'll tell you some of it, if you're really interested."

"I am, really." She looked as though she meant it. That set me up no end.

I gave her as much of my checkered career as I thought might amuse her. She was very interested in the professional soldier stuff. I told her about the Cuban fiasco, the Menocal revolution in '31.

"Well," she said, when I was almost through, "I take it they didn't shoot you."

"No, not me. They shipped me back to the States. I guess somebody double-crossed poor old Menocal."

Just then the kid came in with the Greek.

"Who double-crossed who?"

I got up and said hello, and then I told them what I'd been talking about.

"Boy, I'd like to have been there!" He was a nice kid, all right. I told him that was the way I'd felt about it too, but I'd changed my mind.

He went and got drinks for himself and the Greek, and one for me. We sat there chinning for a while and then Sonya went out of the room; she said she wanted to fix her hair. She hadn't been gone more than a minute when a phone rang somewhere in back of the bar. The kid got up and opened a door—it was in a sort of big closet—and answered it. Then he called the Greek.

"It's for you," he said.

The Greek went in and closed the door behind him. It must have been a well-built place, I couldn't even hear his voice. The kid stood there looking undecided for a moment, and then he excused himself and went out somewhere, presumably after Sonya. I sat there sipping my drink, and feeling sort of curious. Pretty soon I could hear the Greek dialing a number.

Did you ever notice how when someone's using a dial phone near a radio it interferes with the reception? Some kind of static, I guess. If the spring in the dial is weak, you can count the clicks when it springs back. This was a slow one all right; I could count the short numbers easily. Two, two, two. That was Academy—two. Three, one, four, and a long one, either seven or eight. What the hell was he calling that neck of the woods for; did he live there? Academy would be way up on the west side.

He wasn't very long talking, and when he came out he was all smiles.

"Boy, this is gonna be a party!" You felt he was rubbing his hands together.

Sonya and the kid came back in, and she sat down on the divan alongside me again. The kid looked at the Greek and then he went over to the bar and poured a slug of whisky that would have choked a longshoreman. He was drinking too much, that boy.

The Greek slapped him on the back. "Hey, Arthur, we're going over to a friend of mine's. Big place over on the Avenue. They just ran out of liquor, we got to bring some. Boy, some party!"

He went into the other room. Seemed to make himself right at home, this guy.

Sonya said: "Arthur, I don't like that man. *Must* you have him around?"

The kid looked worried. "For the time being I'm afraid I must. Please, Sonya—"

She looked at me. I shrugged my shoulders. What could I do?

"Well, all right, I'll go but I'm not going to stay long." She turned to me again. "You'll come, Jimmy?"

I said I would.

"Then I'll get my hat." She went back with the kid after her, just as the Greek came out. He had a bag in his hand.

"Come on, old boy, we'll go down ahead and get a cab." He hefted the bag; it was a little black overnight case. "Got four quarts in here; I guess that'll hold 'em a while, eh?"

WE GOT on the elevator and went down. The Greek opened the door and we stepped out in the lobby.

"Forgot my hat!" He handed the bag to me. "See if you can find a cab like a good fellow. Never is one in this block." He got back in the elevator and started up again.

I stood there for a minute, wondering what it was all about. Something was wrong with the picture somewhere. Well, if I played along maybe I'd find out pretty soon. I did all right.

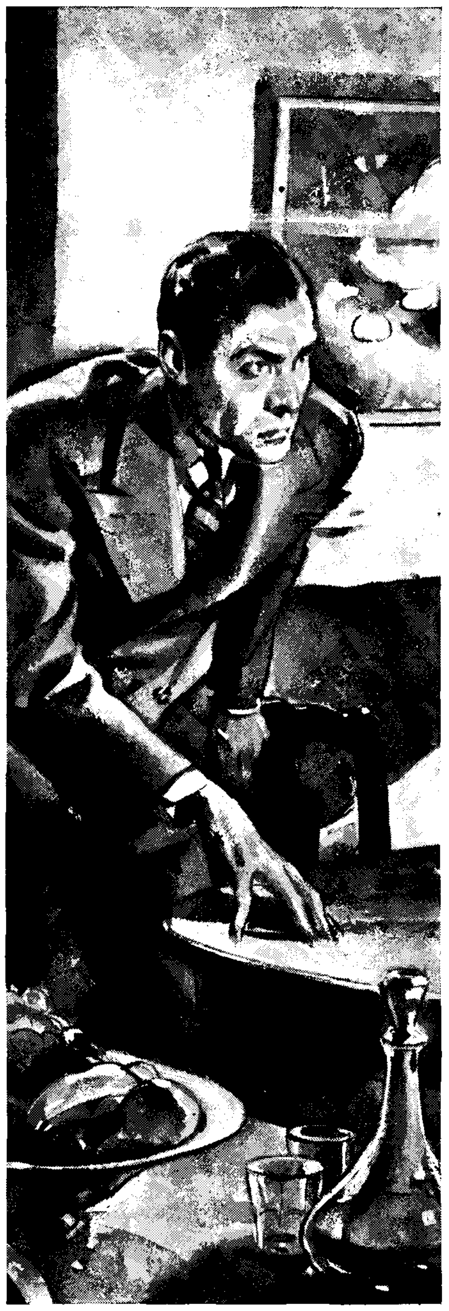
There was a cab almost in front of the door. The rest of the block was empty. I opened the door of the cab and bent over to shove the bag in, when something hit me a terrific crack over the side of the head. I went down and lay there on my face on the sidewalk. Pretty soon someone said in a funny, high-pitched voice: "Come on, Joe, get going; he's out."

I could feel the blood running down into my eyes and I found I couldn't see out of the right one. Another voice, evidently the cab driver's, said:

"I thought the boss said to bring the guy along."

"All right, gimme a hand here, Sully."

They picked me up and shoved me in on the floor of the cab over the bag, and climbed in over me. When I say over me, I mean it literally; they walked on me like so much carpet. The cab started.



Somebody had his feet on my back and when we'd turn a corner fast they'd jam into my spine. After a while, the high, whiney voice said: "Gimme that roll of tape, Sully."

"I haven't got it, Louie; I must have dropped it."

So Louie was the name of the guy that hit me. Well, we'd remember that.

"Well, gimme a hankachief, then."

"Use your own; I just paid a fin for this one. It's silk, see?"

"Aw, come on—gimme somepin to put in this guy's kisser. He'll come out of it in a minute and squawk."

There was a brief commotion. "Here."

"Here," I found a half second later, was something that smelled disagreeable and tasted worse. I tried to see if my head had stopped bleeding, but I couldn't tell. It ached like the devil.

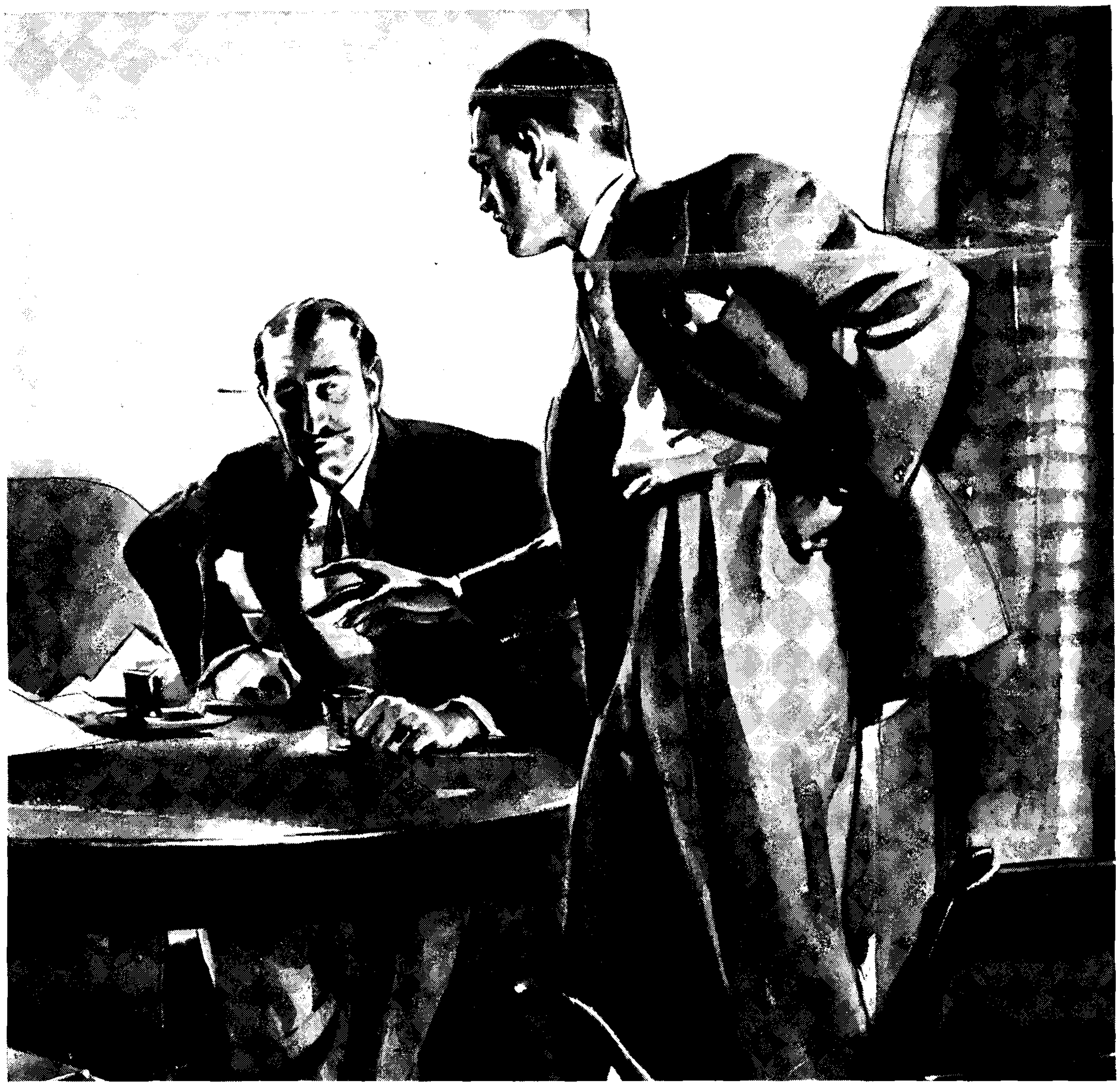
We swung around a curve and came to an abrupt stop. Both of them crawled out over me. I heard Squeaky Voice say: "He's awake, Sully. Here, pull him out."

They hauled me out, and I stood there wavering. One eye was all stuck together with blood, but out of the other I could see that we were in what looked like a big garage. There were a lot of cars around, mostly taxis. Someone shoved the end of a gun in my back and said:

"Walk, mug!"

It was Squeaky again, and he wasn't too gentle.

I staggered forward; I didn't have to act much. A hand caught my arm and steadied me for a minute, and then they pulled me along. There were some steps



His voice had risen. "I'm through; do you hear me, through! You can do what you like about it. I'd just as soon blow the whole thing"

leading to a door, and I stumbled over them. Squeaky's voice on my left said: "Cut it, you," but Sully on the other side said: "Hell, Louie, he can't see, there's blood all over his eyes."

We went along a narrow hallway, and Louie said:

"Go upstairs and tell the boss we're here. I'll shove this bird in the back and tie him up."

The hand let go my right arm, and feet went upstairs on wooden steps. We went on until we came to a door, and Louie opened it and rammed the gun in my back again, pushing me into the room.

There was a light on and I saw a stone floor and a couple of desks. It looked like an office. I twisted and leaned back against one of the desks, so I was facing him.

HE CAME in with the gun in his hand pointing at me, and I waited until he was a few feet in front of me, slumping down so that I was almost falling. Then I let go, flat on my face, with my hands up by my head. It hurt, but it was going to hurt him more, if I could time it right. My head landed between his feet, and before he could move I had my hands cupped in back of his heels, and my shoulders heaved against his shins. He was too surprised even to yell, and the back of his head hit that stone floor with such a crash I thought for a minute his gun had gone off.

It hadn't though; I picked it up. It was a .38 automatic, a nice one. I made sure there was one in the chamber, and shoved it in my pocket. Then I looked at Louie. He wasn't going to annoy me any more.

I went over to the door and listened. Nothing. There was a key on the inside and I turned it cautiously until it locked and then I went to the other side of the room; there was a door there that looked like a side entrance to the street, but it was locked up tighter than a vault.

I untied the piece of greasy rag they'd put through my jaws, and went over to a mirror that was on the wall and cleaned up my face with my handkerchief. Then I went back to the door we'd come in, and unlocked and opened it carefully. It looked all clear, but when I got to the foot of the stairs, I heard somebody coming in the front door, so I ducked into the recess the stairs made, and waited. Footsteps coming right at me. I got as close to the wall as I could, and got the automatic out of my pocket and snapped the safety on. I got a good grip on the barrel and let him have it just as he swung to take the first step. It would have knocked down a horse. That's just the way he went down too, like a horse shot in the head.

I eased him over to the corner of the stairs where you couldn't see him from the hall. It was Joe, or at least he had on a taxi driver's uniform, so I figured it was. I started down the hall again but there was a glass panel in the entrance door, and I could see two more guys in the garage. I turned back and started up the stairs. It certainly wasn't healthy on that floor.

There was a door at the landing at the top of the stairs, and it was open a couple of inches. The hall was dark and there was a light inside, so I looked in. A tall dark guy, nice-looking and wearing a well-cut dinner coat, was breaking open the lock on the bag I'd had, with a screw-driver. He didn't look like my conception of Sully, but you can't go by voices; I once knew a bucko mate of a tramp steamer who talked like a dancing master.

A BALD-HEADED, innocent-looking bird was standing there watching him. Fat, with a scrubby mustache; put a white apron on him and he'd have been perfect behind a delicatessen counter. He looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place him.

The tall guy got it open finally, and took out a handful of little white packages. He said: "That's the stuff, all right."

The fat one took one from him and opened it. He squinted at the contents. Then he put his finger in and tasted it.

"Hell," he said, "it's sugar! The Greek's made a sucker out of you again. Where's Joe? Anything I want done around here I got to do myself. He's smart, that Greek. Somebody must have tipped him off you were laying for him. Where's the clay pigeon he used for a decoy? Bring him up, maybe he knows something."

The tall guy came through the door and I shoved the business end of my gun in his stomach, hard, and said: "Back up!"

He looked pretty surprised and so did the fat guy, but they didn't make a move. Just as well for them; I was plenty sore.

I lined them up face to the wall and frisked them. The tall guy had a gun in a shoulder holster, but the fat one was clean. I took the gun and threw it under a big chest of drawers, and then I went over and locked the door.

I saw a phone on the table and I picked up the receiver and dialed Operator. When she answered, I said:

"Give me Police Headquarters."

The fat guy twisted around and said: "What the hell are *you* calling the cops for?"

I said: "Oh, sometimes I get kind of lonesome."

Headquarters answered and I asked for McLain. He was in for once. I said: "Hello, Mac, it's Jimmy Hollister."

"Hello, Jimmy, what's on your mind? Don't tell me you're back on the paper again, and looking for a story."

"No, I'm not. I'm at"—I looked—"Plaza 3-5767, and I'm not looking for a story; I'm making one. Find out where that is, and get up here with some of your boys, will you? I've fallen right into the middle of something."

"What's it all about?"

I said: "Listen, Mac, I can't talk now." The tall guy was getting restless. "But it's important. I don't know where it is; I was slugged when they brought me in, but it's a garage. Don't be too gentle if you find a couple of hoods inside. I'm upstairs with a couple more, only they're holding up the ceiling. Oh, and while you're looking up that number, get me the address on Academy 2-3147 and 3148."

"Three-one-four-seven and -eight. O. K., Jimmy. I'll be right over."

THE fat guy was turning around again. I said:

"Keep your eyes on that wall or I'll put a bullet in you. I'd like to anyway."

He turned back to the wall obediently enough, but he said:

"Say, who are you anyway?"

I said: "Just a guy who likes fun and frolic, but your boys play too rough. I liked my face the way it was better."

"Well, what do you expect when you try to walk off with somebody else's stuff—or what looks like it?"

"Did I do that?" I asked him.

"Sure, what do you think we slugged you for? What are you getting out of turning us in anyway? You're not a stool pigeon, are you?"

"No," I said. "A clay pigeon."

The tall guy said wearily: "Oh, what's the use?"

That was all I could get out of either of them and we stayed there in silence until finally there was a banging on the door and Mac's voice said:

"You in there, Jimmy?"

I let them in. Mac took one look at the fat guy and said:

"Well, if it isn't the professor! Think of you being here."

He turned to me. "How'd this happen?"

I told him, starting with where I got the rap on the head.

He said: "Do you know who you've got here?"

The cop with him was putting bracelets on them both. I said I didn't even know where I was.

"Let me introduce Professor Schwartz, the smartest junk dealer in the city. We've been looking for this crowd for months. Hey! What's this?" He looked in the bag. "Whew! That's a haul. If it isn't worth a hundred grand, I'll eat it!"

I said: "You might as well; it's sugar."

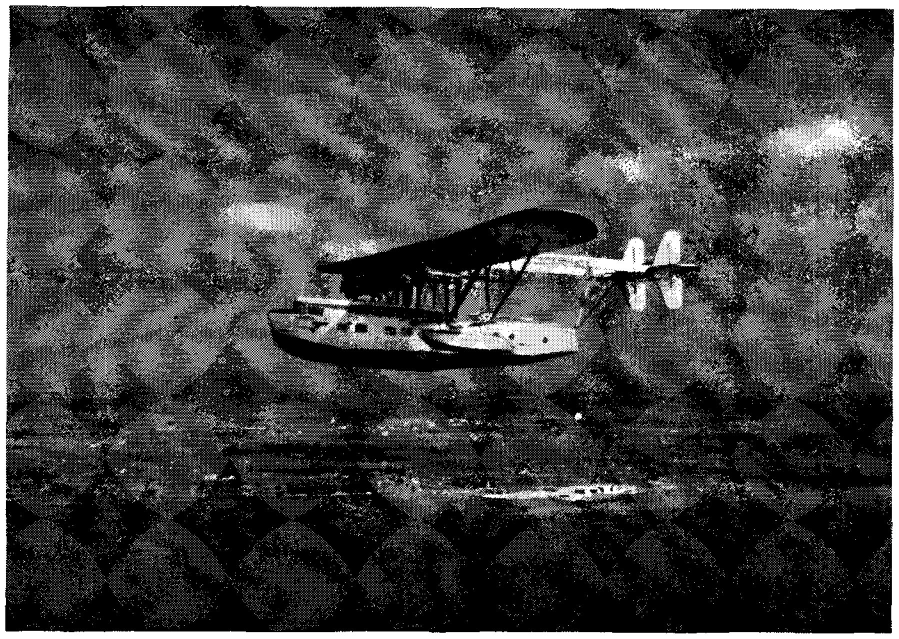
McLain tasted it. "What's the idea?"

I said I didn't know.

(Continued on page 49)

Europe—on the Nose!

By W. B. Courtney



PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS PHOTO

The four-motored, 44-passenger Caribbean Clipper, which is proving the practicability of regularly scheduled transatlantic flight

EVEN though it is still quite dark you are awake long before the boy knocks upon your door a little after four o'clock in the morning. You have been thinking of six hundred miles of open sea—appallingly deep, isleless, shark-infested—and of all the things that might happen to you while trying to fly across them. You get up and look out the window. Dawn is rising like slow gray smoke above the mountains of Jamaica, bringing a day that you do not know exactly how to face. In your life's experience there is no precedent. Thick-fingered with misgivings, you dress; and as you walk downstairs you fancy that now you know how Lindbergh must have felt in that May dawn of 1927.

Breakfast for the air travelers has been set out upon the veranda of the palm-embowered hotel. You pause in the doorway arch, chilled by a sense of unreality. It is like a picture half seen, half dreamed. Here you *feel*, as well as see, the dawn. It flushes the jungle park with atomized liquid velvet, and is exquisitely soft upon your cheeks. Then, quite suddenly, the tropical day is wholly present, giving lines and subtance to your courage as well as to the people upon the porch.

Your companions are here before you. None seems excited; none is apprehensive. Not one, apparently, shares your mixed elation and diffidence; your grave perceptions of heroic enterprise. Nobody looks up toward you in the manner in which you feel Cabots and Columbuses should look up to Magellan. One man is sending his eggs back. A woman is asking for a second glass of orange juice. A stout man is annoyed by the baskets in which the lunches have been packed: "Making us pay seventy-five cents for the privilege of advertising their hotel—some crust!" The waiters add to your frustration, for they are singularly free of the awe with which you who are about to fly the ocean believe they should regard you.

Does no one realize that you are embarking upon twelve hours' defiance of the elements, the atlas, and time and space; a prospect that would have fetched the ancients to their knees, and caused even your Grandpa Beardsley to put up his spiritual lightning rods? Yesterday you were in North America. Today you will breakfast in the West Indies, lunch in South America, and dine in Central America. Yet for all the romantic concern shown by these people they might be plant-tub salesmen about to take a commuter's early train from San Mateo to San Francisco.

All in a Day's Work

You look for the crew. In it, perhaps, you will find warrant for your mood of derring-do. The pilot—or captain, as you have learned to call him since you came to fly on the Pan American Airways—and his good men and true are breakfasting at a separate table. The captain—W. D. Culbertson is the name—is a mild and chubby man. Your first impression of him was of deepest eyes twinkling behind a mesh of humorous crow's-feet; your second, after a closer look, was that the wrinkles resembled a net of fine steel and the eyes were as funny as a pair of diamond drill points.

He is sociable when the day's work is over, well-read; last night he more than held his own in a group chat that ranged from Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man to what did the governor of North Carolina say to the governor of South Carolina—and he was sustained by only one glass of plain iced tea, as against the average of four planters' punches each among the rest of you. He never raises his voice, but you have observed the crew members hop to his gentlest tone. You don't need Pitt's voice if you have Napoleon's eyes. Culbertson is a war veteran, and flying is the only profession he has ever followed. He has flown over many lands and relates his adventures with a reserve that lends them quaint piquancy.

The co-pilot—or mate, in the lingo of the seaplane world—is tall and stringy, very young and very alert, with large hands and feet; all day yesterday the passengers told one another that when he smiles he looks exactly like Lindbergh. The flight mechanic is stout, a linguist, salty; a McFee man gone into the air. The radio operator is a preoccupied lad, professionally and socially all ears; you wonder if he really knows how to talk. The youngster who combines the functions of steward and purser does not seem to have time to eat, but when in flight he snatches leisure moments to read aviation stories in the pulp magazines. He will get ahead.

You comb this group—in vain, too—for a reflection of your own important feeling of large endeavor. Here, patently, are just business colleagues about to undertake an ordinary workaday routine together; men whom, but for some vague rich quality in their expressions, you might expect to find behind any office desk. The captain notices you in the doorway and beckons you to join him. You draw up a chair in hopes he will say something thrilling about the flight ahead of you—the longest scheduled non-stop, over-water hop in the world.

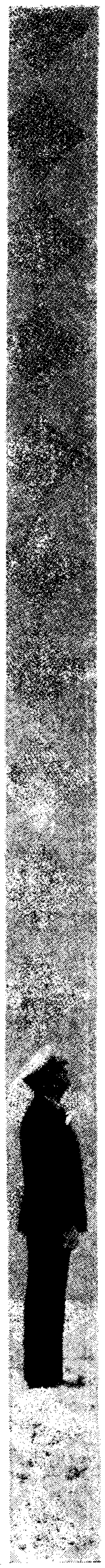
"Say," he asks, "can you get hold for me of one of Frank Owen's original drawings of that little kid in Collier's?" You sigh, appraising the bowl of native fruits—fresh pineapple, tree-ripened oranges neatly peeled, mangoes, papayas, rose and star apples, and a dozen other varieties. "Nobody," you venture, with a heavily nonchalant shrug toward the passengers, "seems to think anything extraordinary is afoot—ha, ha!"

The captain takes another mango. "I love fruits," he says, "especially these trick ones. Keep your blood cool in this climate. Oh, the only extraordinary thing is that we are able to get people up so early. Maybe these dawn take-offs are a drawback to flying down here; but I have never heard anyone who has started out in a tropical sunrise complain about the sleep he has lost. As faster ships come along you will be able to sleep later. For the present we've got to arrange things to suit the great distances we cover, and the infrequency of suitable overnight stopping places. Remember, we're heading for a continent where in many places the airplane has been the next step after the ox-cart.

"Take Bogota, the capital of Colombia. It's in the center of the country, away up on a high plateau. You travel fourteen to twenty-two days to get there by land means from the coast towns. The airplane service takes one morning." The captain's eyes are dissecting you. "Don't feel like a pioneer," he adds, with a quick and friendly grin. "You aren't going to blaze any trails today. One hundred and fifty thousand people have made this trip before you—and they have all hit Barranquilla on the nose."

Off for Barranquilla

The casualness with which you are driven out to the float, near the eastern bight of Kingston harbor, and cleared through local officialdom, further deflates you. There is a warning to present your cameras for "sealing"—because Colombia and Peru are making warlike faces at each other; and even though you should outfox the customs men at Barranquilla the Canal Zone spy ferrets would get you. The other formalities of departure, while highly specialized, are quite as matter-of-fact as the start of the Sunset Limited from New Orleans. The Caribbean Clipper stems the morning ripples with a huge and snowy breast. One by one her four engines are turned over, and the wharf throbs beneath your feet. A bell is rung; that is for the crew to go aboard, and it does so with an inspiriting show of military precision. Two bells; passengers now. Whalton, the airport manager, hastily completes his manifests and hands them aboard to the purser, who closes the hatch and we are cast off. Barranquilla next.



Air passengers for Europe, this way! In a few months you may be able to take off for London, Madrid or Paris on a regular, safe, tested service. Since 1927 Pan American Airways has been operating a training school for transatlantic flying. Come along on the Caribbean Division and see how it works

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS PHOTO

Oceans shrink as passengers board the huge seaplane for the first leg of its intercontinental flight on Pan American's Caribbean Division

Our shining hull brushes the bay, and the windows are covered by a lather of salt foam. When they clear, we have lost contact with our world. Kingston and the mountains that nudge her toward the sea have become an amorphous mystery fused in the primary flames of the new sun. Only straight down can we find sharp focus: there, on water already turning to brass, a lone ship rides at anchor, isolated in midharbor. "Supposed to have bananas," confides one passenger darkly, "but everybody knows she is loaded with munitions of war for Peru."

That is the one authentic thrill of your take-off. Banking cross-wind to lay our south'ard course, we hover momentarily above the tip of the "Palisadoes," a long and low tongue of sand, on which palm trees march like a thin file of soldiers, forming the natural breakwater that gives this harbor a place among Britain's finest Grand Fleet anchorages. A handful of shacks at the curiously broken water's edge perpetuates the name of Port Royal.

The Legend of Port Royal

Port Royal was a great town in the sixteenth century, before Kingston was born; the stronghold of Morgan and fellow buccaneers, and "the richest and wickedest spot on earth." Judgment for her sins came in the form of an earthquake that sent Port Royal to the bottom of the sea in 1692. It is said that on certain days, when the water and air conditions are just so, the spire of the church—the single righteous spot in the old town—may be seen, a hundred and fifty feet below the surface. It is also said that native fishermen, rowing homeward over the spot after twilight, often hear a muffled bell. You all look for the steeple; it is the thing to do. Afterwards, feeling a little sold, you tell one another of course you know it is just a silly old tale.

The Palisadoes recede into the morning blur and you have a moment of panic as you see the yellow shoals and brown coral reefs sheer off into a cobalt blue that hints of terrifying depths. The purser gets out a hydrographic chart of the Caribbean for you; but a glance at that does not help. It reveals that the rim of the reef, which you saw through 14 fathoms—or 86 feet—of pellucid water, marked the edge of a submarine precipice of a thousand fathoms; more than a mile. The ocean below you is six times deeper than your present altitude above its surface. You lay the

(*Continued on page* 40)

Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

SHOT with a .38-caliber revolver, Len Haworth, New York's wealthiest playboy, is found dead in his luxurious apartment. Three suspects are questioned by the police: Trenna Plaice, a motion-picture actress, who, engaged to Haworth, had visited his apartment a short time before the tragedy; Lisa Bellwood, a daring débutante, his companion for hours before he had died; and Sim Sturdevant, an advertising man, who, in love with the actress, had quarreled violently with the millionaire a few hours previous to the shooting.

Sturdevant tells the truth. At the Merrygoround, a night club, offering a radio job to Inez Johnson, the star of the revue, he had encountered Haworth. The man, accompanied by Lisa Bellwood and intoxicated, had insulted him. He had knocked the playboy down—and walked home.

The two girls, likewise, have credible stories; and the police reach an impasse. But Sturdevant is concerned, with reason. Trenna Plaice, he now knows, loves him. Lisa Bellwood adds to his perplexities. The girl attempts to flirt with him. Repulsed, she informs him that she is thinking of telling the police that she had seen him a few minutes before the murder, *outside Haworth's apartment house!* Alarmed, he goes to the office, to be confronted by Inez Johnson. Liking him, she tells him that, instead of going straight to her room shortly before the murder (as the police believe she did), she had followed Haworth and Lisa Bellwood. "I did it," she concludes, "to protect you. I thought Haworth might try to kill you."

Sturdevant sees the girl to a taxi, slips, strikes his head on the pavement. Inez takes him home, where he is treated for concussion. Trenna arrives—and Reed Ryan, a prominent newspaper-man, scenting news. Called to the phone, Trenna has a brief talk with a man—Haworth's butler, Murdoch, who, very much agitated, insists that she meet him at Dooman's restaurant at 9 P. M. But Murdoch does not show up. An hour and a half later, in Sturdevant's apartment, she is greeting Sergeant Wilcox. "Miss Plaice," says the officer, "at ten minutes to nine this evening, Haworth's butler, Murdoch, *was murdered.*"

VIII

TRENNA PLAICE was a singer; excellent actress though she was, it was as a singing star that she had made her great reputation. So naturally the picture plays in which she had appeared had been gay comedies. Nevertheless, there had been dramatic scenes in these plays, and Trenna thought that she knew some of the rules of drama. Dramatic lines, for instance, must be delivered with a certain seriousness. Wilcox would never be a "heavy," she thought. That she could think along such lines at such a moment later surprised her. But now the careless fashion in which Wilcox made his announcement almost caused her to discredit it.

Perhaps, though, she decided as she stared at him, Wilcox's casualness was part of a method he used to trap witnesses. Sturdevant had told her of his banter with the sergeant. Perhaps Wilcox, by the very lightness of his tone, hoped to surprise her into some damaging admission. Although she had felt pretty certain that the sergeant did not think her involved in Haworth's death, her feeling might have been due to subtlety on the part of Wilcox. Then she was done with detached analysis and speculation. It seemed as if all of her brain had not fully comprehended what Wilcox had said, but that one part of it only had understood his statement. But now the full import of his speech burst upon her.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"One-syllable words, mostly," said Wilcox. "You didn't know it?"

Sudden anger came to her, caused possibly by his manner, by his question, or more probably by the fact that she had been under tremendous strain and that the famous Trenna Plaice temper needed occasional outlet.

"If you think so, arrest me," she cried. "What sort of woman do you think I am? How dare you think that I am some sort of madwoman, killing right and left—"

She was beautiful in repose, lovely in gayety, but overwhelming in anger. Rage brought such fire to her eyes, such life to her body, that her wrath never had the proper effect. It made men admire her the more.

Wilcox stared at her.

"*You're the loveliest thing* I ever looked at," he told her.

"Is that part of your method of detection?" she blazed. "To accuse one moment and pay clumsy compliments the next? And what makes you think that I want a compliment from you?"

"Nothing in the world," said Wilcox. "I'm fresh—and couldn't be sorrier. Excuse me, Miss Plaice."

HE LOOKED strangely like a small boy who had done something to annoy a highly regarded teacher. The storm vanished and sunshine gleamed in Trenna's eyes.

"Has anyone ever told you that you're an extraordinarily funny little man?" she laughed.

"I don't like that 'little,' Miss Plaice." He tried to frown, but the corners of his mouth twitched.

"You deserve it," said Trenna sternly. "People won't like you, Sergeant Wilcox, if you make a habit of asking them if they killed somebody. I promise you, it's not the surest way to ingratiate yourself with women."

"I've tried every other method and I'm still a bachelor," grinned Wilcox.

"I'll try and think up something else," said Trenna.

"Much obliged," said the sergeant. "I hope you don't think I was trying to flirt or get gay. You just looked so swell that I told you so before I realized what I was saying. But I'm not taking it back."

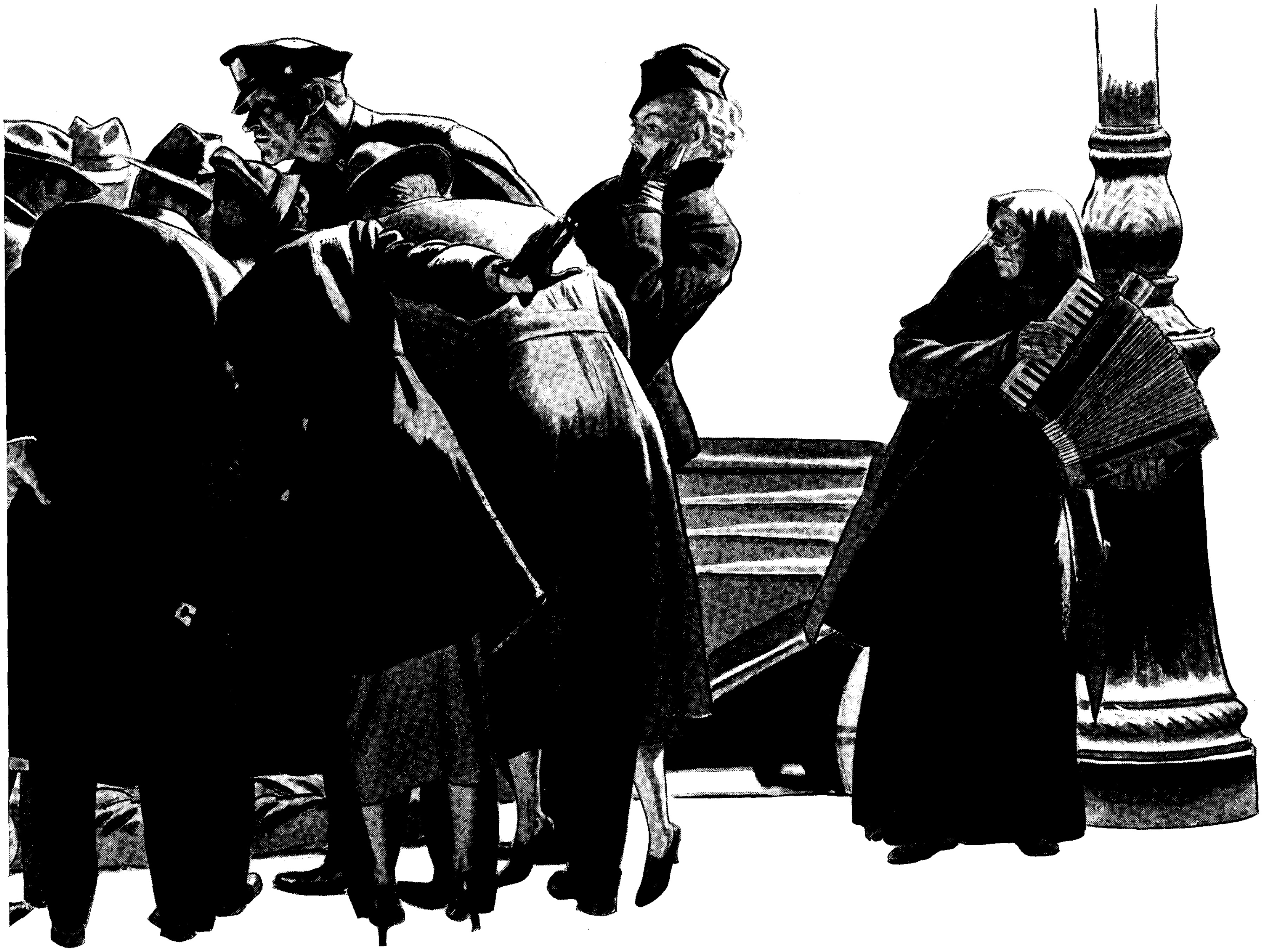
Trenna had completely relented now.

"You needn't. I'll keep it and put it among my souvenirs." Her eyes darkened. "Tell me what happened."

"We lost Murdoch late yesterday *afternoon.* You know, while he came in and found the body—so he said—there was always the chance that he might have bumped his boss off. I didn't think so, nor did Sackville. You see, the elevator man took Murdoch up. Almost before the elevator had reached the ground floor, Murdoch was ringing for the operator. He'd have had to kill Haworth almost as he opened the door into the apartment. He wouldn't have had time to hide the gun. No, he was innocent. We checked up on his story. His wife had been ill, and he had gone home. But just the same, we've been keeping tabs on him, and we were pretty excited when he got away from us today. It looked suspicious. The detective following him said that he hadn't been careless, but that Murdoch had deliberately given him the slip. Well, it's too late to cry about it now, but if the man detailed to follow Murdoch had done so, we'd know who killed him, and probably who killed Haworth."

He looked at Trenna shrewdly.

"You had an engagement with him?"



"Whoever shot him—there were quite a few people on the street—just walked off. People bent over Murdoch and at first thought he had fainted"

Trenna shook her head.

"I don't know. I only know that he phoned me here and wanted to speak to Mr. Sturdevant. When I told him Mr. Sturdevant couldn't come to the phone and told him who I was, he instantly asked me to meet him. He seemed excited, frightened. He said that he could get away from the police and asked if I could. He said he was scared to death to talk long. He asked me to meet him at Dooman's restaurant on Madison Avenue, and I told him I'd be there at nine o'clock. I didn't know what it was all about, but naturally I kept the appointment."

"And did it very cleverly," smiled Wilcox. "If we hadn't had two men trailing you you'd probably have got away with it. But one of the men followed you right to the restaurant. He didn't know what it was all about. He only knew that you stayed there an hour and then came down here. He didn't know, until he got in touch with me, that Murdoch had been killed five blocks from Dooman's restaurant."

"BUT how was he killed?" asked Trenna.

"He was walking north on the east side of the Avenue. Someone saw him fall. There was a report as he fell, but the other pedestrians assumed it was a backfire. Whoever shot him—there were quite a few people on the street—just walked off. People bent over Murdoch and at first thought he had fainted. Then they saw blood, screamed for an officer—well, he was shot through the heart, shot from behind. And what can I think except that he was killed to prevent him from talking to you? He knew something, and it must have been about Haworth's death. Why he should choose to tell you or Sturdevant instead of the police, Heaven knows. But people mixed up in murder cases never react sensibly. Perhaps he was somehow involved in Haworth's killing, wanted advice as to what to do, was afraid of me. It's just one of those things that are capable of a dozen explanations of which none would be right."

"If there is any explanation you'll figure it out," said Trenna.

"Much obliged," said Wilcox. "I haven't been any too bright about the affair so far."

"I think that reasoning out that Murdoch was on his way to meet me was rather clever," said Trenna.

Wilcox's light eyes held merriment.

"I can't take a bow there," he admitted. "Maybe I would have put two and two together in time, but I didn't have to. Ryan, the reporter from the Crier, gave me the low-down on that."

"Yes, he was here when Murdoch phoned," said Trenna.

"He blew in to see me tonight. As a matter of fact, I found him in my little place knocking over some of my Scotch when I returned from my big society date. Say, that's a grand dame, that Mrs. Pillson. She's nuts, but all swell people are. I had dinner with her at her house, and was that food! That cook of hers puts a sauce on lobster—I had two helpings, and the butler thought I was the crudest guy that ever came in the joint. And did I tell her tales? If she ever checks up on my age she'll put me down as the biggest liar she ever met, and she'll be dead right. There isn't anything that happened in New York since nineteen hundred that I wasn't the first man on the case. And I was in my crib in nineteen hundred. She wanted thrills and I gave them to her."

"I'll bet you did," smiled Trenna.

"WELL, Ryan wanted to talk to me about the case. You know, wanted to get out of me any angle I might have. We're pretty good friends. And while we were talking—it was around ten o'clock—I'd only been in ten minutes—I was phoned about Murdoch's killing. At the same time—I mean a minute later—I got another phone that you were at Dooman's restaurant and had just paid your check. Even then I might not have got it, but young Ryan blurted out that you'd had a date to meet Murdoch there. He told me just what you've told me now."

"But you wanted to check up and see if I told the truth," said Trenna.

Wilcox lost a little of his dapper innocence.

"Well," he said in slight embarrassment, "people forget things and it's well to compare stories. I went over to the station near the killing and talked to the people who had seen Murdoch fall. Then I came down here."

"What sort of a bullet killed him?" asked Trenna.

"That's a smart question," said Wilcox. "The same caliber as the one that killed Haworth. It's a cinch it was from the same gun. I had an expert look at the bullet, and while he won't be dead certain until he's made a more careful examination, he's pretty certain that the same gun fired both bullets. If we ever find that gun—now, be smart, Miss Plaice. Your dodging the police isn't so good. It looks bad. And it's dangerous, too. Just granting that Murdoch was killed so he couldn't tell you something: suppose he'd got to you before he was killed. Think that one over. The murderer might have thought it necessary to kill you, too. He might not have succeeded, with a detective watching you, but if you had really evaded that detective who would have protected you? Don't try it again, Miss Plaice. If anyone else tries to get you to meet him secretly, just tip me off. Get me?"

"Of course I do," said Trenna. "It was stupid of me."

"And only smart people admit they've been stupid," said Wilcox. "You know, if my man hadn't stayed with you all the time you might have a job proving that you didn't kill Murdoch. See the danger?"

"I see it," said Trenna.

"You've got an alibi. So has Sturdevant. So has Miss Bellwood, luckily for her. She was at home with her parents all evening. But if any one of you three wasn't able to prove exactly where he or she had been at ten minutes before nine tonight—is it very clear?"

(Continued on page 31)

He Understood Women

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

Dedicated to all men who understand women: The story of Hollywood's wonder-man, Jeff Grant, and what happened to him when he met "the most dangerous woman in Hollywood"

HE WAS married to freedom. He honored it, devoted his spare time to it. He was proud of his freedom, as a young husband is proud of his bride. There was not one woman in his life because one woman, he said, could exercise a humiliating tyranny over a man—instead of one woman there were hundreds, and all beautiful, and temperamental, and difficult to handle. He understood women. He was famous for his freedom and his understanding of women.

His name was Jeff Grant and he looked young and confident. Nobody knew where he had won his experience: he simply popped out of college with an inheritance and that splendid knowledge of women. His approach was unique. For example:

He would not tip his hat. Perhaps he would lift a finger toward the brim when greeting feeble old ladies, but that is as far as he would go.

"Don't put women on pedestals," he said; "it's so troublesome to get them off."

He said: "Establish acquaintance without preliminaries. The preliminaries are so often fatal."

He said: "Avoid subterfuge. You'll never sway a woman when she's an improbable angel and you're a legendary knight."

Women provided his vocation and his avocation. He preferred reading women to novels. It was his splendid knowledge of women that in the end robbed him of his prized freedom.

With the production of three highly successful musical shows behind him he was brought to Hollywood to rewrite, direct and produce Springtime Melody for American Pictures.

He attracted attention because of his youth and his self-confidence, and because newspaper photographers enjoyed snapping him. He could always whistle up one or two beautiful women to pose with him; this always pleases photographers.

PEOPLE who mightn't have heard of him before knew all about him when they read their morning papers; and those who met him wanted his advice. He gave it freely. But he allowed nothing to interfere with his work; he wrote all the first night, drinking black coffee; next day he interviewed all the people he was to work with. He recognized his own kind of intelligence in Bert Abrams and one or two others. He enlisted them when he was ready to select his girls.

He had genius for selecting girls. He could look at a woman in a Mother Hubbard and guess what she'd be like in a sun-tan, backless bathing suit.

Before he had so much as heard the girl sing, he knew that little Priscilla Smith was a find. She was a girl out of a toy shop, with what used to be known as flaxen hair. Long lashes kept dropping down over her large blue eyes. She seemed shy.

One morning when Jeff was hurrying in he happened to see her in the waiting-room outside the casting office. She sat with slim ankles crossed, eyes down, hands relaxed in her lap—just waiting. She had been there a good eight hours a day for three weeks but Jeff didn't know that.

He stepped in. He ran his eyes over all the long and short and thin and fat and beautiful and forsaken girls in the room; then he said crisply to Priscilla Smith: "Follow me."

He marched in, past the doorman, through the gates, across the patio, into Bert Abrams' office with this little girl, this flaxen-haired Priscilla Smith following meekly at his heels.

It was quite an entrance. When Bert Abrams and the others saw Priscilla at Jeff Grant's heels they recognized her as something special. How anyone could have missed it before is a mystery.

"Sit down," Grant said.

His way of saying "sit down" was neither courteous nor discourteous. It wasn't anything in particular. She was a woman and he wanted her to sit down. He was never offensive; he was never flattering, either. His manner was impersonal, but he had a swift way of arriving at intimacy which saved a lot of time.

PRISCILLA SMITH sat down, lowered her eyes and relaxed her hands in her lap.

Jeff pulled a pad and pencil across the desk.

"Name?"

"Priscilla Smith."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Look up," he said.

A slow flush mounted her neck, her cheeks and into the edges of her lovely hair. Her chin came up. A nice chin, with dimples in it. Her lashes lifted and she gazed at him with great, big blue eyes.

"You sing, Priscilla?"

"Oh, yes."

"Dance?"

"Yes, sir. Any kind."

"I knew it. Ever had a test?"

"Oh, yes, sir. When I first came out."

"How was it?" he asked her.

She didn't answer.

"Tell me exactly," he said. "I'm Jeff Grant."

"Well, Mr. Grant, it was simply fine." She continued to gaze at him with her eyes wide open. "That is, everybody said it was just fine, Mr. Grant. But nothing happened. I couldn't understand it. You see, I won the Home-Girl Contest in Nebraska three years ago and they took tests and then forgot about me. It has been very difficult for me to stay here in Hollywood, too, on account of my widowed mother."

"What?" said Jeff.

"My widowed mother," Priscilla repeated.

"Ah, yes," said Jeff. "The widowed mother. That's great." He grinned at her suddenly; he seemed a trifle surprised when she didn't return it.

"MARRIED?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, no, sir. I shall never marry until I meet my Prince."

"What?" said Jeff.

"My Prince," she said. "I am incorrigibly romantic." The great blue eyes didn't even blink.

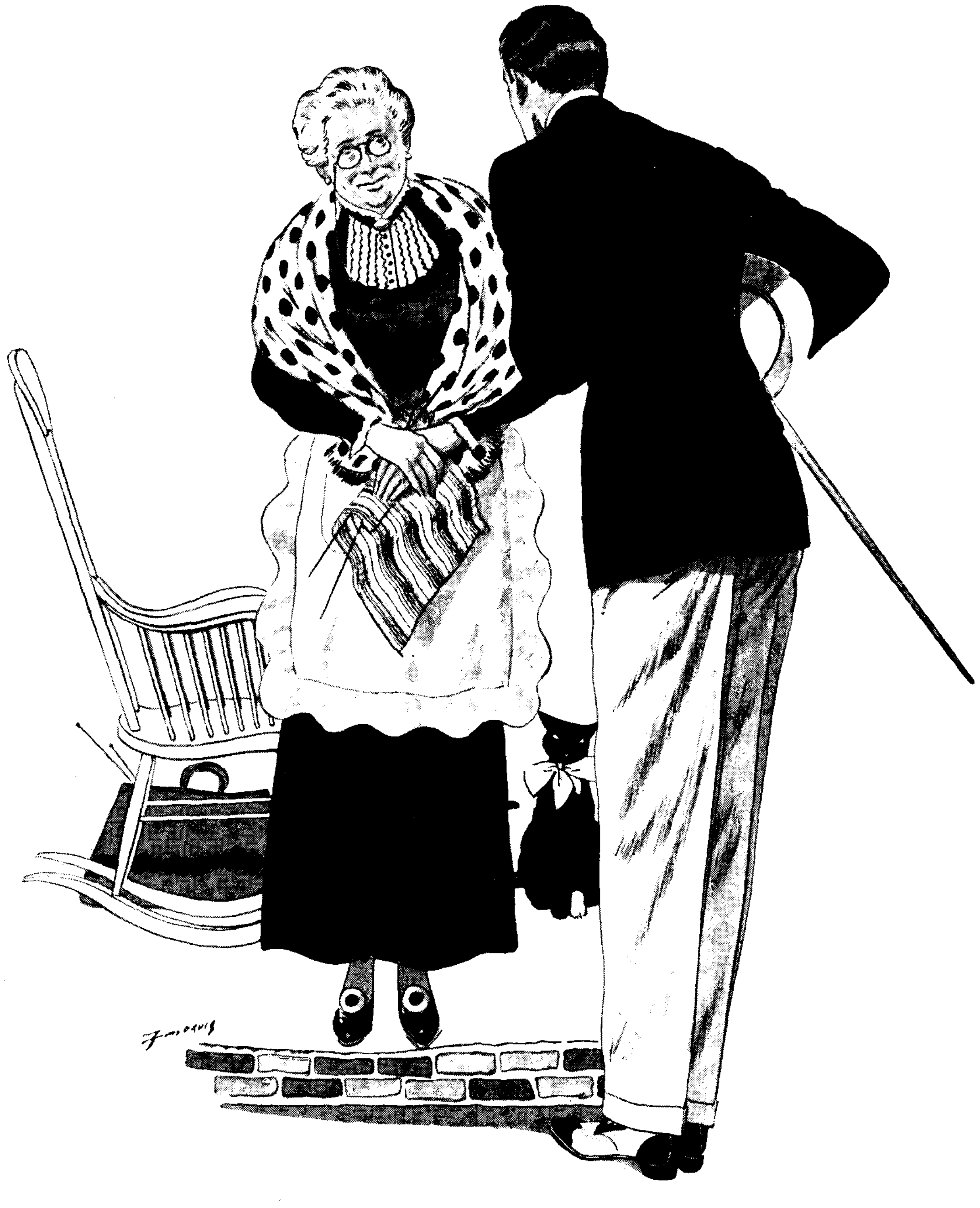
"Tell me some more," begged Jeff.

"There is no more to tell, sir. I am a very simple person and do not expect much. I would like to work and mind my own business. I do not even want any publicity. I just want to work and be paid. And I must tell you, in case you are interested in me, that should I be successful I would not remain in pictures after I meet my Prince."

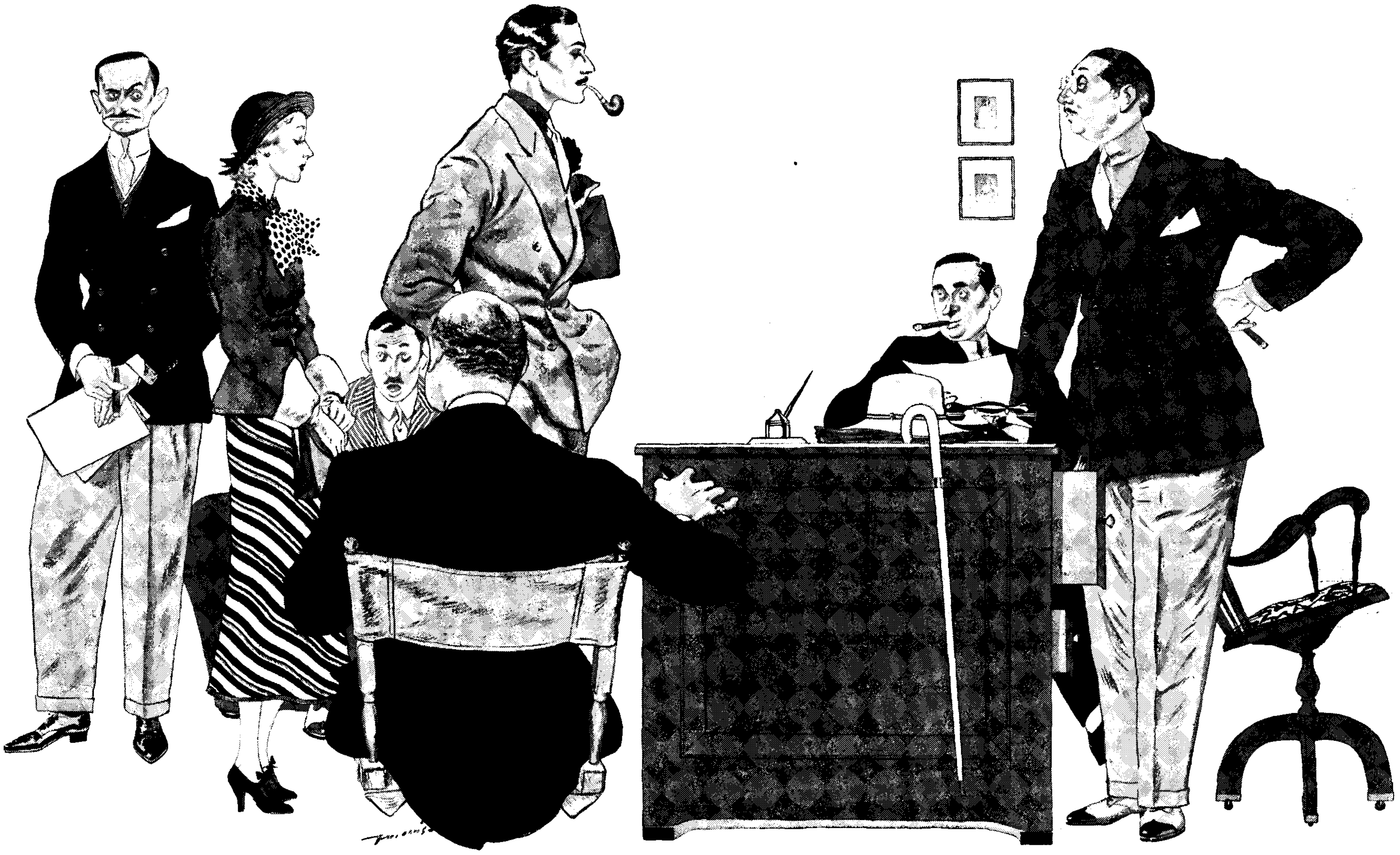
"Great gag," said Jeff appreciatively. "Any more?"

"My present ambition is to have a little chicken ranch in view of the mountains and live a quiet life there with my widowed mother—waiting."

Jeff drew a handkerchief out



"Madam," said Jeff Grant, making a bow, "it is perfect. I am a man who likes to see this sort of thing well done"



It was quite an entrance. When Bert Abrams and the others saw her at Jeff Grant's heels they recognized her as something special

of his lapel pocket and mopped his brow.

"That's plenty for now," he said. "If the tests are any good you can give me some more."

At the door she stopped for a dignified bow, and then went out. The men sat still, looking at the door.

"Isn't that wonderful?" Jeff Grant wanted to know. "That's the first time in my life a girl has given me that widowed-mother-chicken-ranch stuff without batting an eye. I wouldn't be surprised if she were a dangerous woman."

He ran his finger around inside his collar.

"You see," he went on, and everybody listened with bated breath, "there is no real nobility about women. A woman does what she must and puts the best light she can on it. She's always fooling herself—that's why she's such a mystery to others. Now this girl knows she isn't fooling herself—or me, either—but she won't crack. Usually they crack. Let's dig up the tests."

She refused to change her name. They wanted to call her Priscilla Courtleigh. They told her Hollywood was full of people who might have been named Smith in the beginning but were now known as Collington, Flintridge, or Calloway. But she wouldn't change it.

"My father's name was Smith," she told Jeff. "I wouldn't want to take an alias."

Jeff had one of his flashes and decided it would be a novelty in Hollywood to name her Smith. He sent word out that Priscilla Courtleigh had changed her name to Priscilla Smith. It made a nice story.

All this time he was making his penetrating remarks about women. In the luncheon, at noon, the studio girls crowded his table, trying to find out something. They admitted he knew more about women than they did.

Studio executives came to him for advice about their home life. He gave it generously. He was a sort of home-life missionary. He saved many a romance with his startling knowledge of women.

The main trouble seemed to be that most men put women on pedestals.

"They don't want to be up there," he said. "The air is too thin and they don't feel comfortable. Take 'em down. They like it down where we are."

He told Bert Abrams, who was having a little trouble:

"You don't feel chivalrous when you slap a woman—but how can she know you've been chivalrous until you do?"

He advised Bert to slap his wife. So Bert slapped Mrs. Abrams and she went to Arrowhead for a month; but she came back, just as Jeff said she would, and everything was fine afterward. Better than ever before.

YOU can imagine what a reputation this man would build up for himself, in Hollywood.

Switch girls, office boys and the gateman were given to understand that Mr. Jeff Grant had no hours. He was free. He would come and go and do as he pleased.

This turned out all right because he worked practically all the time, anyway.

He said he wanted to keep a clear perspective—so he bought a fifty-foot schooner and named it The Misanthrope. But he didn't get around to sailing it until after Springtime Melody was finished.

Then he gave a party. He invited two tall, cool, aloof, dangerous-looking girls he had known in New York. He asked Basil French and Roger Sayer, two very rich young men. And he invited Priscilla Smith. It was to be a short daylight cruise along the coast.

When he stopped at her dressing-room to deliver the invitation, in person, a maid came to the door.

"Just a moment, please," the maid said. To his surprise she closed the door. When she came back she reported: "Miss Smith can't see you right now, Mr. Grant. She's only got a negligee on."

Jeff laughed.

"I'll wait," he said.

She was sitting on a chaise longue, fully dressed. She didn't apologize for keeping him waiting. After listening carefully to his invitation—he stressed the wealth and splendor of socialites French and Sayer—she thought it over, in a solemn way.

"It is sweet of you to ask me, Mr. Grant. You are very kind to me all the time, and I appreciate it. But I couldn't go." She raised her lashes. "You see, now it is possible for Mother to have her chicken ranch. I've promised to take her out to Monterey Park and Alhambra and Arcadia and such places tomorrow, and find one. So I couldn't possibly go."

Jeff leaned against the wall and studied her. Wrinkles appeared around the corners of his wise eyes. He suddenly grinned.

"Look here, Priscilla," he said, "don't fool around with me. What are you after?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You know perfectly well what I mean. What are you looking for?"

"I have already told you, Mr. Grant, all there is to know about me. I am not looking for anything or anyone, Mr. Grant. I am just waiting."

"For the Prince?" Jeff smiled.

It seemed that she was. She said she was. He joked with her for a few minutes, but she didn't crack. When he left the dressing-room he loosened his collar.

He told Bert Abrams all about it.

"You see, Bert, here's the point," he said. "Women have no standards—not as we know standards. Naturally, some women live exemplary lives—they're merely the ones without ambition. But when they're ambitious, they stop at nothing. Recall the first day this girl gave me the chicken-ranch gesture? She didn't expect me to believe it. She's clever. She's subtle. That was just a challenge. She was telling me she can play the game better than I can. She'll be utterly ruthless. I am being kidded by an expert and I don't like it."

"Maybe she's sweet and simple," Bert suggested.

"Maybe you're handsome," Jeff said, and went out. He was worried.

Word drifted around the studio, of course, that little Priscilla Smith was a dangerous woman. The information came first-hand from Bert Abrams, who was very close to Jeff Grant by this time. Springtime Melody looked like a smash hit, so everybody had even more respect for Grant's opinions: if he said Priscilla Smith was a dangerous woman there was nothing to argue about. Even the electricians and property men were nervous in her presence. A press agent said of her:

"She has voltage."

She won a reputation, practically overnight.

MONDAY morning, during retakes, Priscilla marched straight up to Jeff Grant on the set and said to him:

"Mr. Grant, I am afraid I was rude when I refused your invitation for the cruise. I don't want you to think I am ungrateful. Both Mother and I appreciate everything you have done for us. If you are going sailing on another Sunday I can go with you—if you are taking the same nice people."

(Continued on page 51)

Take It From Us

They tell the world about us—the foreign correspondents in Washington. But first they have to find out for themselves and then they have to translate their findings. And you'd be surprised at the report of the proceedings in dem Amerikanischen Reichstag, Congress to you

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

HUEY P. LONG may be a self-styled "Kingfish" to the people of the United States, but to citizens and subjects of lands which depend for news of the American scene upon foreign correspondents assigned to Washington, he is the Honorable Huey P. Long, Senator from Louisiana.

Sir Willmott Lewis, who was knighted by the British government for his journalistic services around the globe, carefully resisted the temptation to crown Huey in his dispatches to the London Times. But while he was on vacation a short time ago, his young assistant slipped "kingfish" into a cable, and next morning the British public which buys the Times read all about the "king of the fish."

Our statesmen's inconsistencies often baffle Sir Willmott. Once, when American oil companies were not allowed to compete for concessions in the Dutch East Indies, Secretary Hughes filed a sharp protest. He explained that all he asked was "equal opportunity for the United States in the development of the undeveloped parts of the world's surface."

"Glowing with this high ideal," recalls Sir Willmott, "I took a cab to Capitol Hill and went into the Senate gallery. They were debating the proposed payment of $25,000,000 to Colombia for seizure of the Panama Canal strip, and I heard a senator say: 'When Colombia gets this money, American oil companies will have a preferred position in the development of Colombian oil lands.'"

Bill—as his colleagues call him—threw up his hands.

When even this genial Englishman's temper and style are so tried that it hurts, it is easy to imagine the troubles which beset men who write for peoples who don't speak our language or have any conception of our ways of life.

First they must get to know us through travel and contacts and study. Then they must describe our foibles and fundamentals for readers who have no similar institutions or traditions, and therefore no adequate word images. They must translate every expression from Congress to the White House into foreign equivalents which will have meaning abroad. They must differentiate between potential inflation under Roosevelt and the kind which sent the mark and franc to financial hell.

They must be right the first time, for they are too far from their city rooms to talk it over with the boss, and time is against most of them by five hours. They must have a deep sense of responsibility in that they may affect the world's attitude and reaction toward our policies. They must seek out the correct facts and also the proper interpretations. When a senator predicts or demands a change in the tariff schedule, or urges another disarmament conference, they must discover whether he is expounding the Administration's view or simply yelling through his ten-gallon hat. That's a hard job even for American reporters these days.

Vladimir Romm, the star round-the-world reporter for Izvestia, Moscow's official newspaper

Count Leone Fumasoni-Biondi is the Washington representative of the Stefani agency in Italy

Kurt G. Sell, of the German news service, came to Washington at the request of Ambassador von Maltzan

Sir Willmott Lewis, London Times correspondent, was knighted for his journalistic achievements

The colony has increased constantly since the United States insisted upon a prima donna rôle on the world stage during and after the World War. Sir Willmott, the active dean, came across because of Great Britain's concern over post-war developments, including the Senate's repudiation of definite American participation in world councils. The German news service sent Kurt G. Sell in the middle twenties when her clashes with continental nations emphasized the need of a more intimate and current knowledge of our attitude; he came at the specific suggestion of former Ambassador von Maltzan that the German people were entitled to a more complete and correct news report from this country. The French agency, Havas, will soon have three men on the job, although its expert, Pierre Dufour, recently had to quit journalism to do his year's tour in the army.

The World Keeps Track of Us

Count Leone Fumasoni-Biondi arrived as representative of Italy's Stefani agency because of the Italian people's deep interest in the Hoover-Smith presidential contest. He has stayed on because Italian editors and officials think they see a similarity between the problems which face President Roosevelt and Mussolini. In Larry Todd the Soviet news association, Tass, long has had a part-time man, but he did not daub his office door with an announcement of his official, full-time connection until the great day of Russian recognition.

When the State Department got around to discussion of Soviet debts, Izvestia, Moscow's official newspaper, sent over Vladimir Romm, its star round-the-world reporter. Pravda, another Moscow journal, will soon be represented. The forward-looking Japanese long ago assigned K. K. Kawakami, a brilliant economist and author, to keep track of our policies as they affect the turbulent Orient. Canadian newspapers have exhibited a keener interest in our doings since President Roosevelt embarked upon a world and domestic program vastly different from his three predecessors'. Despite their close relations with us, Mexico and South American nations have no direct representation, still depending upon our press associations for their news.

Several foreign correspondents have settled down to become natives in most respects, and to know America as well—perhaps better—than some local reporters. Sir Willmott married an American girl, and so did Mr. Kawakami. The pleasant, rosy-faced, hard-working Mr. Sell has a place in Virginia. Sir Willmott plays rummy and poker so expertly at the National Press Club that some members say he could pay Britain's war debt several times over with his winnings. Besides his gift for comradeship—he is the best story-teller and after-dinner speaker in Washington—Bill explains his association with the local boys by saying that he learns many strange things about us from

(Continued on page 47)

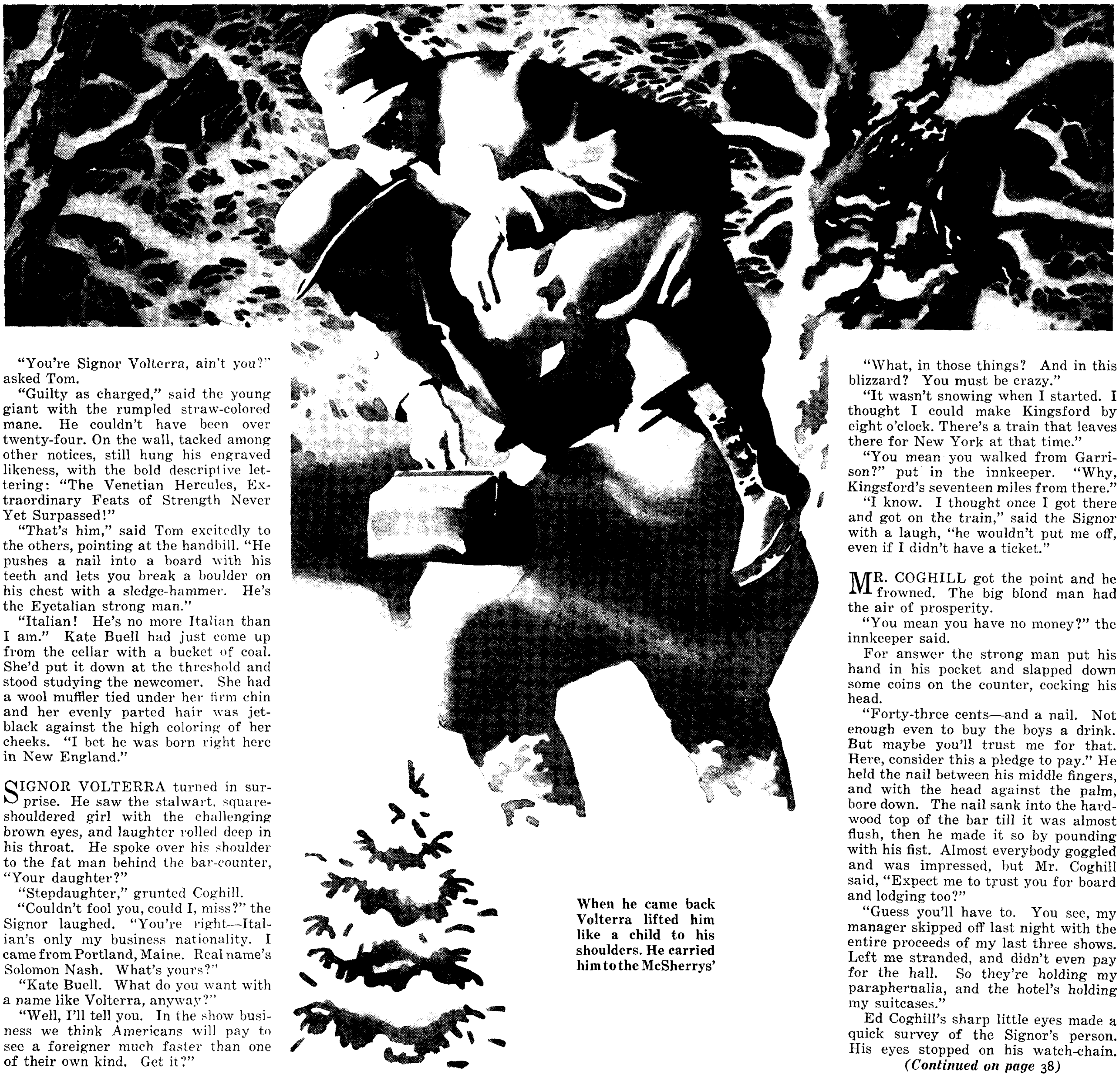
Strong Man

He was known to the fans as The Venetian Hercules. He could lift a horse by its mane, but when he met Kate Buell he proved to be no stronger than he should have been

By A. A. Proctor

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

TOM GRAZEBROOK recognized him first. He and Dod Guthrie had seen him perform at the Alhambra in Garrison the night before. In a derby and a velvet-collared overcoat he did not look the colossus the handbills would have you believe (he wasn't as big as Dod), though on the stage, his muscles bulging out of his tight leopard-skin, he did look formidable. He beat both arms crosswise with his hands, knocking the thick-packed snow from his shoulders, then wiped his face with a big silk handkerchief, one corner of which bore a yellow embroidered "V" entwined with an Italian flag. "Whew," he grinned cheerfully at the boys toasting their toes round the stove of Ed Coghill's inn, "that's more exercise than I've had in a year."



When he came back Volterra lifted him like a child to his shoulders. He carried him to the McSherrys'

"You're Signor Volterra, ain't you?" asked Tom.

"Guilty as charged," said the young giant with the rumpled straw-colored mane. He couldn't have been over twenty-four. On the wall, tacked among other notices, still hung his engraved likeness, with the bold descriptive lettering: "The Venetian Hercules, Extraordinary Feats of Strength Never Yet Surpassed!"

"That's him," said Tom excitedly to the others, pointing at the handbill. "He pushes a nail into a board with his teeth and lets you break a boulder on his chest with a sledge-hammer. He's the Eyetalian strong man."

"Italian! He's no more Italian than I am." Kate Buell had just come up from the cellar with a bucket of coal. She'd put it down at the threshold and stood studying the newcomer. She had a wool muffler tied under her firm chin and her evenly parted hair was jet-black against the high coloring of her cheeks. "I bet he was born right here in New England."

SIGNOR VOLTERRA turned in surprise. He saw the stalwart, square-shouldered girl with the challenging brown eyes, and laughter rolled deep in his throat. He spoke over his shoulder to the fat man behind the bar-counter, "Your daughter?"

"Stepdaughter," grunted Coghill.

"Couldn't fool you, could I, miss?" the Signor laughed. "You're right—Italian's only my business nationality. I came from Portland, Maine. Real name's Solomon Nash. What's yours?"

"Kate Buell. What do you want with a name like Volterra, anyway?"

"Well, I'll tell you. In the show business we think Americans will pay to see a foreigner much faster than one of their own kind. Get it?"

"Bosh," said the opinionated young lady with a toss of her head and, picking up the bucket, swung toward the stove. The strong man made a motion to take it from her, but she evaded his hand and deposited it in the sand box. "Take your big feet off the stove door, Dod Guthrie," she said, unperching his legs with a sweep of her arm that almost sent the hulking man sprawling. She blanketed the red maw with coal and slammed the door. She looked up and saw Signor Volterra still staring at her and smiling, and she said, "What are you gaping at? Want some supper?"

"I should say I do. I've been walking since noon and I'm ravenous."

It was then almost eight. Kate looked down at his shoes. They were patent leather, thin and water-logged.

"What, in those things? And in this blizzard? You must be crazy."

"It wasn't snowing when I started. I thought I could make Kingsford by eight o'clock. There's a train that leaves there for New York at that time."

"You mean you walked from Garrison?" put in the innkeeper. "Why, Kingsford's seventeen miles from there."

"I know. I thought once I got there and got on the train," said the Signor with a laugh, "he wouldn't put me off, even if I didn't have a ticket."

MR. COGHILL got the point and he frowned. The big blond man had the air of prosperity.

"You mean you have no money?" the innkeeper said.

For answer the strong man put his hand in his pocket and slapped down some coins on the counter, cocking his head.

"Forty-three cents—and a nail. Not enough even to buy the boys a drink. But maybe you'll trust me for that. Here, consider this a pledge to pay." He held the nail between his middle fingers, and with the head against the palm, bore down. The nail sank into the hardwood top of the bar till it was almost flush, then he made it so by pounding with his fist. Almost everybody goggled and was impressed, but Mr. Coghill said, "Expect me to trust you for board and lodging too?"

"Guess you'll have to. You see, my manager skipped off last night with the entire proceeds of my last three shows. Left me stranded, and didn't even pay for the hall. So they're holding my paraphernalia, and the hotel's holding my suitcases."

Ed Coghill's sharp little eyes made a quick survey of the Signor's person. His eyes stopped on his watch-chain.

(Continued on page 38)

The Man with the Smoke-Gray Eyes

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

In remembrance of Big Bill Dolliver, who could have been worse. A story of love and self-sacrifice which gave a turbulent community's citizens something to think about

MY FATHER lifted his cigar and spoke very softly. "The Peach Creek stage was held up about an hour ago beyond Harriman's ranch. Hank Lacey was driving. He was shot in the chest."

We were on the porch, watching summer's soft twilight deepen—my mother and father and myself, and Glory Harper, who sat on the steps. This was New Hope's supper time, so still and peaceful an hour that the bell-like strokes of late-working Rob Jenner's blacksmith hammer came clearly from the far edge of town. A faint wind ran in from the west, bringing the savor of all that wild distance with it. This was 1881, when the world was young and I was in a full and vivid boyhood which grows more and more strong in my memory. It has been long ago, yet I recall the quick turn of Glory Harper's shoulders as she looked up to Father and showed the worry in her eyes. She was twenty, a tall and graceful girl more inclined to silence than most women are.

She said: "Why, that's one of Jeff's stages."

"He rode out there immediately he heard the news," my father said, and returned to his cigar. That sharp darkness which comes to the plains dropped swiftly; along our little street house-lamps threw thin lanes across the tawny-silver dust. A sprinkling wagon came by and all at once the mingled scent of water and dust and scorched boards and prairie grass was keen through the night.

Glory rose and stood a moment. Even then her presence and her personality were exciting to me, reaching out like the undertow of a current. Now that I am older I can see that it was the inner richness of a full-bodied girl waiting for expression, waiting to be spent. Afterwards she said "good night," and walked to the adjoining house, where her aunt and uncle lived. Her own parents, we understood, had died long before in the East; and the Harpers had taken her as a child. They seemed to have money, for Harper lived a quiet, retired life. I recall him as a dark and kindly man who always marched in the Fourth of July parade with the Phil Sheridan G. A. R. Post, very straight and soldierly in his captain's uniform.

MY MOTHER'S rocker creaked on the porch boards. I knew she was disturbed. "The Cameron boys again, Tod?"

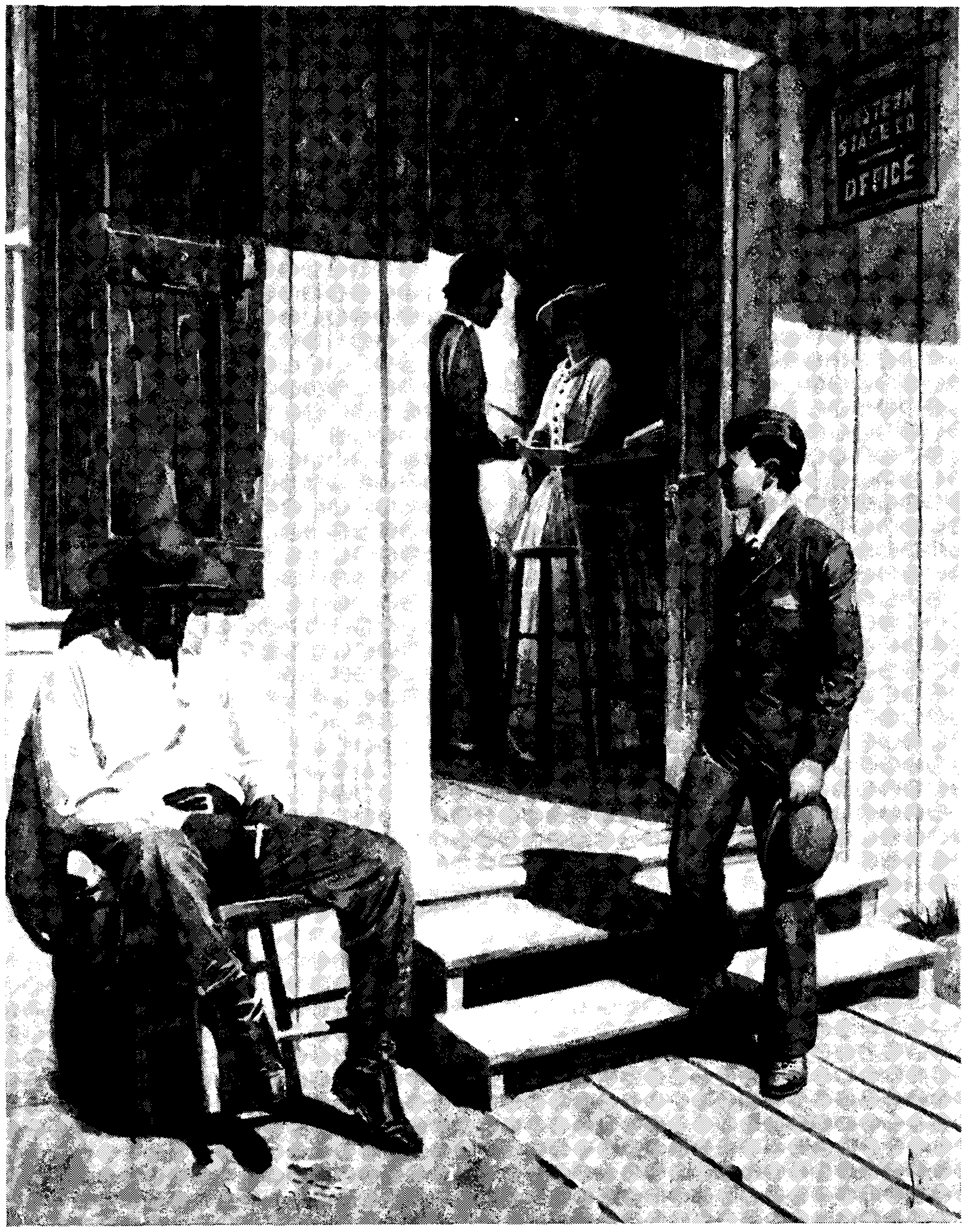
My father said, "I suppose," and smoked on. There was a shadow sliding along our picket fence, which was Johnny Dix waiting for me. But I held my place, for Father was talking again and his tone was faintly sad and faintly bitter. "The war's put a curse on this country. It has made killing a noble occupation. It's made heroes out of desperadoes like Quantrell and the James gang. The Cameron boys are simply following the pattern."

After an interval I started down the steps. Mother's voice stopped and turned me around. My father had removed his cigar and was looking at me more sharply than usual. He said, "Let the boy go. He'll have little enough fun in another few years." I think he meant to speak to me. But he didn't and it is one of my deepest regrets now that he so rarely broke through his long-maintained silences that he was almost a stranger to me. For I have come to understand that his silence was the silence of loneliness. He was one of the few really educated men in a town that had little time or patience for education; he had nobody with whom to share his tastes and therefore he fed upon himself. It is one of the tragedies of this world that people build walls around themselves and slowly starve inside.

I went out to Johnny Dix and we trotted through the dark back streets, on over to the south edge of town where the rest of our gang assembled. We had a ritual and a procedure and presently we filed surreptitiously down the alleys of New Hope into the alien and dangerous territory along the river where the tough boys of Ward Two roamed. It is what comes across all the years to me, more real than anything else—the raciness, the freedom, the keen and sharp edge of that long-gone boyhood.

All the pieces of the story, so disjointed then, make a clear pattern now. I was standing on St. Vrain Street, across from the Beauty Belle, the next day, when old Henry Nellis turned out of a near-by store and stopped a man whose name I have forgotten. Nellis was very excited. He said to this other man: "Jeff McKay brought Hale Cameron to jail this morning. Lacey's dead."

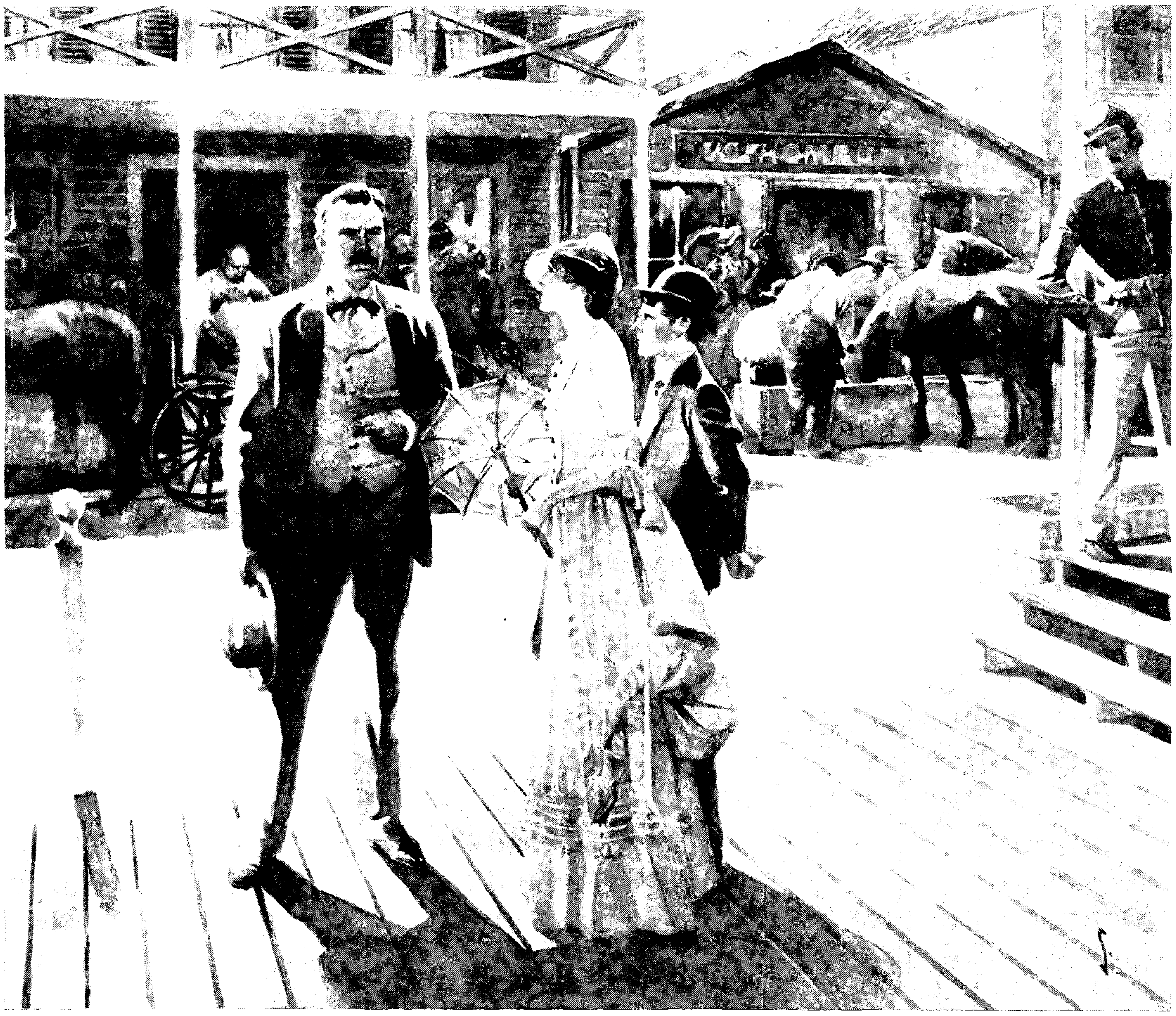
I remember the ice-chill that ran up my spine. It was always like this in New Hope. The humdrum days ran along and then excitement and violence burst over us, as swift and unexpected as a heat storm out of the south. Nellis was saying something else, but suddenly stopped, chopping a word between his teeth. Both men were staring across the street to the Beauty Belle and I turned and saw Big Bill Dolliver, who owned the saloon, come out of the swinging doors and shake his big shoulders and pause and light a cigar.



I looked back once. Their faces were sober and they were not talking. Well, they were two people who had little use for words

I DO not know a better way to describe Big Bill Dolliver than by saying that though the width of the street was between Dolliver and these other men, they still feared him. I heard Nellis say in a bare breath, "I wonder what Bill thinks about it?" Afterwards Nellis walked on and the other man turned into the store. Dolliver had lighted his cigar; he crossed the street, passed me with one quick, stiff survey and went toward Linenweber's Restaurant. I still feel the striking power of that glance and the taciturn, morose quality of Big Bill Dolliver's eyes. Now that I have rationalized those early impressions I know I was not alone. He was a central character in our town and everybody felt that physical jolt of his presence. It is something, I am convinced, that came from an absolute lack of fear.

There are very few souls in this world who do not feel fear; it is an instinct handed down to almost all of us. But I think the knowledge and the sensation of fear was left out of Big Bill Dolliver, that neither his brain nor his nerves had any way of understanding it. He was not



"I hope you will never believe all the stories you hear about me," he said. "Don't worry about Jeff"

a big man, but he seemed tremendous to me; and there was about him always a massive indifference to the opinions of other people. It was as though a sullen corsair spirit in him chafed at the small rules of a world he found himself in and did not like. The reflection of that was in his eyes—savage and smoky and domineering. He was about forty and finely built and kept bachelor quarters at the Occidental Hotel. But he went there only to sleep; all his waking hours were spent in his saloon, which was the most glittering, luxurious thing in our drab and dusty town.

It was noon and I ran home, bursting with the news, and found my parents at the dinner table. I said, all in one breath: "Jeff McKay brought Hale Cameron to jail this morning and Lacey who drove the stage is dead."

My father looked queerly at me and merely said, "Yes." But my mother seemed very worried.

"He is growing up like a savage, Tod."

I sat down to eat. Then I saw Jeff McKay ride up to our front gate on his big bay and get off and come up the steps, and eating became impossible. The hero worship of a boy is a strange and wonderful thing and Jeff McKay, as he stood there in the doorway, was the sort of man I wanted to be. He was twenty-three years old, which was the age of a seasoned man in those days, with Scotch-gray eyes and a tall, raw-boned frame and the quietest manners imaginable. There was a deference and a humility to him, but he had—as subsequent events proved—a Calvinistic conscience and a Calvinistic will. It was these qualities that brought the storm down on him. Like most Scotchmen, he was full of ambition. He operated four stage lines into the West and Lacey had been a driver of one of his coaches.

He bowed and smiled at my mother, and spoke to me in a way that bound me fast to him. He said to my father in his slow, careful manner, "I wanted to ask your advice."

Father motioned to a chair at the table and Jeff McKay came forward and sat down. My mother got Father's eye and nodded at me. It was my signal to leave the table. But Father said, "Let him stay." I understand all that clearly now. My father would not preach to me, but he wanted me to see and hear for myself so that I might absorb the ways of the world.

JEFF McKAY said: "Lacey died. But I got there and had a word with him first. It was Hale Cameron who held up the stage and fired the shot. I found Hale and brought him in. It's my testimony that will hang the rope around his neck. Have I done right?"

My father spoke in a wondering voice. "How did you know where to find him? When you found him, how did you get him away from the rest of the gang?"

"I found him," Jeff McKay said. It was soft as silk, yet behind the tone lay a terrible certainty I still remember. Then he repeated, "Have I done right?"

"According to your conscience," said my father wryly. "But conscience is a luxury in this country. The Cameron gang will never let you alone. Half the people in New Hope will hate you for trapping their hero and the other half will despise you for not killing Hale out on the prairie where you found him."

Jeff McKay got up and looked at my father with that implacable humility. "We have laws," was all he said and went out. I was up from my chair immediately, following him to the porch, but he didn't stop this night. He went through the gate and led his bay horse to the Harpers' house. Glory was there waiting for him and I saw Jeff McKay bend a little and speak to her; they were both smiling and I laugh now to think of the jealousy that flared up in me. He said something else and they both ceased to smile. The sunlight cut down on them. They stood quite still, these two straight and proud and robust people so much alike in their silence. They had something I do not see as much of now in young people. Serenity. Fortitude.

My father called me back into the house. He said gravely, "Whatever you have heard is something for our ears alone, son." And the way he said it, the equality in his manner, sealed my lips fast.

All that Father had said to Jeff McKay was true. The jury was scarcely impaneled to try Hale Cameron for the murder of Lacey when New Hope began to burn with a strange fever. Boyhood impressions are keen and I walked the streets and felt that excitement as clearly as though it were a hot wind rushing in from the prairie. I saw men in town I had never seen before, surly-looking fellows off the distant cattle ranches, impoverished homesteaders from the roundabout coulees. And our own teamsters and stevedores, who seldom loitered on St. Vrain Street, now ranged there restlessly. To a good many of these men Hale Cameron was a hero, a Robin Hood, as Jesse James still was; and to many of them Jeff McKay was a coward for not having exchanged bullets with Cameron as a man should out on the prairie.

THERE was no peace for Jeff McKay and it was freely wagered he would die of a bullet from Dan Cameron, who was Hale's older brother, before the month was out. It was strange that the tidal wave of unreason should grip us so. But it did, and there were friends of Jeff who dared not show their friendship in the bitter weeks that followed.

I recall walking down St. Vrain Street the day before the trial with Glory Harper. She wore a white dress with ruffles on the sleeve and she held a parasol against the hot sun with a

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Two on Safari

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

STRANDED in London, Ballard Mallory, a young American, receives a strange assignment. A boy—the Hon. Laurence Morland—has disappeared in the jungles of East Africa. On orders from Grast, Furman & Menck, solicitors for old Lord Morland of Morland, Mallory is to search for him. Should he find the boy alive, he is to receive his expenses and a nominal salary; should he find the boy dead, *he is to receive a bonus of five thousand pounds!*

Mystified by the offer of that bonus, Mallory sails for Africa. On the boat, he meets a girl; a lovely English girl who presently informs him that she intends to accompany him, wherever he may go. She is, it is obvious, not in love with him: on one occasion, preparing to dance with him, she actually shrinks from him, gives every evidence that she loathes him. But, for reasons of her own, she seems determined to go with him.

And go she does; not, however, until Mallory, well aware of the perils that lie before him, has done everything in his power to make her alter her plans. She is, he well knows, a remarkably fascinating young woman; she is beautiful; she has courage. Who, he wonders, can she be—this girl who calls herself "Jo Cascoden"?

In Delagoa Bay, one of their stopping places, he comes upon her unexpectedly, finds her reading a cablegram. She is pale, unnerved. Why? Only one answer occurs to him: She may be a spy, sent out from London to watch him. Once, hoping to surprise her into some admission, he turns to her suddenly, and— "What is your connection with a firm of pirates known as Grast, Furman & Menck?" But the stratagem fails to work: the girl has, seemingly, never heard of the "pirates."

From a small, picturesque port on the East Coast, the *safari* (including Ali, the head boy, who speaks many dialects; Jocko-Achmed, the cook; and Abdul, a famous gunbearer) finally starts. "You," says Mallory to the girl, "are dressed like a boy. From now on, I shall think of you as a boy, I shall treat you as a boy. Get that firmly fixed in your mind, please.". . . The trail grows difficult. At a crossroad, Mallory calls a halt. He is mounted on a gray horse, the girl on Swayback, a brown. He rides up to the girl. "I've got to strike across to Inhambane," he says. "You'd better stay here." He gallops away. A moment later a rider dashes past him. *Jo Cascoden!* His orders? What are orders, to a girl like that!

VI

THE stocky brown horse needed no guide; without urging he held to a full gallop until a huddle of huts along the shore line of the bay loomed in his way. On his own account he slowed to a canter, then to a trot and quickly dropped into a running walk. Josephine glanced back over her shoulder and watched Mallory's approach through the gathering gloom. Presently he drew up beside her, started to remonstrate but left the words unspoken, startled as he always was startled by the vivid glow of beauty action brought to her face and eyes.

"There are moments," he said quietly, "when you're the loveliest thing on earth, and this is one of them."

She made no answer and while he was bickering for a skiff to cross to the peninsula the grooms emerged from shadow to resume their charges. At first she thought they were local natives, but when she recognized them and remembered the pace at which she had ridden, she was filled with wonder. Ballard was having trouble with the reluctant boatmen, who predicted a blow, but he finally won out. Without warning Josephine found herself seated on a native's naked shoulders. Walking as if she were no weight at all, he started to wade out to one of the anchored boats. Beside her, on a like steed, rode Ballard, but he felt far more at home, for he was engaged in filling his pipe.

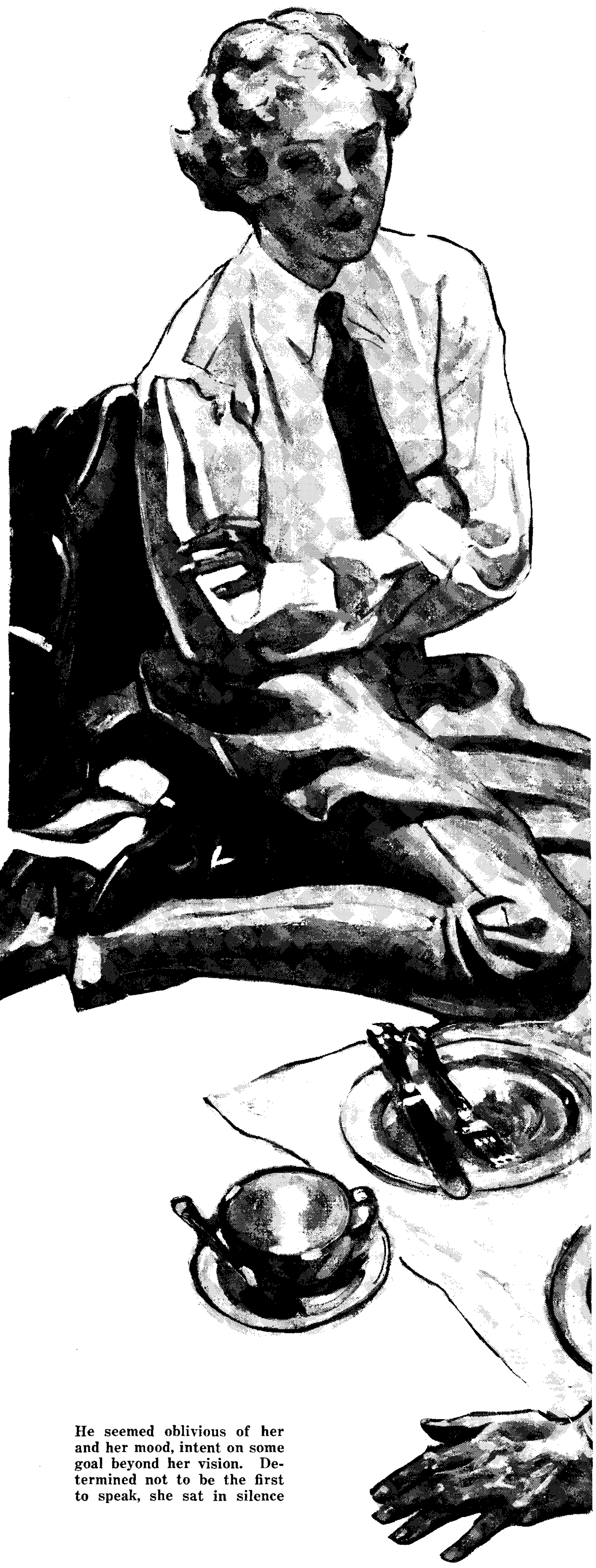
The sail across the bay proved uneventful and a few minutes after reaching the landing ramp they were walking along the streets of the ancient town. In spite of macadam and electric lights it had a dead air as though with nightfall it sloughed its present to plunge into an immemorial past. Except for a wineshop or two, the shops even along the main streets were already closed. Ballard paused to orient himself, then turned a corner and presently plunged into the deserted Indian quarter. At a solid door he stopped, knocked and knocked again. Nothing but echo answered, yet he kept on with dogged persistence.

AT LAST a muffled voice spoke from within. He answered, giving his name and adding the appellation bestowed upon him by the natives—He Who Laughs at Women. A loud grunt issued from behind the door and after the clanking of a lifted bar and the rasping of a huge lock it unfolded in the middle and swung open. Ballard slipped in, dragging Josephine with him. In pitch darkness the bar was replaced, the key turned. A match spluttered and was touched to the wick of a hanging lantern. As the flame slowly grew bright Josephine became aware of a long counter and shelves packed with every variety of cheap prints and tinned comestibles. Then her eyes fell upon the person who had admitted them and, forgetting her manners, she stared.

Ibn-ben-Dur was that rare thing, a fat Banyan. His embroidered tarboosh perched like an inadequate crown on top of his round head. He wore voluminous trousers of white silk drawn crosswise between his legs and wrapped tight around his spindling calves. But between cap and sash spread the garment which had riveted Josephine's fascinated gaze. It was a sleeveless jacket, completely encrusted down the front with pearls. Of course, she reasoned, they couldn't be real; but instinct had told her and still insisted that they were. For some reason she seemed to arouse as much interest in the Indian as he in her. He examined her closely, then pivoted his round body toward Mallory.

"Memsahib?" he asked amazedly. Ballard nodded. "Ah!" exclaimed Ibn and promptly advanced to a ponderous small door at the back of the shop.

He tapped lightly on it in an odd rhythm. A bolt was drawn within and it swung open. He stood aside and waved them in. At first Josephine perceived nothing except a heavy odor of sandalwood, incense or essential oils, perhaps a mixture of all three. But presently the suffused light emitted by four pierced lamps grew in intensity until she could make out a fantastically luxurious interior in the Oriental manner. Rugs, couches, cushions and curtains, like Ibn himself, breathed of



He seemed oblivious of her and her mood, intent on some goal beyond her vision. Determined not to be the first to speak, she sat in silence

their faraway Persian derivation. A tiny figure, veiled in clinging black draperies, slipped from behind the door, flitted across the room and curled cross-legged in the deepest corner of one of the divans. Huge black eyes devoured Josephine, who saw in return only a child of eleven or twelve. Had she known she was regarding Ibn-ben-Dur's lawful wife she would have shuddered.

SINCE Ballard and his host were already seated, she looked around and sank into the nearest chair, a strange contraption of curved teak slats, joined in the shape of the letter X with a saddle in between. It was surprisingly comfortable except that it had no back. She leaned forward, anxious to hear what the men were saying. They spoke an odd mixture of English and Portuguese, interlarded with an occasional native word, yet at first she could guess quite easily at what they said; they were giving each other an account of all that had happened during the months since they had last parted.

She grew drowsy, dozed in spite of herself, and when she awoke it was to prompt realization of a change in the tempo of the talk. Ballard was asking slow, considered questions and getting thoughtful replies, over each of which he pondered. Immediately what the two men were saying became as important to her as her cable had seemed to Mallory. She felt her ears stir under her hair in her eagerness to decipher the jargon, but names defeated her—strange names. Polissa, the Inhasune, Mcokane, the Inhasune, Gcocwambe, and again the Inhasune. What was the Inhasune? Gumbo, Maoia, Nyagulaze, Nyamekelengue— Her head whirled but something in the suppressed eagerness of Ballard's manner steadied her; he was like a hound with nose to the ground and she must follow. He leaned forward and murmured, *"Quando?"*

Ibn shrugged his shoulders, threw out his pudgy hands, palms up. He arose, crossed to a carved cabinet—half desk, half chest of drawers—opened it, and extracted a dog-eared ledger. Adjusting brass-rimmed spectacles, he began pawing its leaves backward. The stub of his thumb ran up the columns from bottom to top and came to a first stop; over his shoulder he tossed an announcement. Ballard nodded. Ibn resumed his search; three pages back he spoke again and again Ballard nodded. The process continued for some time, then the announcements ceased, though Ibn continued to plow through column after column while a frown on Ballard's forehead slowly deepened into a scowl. Abruptly he spoke.

"Morland—Laurence Morland; does that mean anything?"

It was as though a torpedo had burst inside Josephine's head. She sank back, collapsed, saved herself by the sides of the chair only just in time. She knew the blood had ebbed from her face and felt as though it had been drained from her body. From within a species of trance she was conscious of Ibn's eloquent shrug of doubt or denial, certainly not of affirmation, as he closed the ledger and put it away. But what held her fascinated gaze was Ballard's face. It was transformed, smiling a detestable smile that told her she had been trapped, ignominiously beaten at her own game. In that moment she hated him with an intensity surpassing any emotion she had ever known.

"Thanks, Ibn," he said, in the easy manner of one who concludes a lengthy negotiation.

A weight seemed to lift from Ibn's rounded shoulders; business over, he could play the host. He smiled, pivoted to look at Josephine, and smiled again. Crossing to a cupboard, he opened it, produced a tin of biscuits and a long-necked bottle from which he poured Greek wine, sickeningly sweet. Josephine nibbled at a biscuit and sipped from her glass, nervous under Ibn's tiny, measuring eyes. Ballard also made a mere gesture at partaking of the proffered hospitality, then rose to his feet.

"Sorry, Ibn, but we have to go." He produced a notebook, jotted down a few words, tore out the leaf and handed it over. "Here's my order; better send it to Wemba."

Ibn read the list with pursed lips, again shrugged his shoulders and then permitted his eyes to return to Josephine, who by now was also standing. He began to twiddle a pearl on his jacket, not a very large one, twisting it until it came free. Placing it in Josephine's palm, he closed her fingers over it with both his hands. Their texture no less than his action startled her. Though alive, they were cold as stone is cold; though strong, no blood seemed to stir within their veins. A feeling of powerlessness came over her as though, should he fail to unclasp them, she could never stir from where she stood. But abruptly she found herself released; she looked down at the pearl, then questioningly at Ballard.

"Is it real?" she asked.

"Yes," he said shortly, none too pleased.

"What shall I do?"

"Take it and thank him; there's nothing else you can do."

Ibn tapped his jacket from the bottom up. "The further you go, the bigger they get," he murmured, with a beatific smile which belied the enigmatic words.

A MOMENT later she and Ballard issued to the dark street and the bar clanged on the shut door behind them. She had dreaded this first moment of being alone with him, but a sudden gust of wind, snatching off her helmet, caused an instantaneous diversion. Even when he had recovered the fugitive headgear, the wind continued its distraction. He hurried her to the landing place where they had left the boat and promptly plunged into violent argument with its crew. Persuaded against their judgment, they launched the boat and set sail, but the next instant the canvas was blown to shreds, and before they could bend another sail the shallow craft was carried down upon the long finger of the concrete wharf.

Josephine made sure it would crash like an eggshell, but the four boys, uttering shrieks of admonition, warded the blow with their eight hands. Crouching on the lee gunwale, they began to

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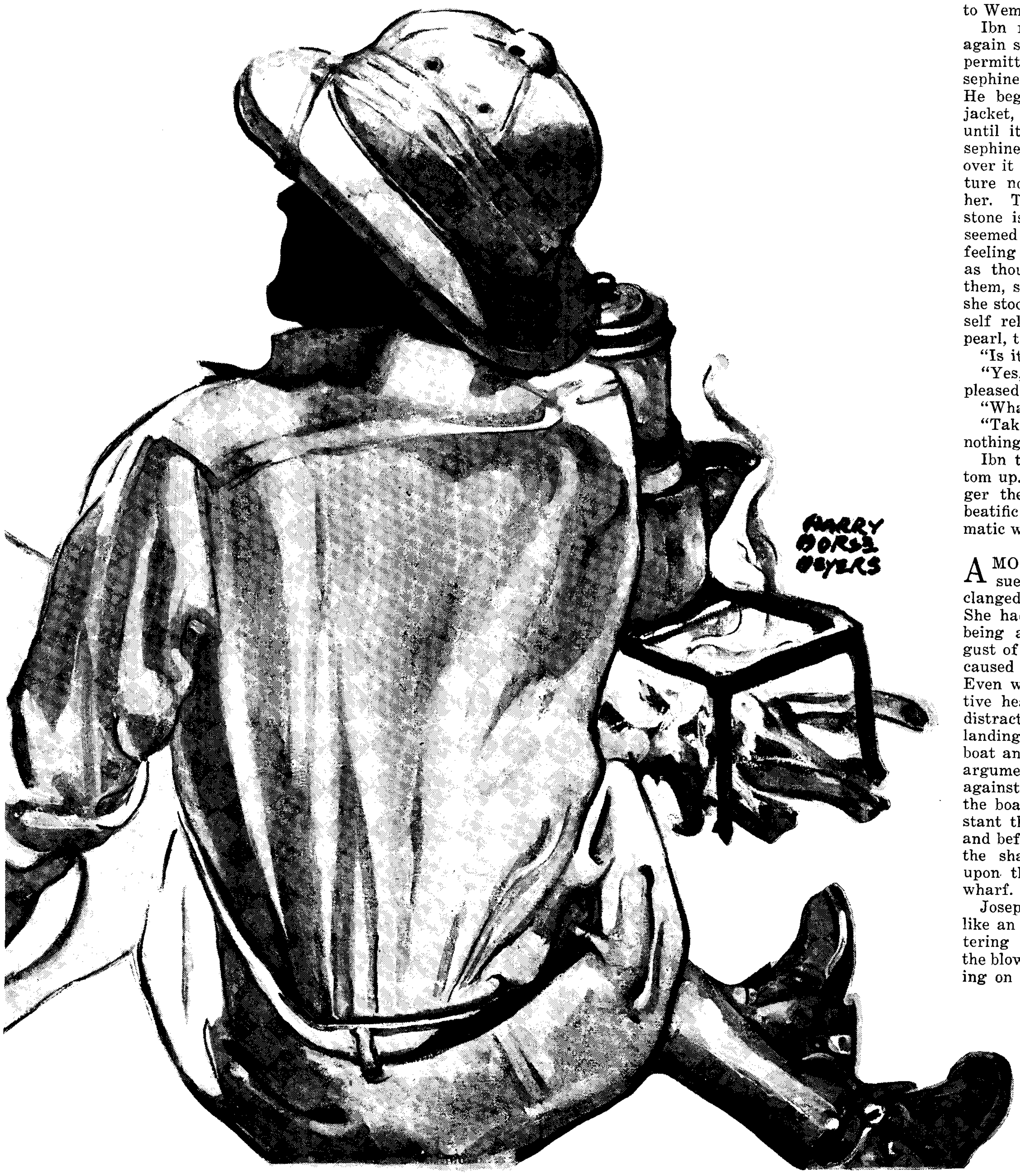

The Shine on Your Cake

By Ruth Chandler Moore and Marie L. Casteen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, Collier's Staff Photographer

The hotel chef can work wonders with a few passes of a sharp knife, the flip of a pastry brush, the twist of a cheesecloth strainer. Here are a few of his tricks which are easily caught and domesticated, for that professional polish on your best home cooking. Simple—once you think of them

THE man back from a business trip sails into your crusty pork roast, your whipped mashed potatoes with butter islands and your warm-biscuit strawberry shortcake. Or your Southern fried chicken, green corn and hot bread. Or what have you.

"They don't come like this in hotels," he says.

It's a fact. They don't. Not in any hotel because it's not possible. But watch the man who's home-fed every night—not to mention the woman who home cooks every day—in a crack hotel dining-room. How about the big charcoal-grilled lamb chops with sizzling au gratin potatoes, the giant skinned asparagus with hollandaise, and the tray of French pastries that looks like a jeweler's window?

It's a toss-up, each the best of its kind. The small scale "come-right-this-minute" school of cookery excels in one direction and the top-notch professionals, surrounded by sauces, syrups, mechanical gadgets and excited assistants, are sure to excel in another.

But though there are chef's specials you can *never* hope to domesticate, a trip through the kitchens of a really good hotel—and any first-class hotel is glad to have you come—will show you a lot of their tricks, whether they're tricks of equipment, cookery or trimming.

Here are some of them gleaned from the block or so of culinary catacombs under one of the biggest New York caravansaries.

All in the Day's Work

They call it "the kitchen," but kitchens they are—rows of them, each separate from the next and staffed by its own specialists. Down one side of the block-long oblong run the pastry kitchen, vegetable kitchen, salad pantry, ice-cream room, cold meat and hors d'œuvre buffet, each opening into the wide central corridor where waiters hurry back and forth with loaded trays. And along the other side run the big meat-cooking centers, also opening into the waiters' corridor and also divided into separate sections plainly labeled "Fry Cook," "Roast Cook," "Fish Cook," "Broiler." So that's why, with each domain separate and perfectly equipped, there's no excitement and no delay down there, whether a foreign potentate suddenly demands poached pigeon's eggs or caviar or a visiting fireman orders a *ham sandwich with mustard.*

You can learn a trick or two at each one of these separate kitchens—"stations" they're called in hotel parlance. Some of them are just a matter of the right equipment. Some are an extra flourish that makes a simple dish take on the *cordon bleu* look. And some are just a matter of niggling the secret formula out of the big fellow under the starched white cap.

On the equipment side there are two kinds—the chef's own tools and the big quantity production machines that are a hotel necessity. The latter are fun to watch but you don't want most of them. Not even the intelligent-looking one that is fed pie dough through a hopper and, as the crank turns, shoots forth a succession of completely shaped pie crusts exactly the right circumference and thickness to line the hotel pie tins. The hotel utensils you do covet are the razor-sharp rotary can-opener that neatly turns back the edges of the can as it cuts, and the coconut-grating machine that will grate anything you feed it, but in particular turns out that moist, fluffy fresh coconut that is the crown of so much hotel cake.

But, except when he's doing things on a gigantic scale, mixing up a bathtubful of cake batter or grinding out an acre or so of pie crust, the professional chef's own equipment is pretty simple and pretty old-fashioned, for he's an artist and relies, like any other artist, on his well-trained hands and a few time-honored tools: his pastry tubes and his wire whisks, which he likes better than a rotary beater for any whipping job too small for the hotel machines, and his old-fashioned wooden-frame flour sifter—you know the round, flat kind you just shake the flour through—because it sifts so much flour at a time and is so easy to keep clean. And he still works on a marble slab like the one your grandmother used, which saves innumerable bowls and untold confusion and clutter because he pours, kneads, spreads and molds directly on

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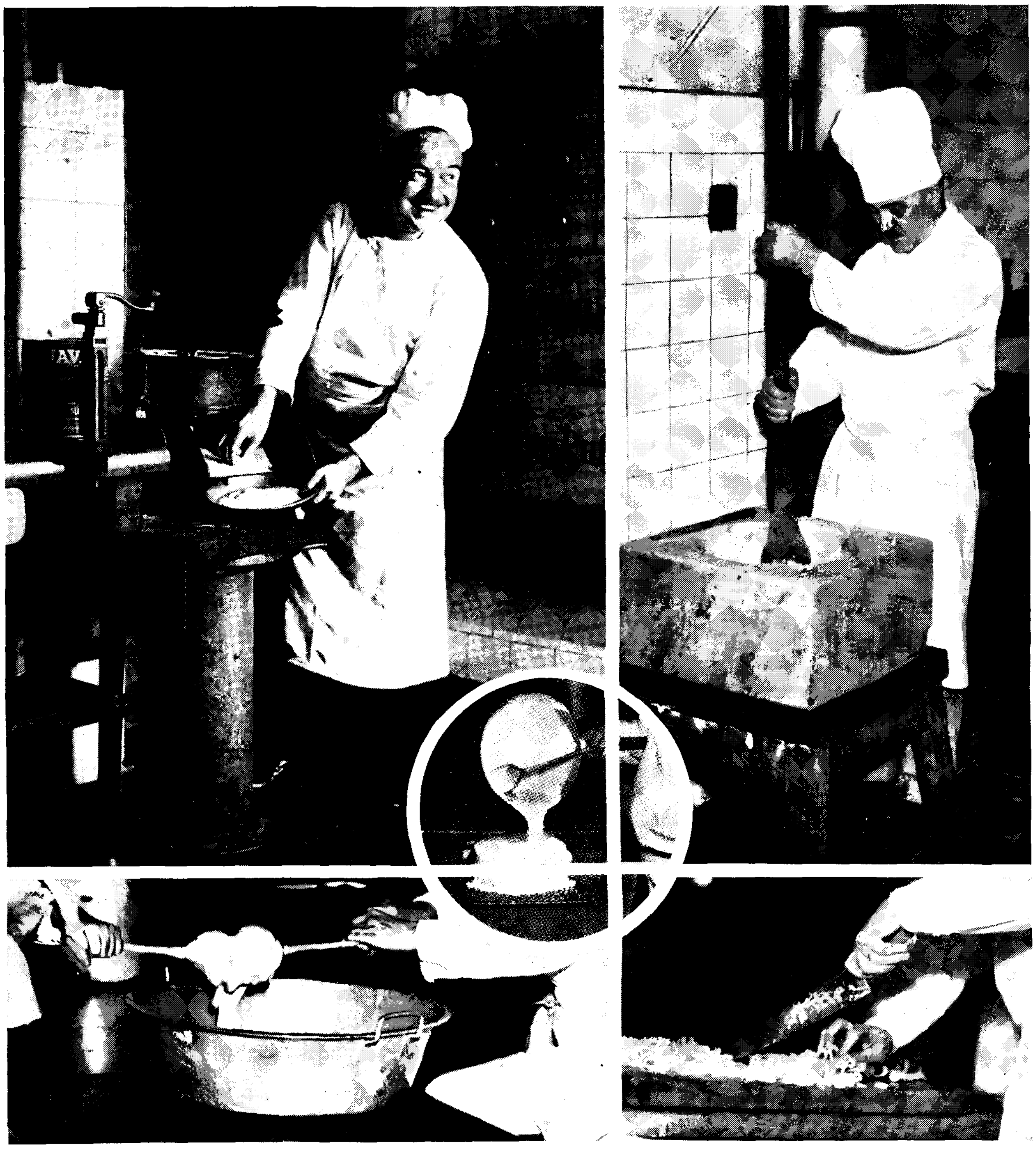
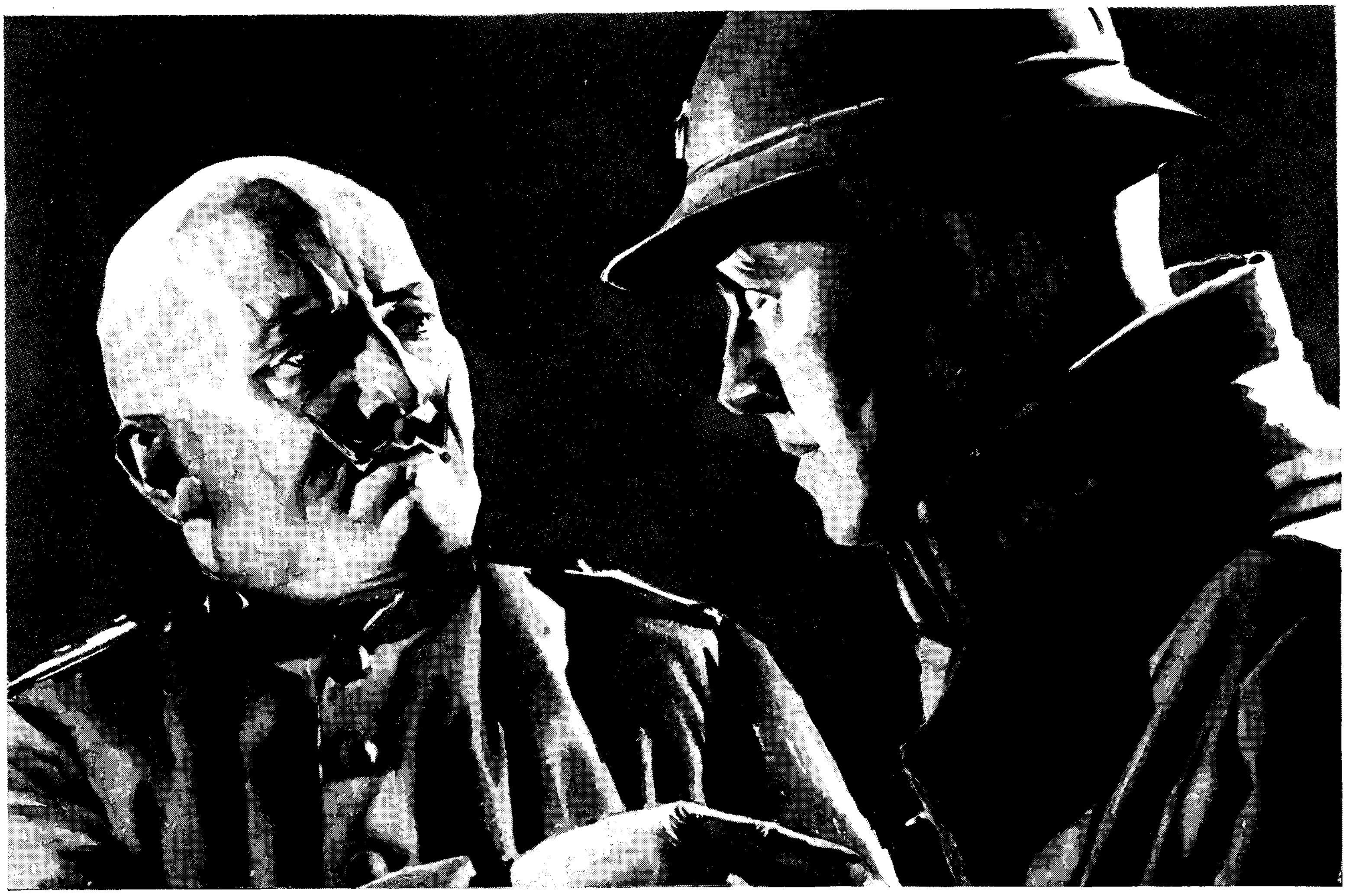


Pastry Chef Pardoen opens cans with the twist of one crank, shreds coconut with the turn of another (upper left). Sandwich fillings are mixed by pestle and mortar (upper right). The secret of shiny cake frosting (center). Smooth sauces by the cheesecloth method (lower left). A sharp French knife makes short work of celery (lower right)

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA



"So, you're a soldier? Haven't they taught you that a sergeant speaking to a colonel should come to attention?"

Never a Soldier

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

ADJUTANT WANSBERG had served in the French Foreign Legion for twenty years and could have applied for a pension. Although he had been born a German, he had long ago acquired French citizenship, and his seven decorations, nineteen citations for valor in action, eighteen campaigns and four wounds would have obtained for him a government position from his grateful adoptive country.

But that night, on the terrace of a Saïda Café, he had drained the better part of a bottle of cognac without speaking much, and I understood he was in a depressed mood. He was lean, blond and muscular, appeared ten years younger than his recorded age, forty-one. From glamorous tales of bayonet fights and narrow escapes, of unbelievable adventures on three continents, he had shifted to brief, nostalgic stories of his boyhood.

"You're homesick," I informed him. "Your present enlistment ends next month. Get leave and visit your home, have a look around. Either you'll be glad to come back, or you can live on your pension."

He seemed startled by the suggestion.

"I can't go home," he stated timidly.

"Why not?"

"I can't face my father."

"Nonsense. You're his only son. He's old enough to have changed and forgiven you for serving here. You haven't seen him in twenty years. He's around seventy. At that age, kinships count more than patriotism."

Wansberg took a stiff drink and sighed.

"Listen, I saw him once since leaving home. He hasn't changed. A real Prussian never does. And he's a real Prussian and was an army officer, too. When the kids came, five girls and myself, he had to leave the service to make more money outside, but he was on the reserve list, all right. I wanted to be a physician, but he would have none of that. I had to be an officer, a Prussian officer, the finest type of man alive.

"Well, I tried to. But there was an instructor, a captain, who took a dislike to me. I was young and hot-tempered. He was fat and slow. So, one day, I forgot myself and took a punch at him. I had to leave in a hurry, because that was a prison offense. My father disowned me. Forbade my mother and sisters to communicate with me. I was in France, without money and profession. So I came to the Legion.

"I WAS naturalized French just before the war, so when the fighting started I had no reason to refuse to serve in France. I hear that there were thousands of cases like mine in the American Army. Hard, at first, to do it, but that kind of war is impersonal and cold. And a guy can't help where life puts him and the things he's made to do.

"Around nineteen sixteen, some distance west of Verdun, my regiment took part in a big attack. What was left of us got to the spot we were supposed to go to. That's the Legion.

"As I spoke German perfectly, the battalion commander used me as an interpreter in questioning prisoners before they were taken to the rear. Sure, you've guessed it—a stout colonel with a red face and a bristling mustache *à la Wilhelm* turns out to be my father. I knew him at once, because his face was clean. But I wore a steel helmet, I was muddied to the back teeth, and he did not spot me.

"I get sort of proud of him, he puts on such a swell show. Very calm, very dignified, he introduces himself to our major, laughs off military questions, tells him that war is war and a man can't expect to win every day, that the important thing is to win at the end, the way Germany is sure to win. Something strange, come back from the days when I was a small boy and worshiped him, swept over me. They led him out, with his head high and his fat shoulders squared. I asked permission to leave for a few minutes and ran after him through the communication trenches.

"I was nearly crying with emotion, when I caught up with him.

"'I'm Karl, Father,' I said. He took a long look, then his face was redder and his jaws set hard.

"'It is you,' he snapped. 'And as was to be expected, with a rabble of homeless tramps and bandits!'

"'Well, Father, that's life,' I told him. 'How's Mother, how are the girls?'

"'Happy,' he snapped again. 'They think you're dead. Get out of my way.'

"I should have quit then. But false pride held me. You see, there were at least ten of my friends around who understood what we were saying, six of them Germans by birth. I hated to let him have the last word, because without being wrong, he wasn't right, either. I decided to pass it off as a joke: 'Well, you wanted me to be a soldier, Father, and I am.' Monsieur, it's what he said next that broke my heart.

"'You're not even a good soldier,' he starts out. I laughed and said: 'Well, I'm in the Legion, and we certainly licked you today.' At that he smiles a little, draws himself straighter: 'So, you're a soldier? Haven't they taught you in that wonderful outfit of yours that a sergeant speaking to a colonel should come to attention?'"

WANSBERG looked at his empty glass mournfully and reached for the bottle.

"He went away without another word. He'll never change. What makes me sore is that he was right. He was my father, a prisoner of war, anything you like. But he was a colonel and I was a sergeant. My major had treated him as a superior officer, as was correct. I had forgotten. That's what hurts. You see, it's no use going home. He wouldn't take me seriously. I better stick another five years and see if I can't learn."

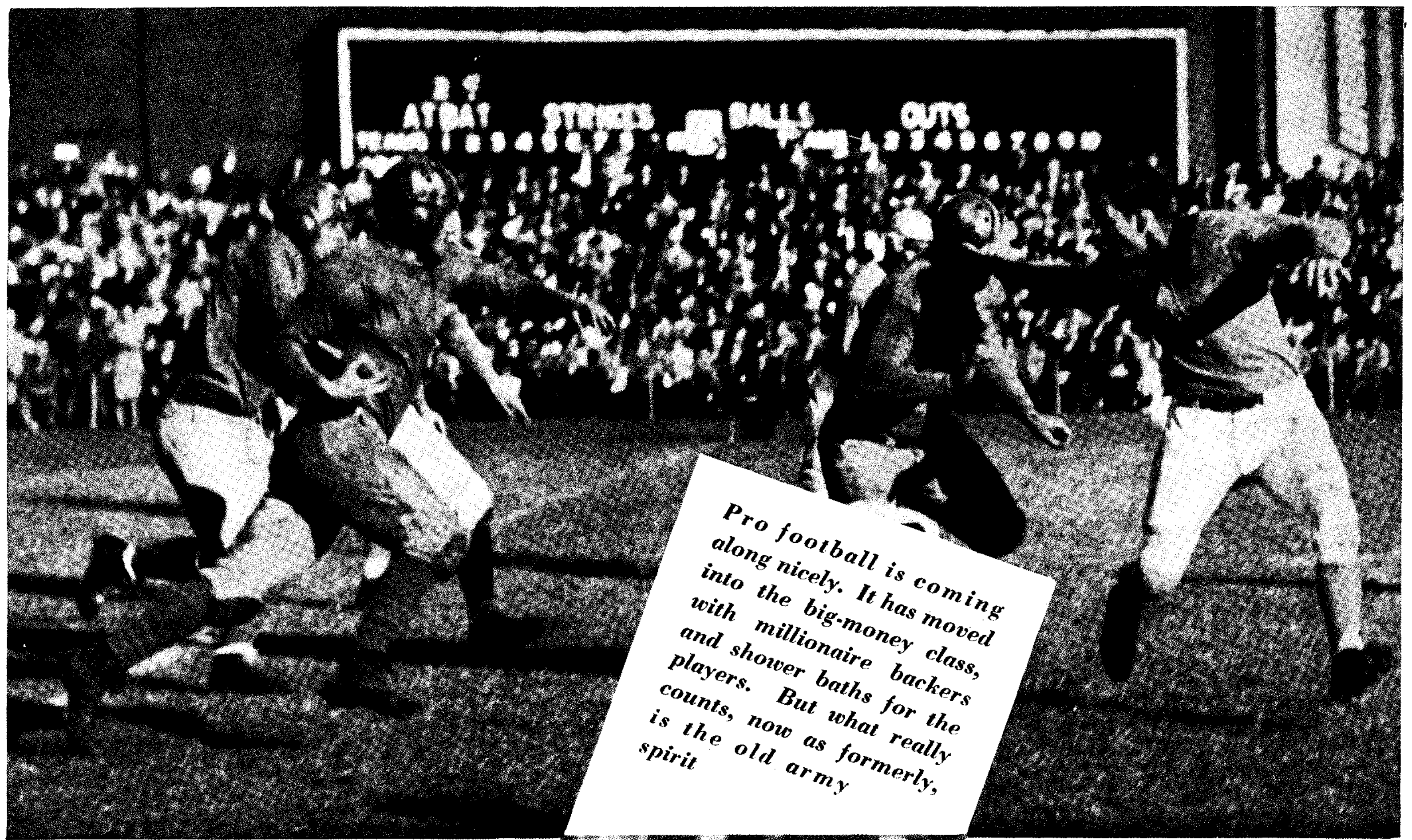
Wansberg held the bottle poised over the glass for lengthening seconds, without pouring. I sought to follow the gloomy thoughts that must pervade his mind. But the tale had relieved him and he grinned.

"Say," he concluded, "are they making these bottles smaller—or what?"

For Love and Money

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN



Pro football is coming along nicely. It has moved into the big-money class, with millionaire backers and shower baths for the players. But what really counts, now as formerly, is the old army spirit

Swede Hanson carrying the ball for the Philadelphia Eagles in a game with the Detroit Lions. At the right is Father Lumkin of the Lions

Potsy Clark, former Illinois star, coaches the Detroit Lions

POTSY CLARK is a kindly fellow who is good to his family, pays his debts and always honks his horn when driving out of an alley; but as a football coach he belongs to the school which holds that a man who can't run a hundred yards in ten flat with a broken leg is a geranium.

We mention this because there have been other views about professional football, of which Mr. Clark is now a prominent representative. In the old days it was steadfastly maintained that the professional athletes got their training walking around a pool table and considered a brisk practice under a street light on Friday night ample preparation for Saturday afternoon. The motions of insane endeavor they went through were considered excellent examples of the art of acting, but the general public was convinced that it was impossible to generate the proper enthusiasm for homicide when one was dying for dear old seventy-five bucks a game instead of for dear old Rolla School of Mines.

As a matter of truth, Walter R. Okeson of Lehigh, chairman of the Football Rules Committee and the czar of intercollegiate football, was hurling himself into a lake at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, as far back as 1896, with the avowed purpose of recovering a fumble and saving the honor of Latrobe, Pennsylvania, then involved in combat with its vigorous neighbor. The game of professional football started at Latrobe in 1894, according to Dr. Harry March, father of the pro game, and the matter of financial payment was of so little moment to the collegians implicated, that anything short of a fractured skull was considered an indication of heavenly indulgence.

Potsy Clark is now coaching the Detroit Lions in the National Football League, but you will not get the full import of that unless you realize that the Detroit Lions were previously the Portsmouth (Ohio) Spartans of the same circuit. At Portsmouth there was always a little difficulty about finances and there were numerous occasions when Potsy carried a squad of sixteen men into combat with such outfits as the Chicago Bears, the Green Bay Packers and the New York Giants. If there had been sixteen complete men the trick would have been mystifying enough, but in practically every instance at least three of the players were merely wearing their uniforms as the best available way of hiding their gaping wounds.

Getting Up in the World

In view of this there was some astonishment on the part of the Portsmouth team when it found itself this fall in the Cranbrook School in the suburbs of Detroit for a month of preseason training. A Detroit syndicate, headed by G. A. Richards and Cy Huston and including most of the prominent names in town, had bought the team during the summer for a mere $15,000 and an agreement to pay all back salaries. So there the Ohio brethren were, in an exclusive preparatory school which when it failed to look like Oxford of Oxford, England, succeeded in looking like an ancient monastery. In a word, class. The players ate in a refectory which looked like nothing so much as the baronial hall of King Arthur.

"Well," said one of the young men, still remembering the boarding house in Portsmouth and not forgetting that he was a graduate of one of our larger universities, "this, if I may say so, is more like it. This reminds me of home."

What I am doing is showing you how professional football is coming along.

Mr. Clark himself is known in the Middle West as the best quarterback Illinois ever had. Potsy was a four-letter man at Illinois and got his first taste of what was expected of a hero when Zuppke objected strenuously to his absence from the lineup by reason of a broken jaw.

"A broken jaw!" cried Mr. Zuppke scornfully. "Cherry of Ohio State played all year with a broken cheek bone. You can still run, can't you?"

So they rigged up an aluminum mask for Mr. Clark and he finished out the season. After his college career, which ended in 1916, he went to the University of Kansas as assistant coach. Because he was such a sensation at Illinois he was offered the biggest salary ever given a first-year coaching man at that time—$1,400 a year. This will show you how college football has come along.

A New Army Game

What saved him from ruin by wealth was the war. It wasn't so much getting away from Kansas as getting back into the lineup again. Potsy organized the Camp Funston team, which defeated the Great Lakes Naval Corps for the championship in 1917. After they went overseas there was little football until the Germans decided to call it a day. Potsy was quarterback of the 89th Division team, which was coached by Paul Withington of Harvard. Others present were Eddie Mahan of Harvard, Bob Higgins of Penn State and Pritchard of West Point. Anybody not previously an All-America selection was examined for traces of anemia.

The championship of the Third Army was fought out between the 89th and the 4th Division team, which was coached by Ham Fish, who is now saving America from the Reds. There was a little matter of money involved in this game. Having just smashed the Hindenburg line, the small matter of cracking the balanced line of Percy Haughton

(Continued on page 48)

Picture a Life Insurance Program built especially for you

The foundation of happy home life is a sense of security in its permanence. When you know that your loved ones can continue to be together no matter what happens to you, your anxiety as to the possibility of their being forced to separate or move into strange and uncomfortable surroundings will vanish. You can arrange to have money provided to pay bills and to cover household expenses for at least a limited period. With the first great step taken to protect your family, you plan further ahead.

When you look at your small boys and girls you wonder what they will be like as they grow older. But one thing you can make sure—they can have an education which will help them to make their way in the world and to have a better appreciation of many of the finer things in life. Your Life Insurance Program can provide a fund, if needed, for the schooling of your children. Many a father has found happiness in the assurance that his children will be well equipped, well educated.

In building this kind of a Program your first thought has been for others. You have a deep satisfaction in knowing that they will be safe — come what may. But now look still further ahead. The chances are that you will live to an age when you will want to retire and have an income of your own. You will be glad to join the steadily increasing number of those men and women whose financial future has been safeguarded through such a Program. Will you plan to have the same kind of security for yourself?

Sometime you may want to see new places or revisit those which hold pleasant memories for you. Or you may have other ideas of your own as to ways in which you might like to enjoy your leisure. You will want to be able to do these things when you retire.

If this message shows the obvious advantages of building a Life Insurance Program which will produce definitely fixed amounts at the time or times they will be needed, it will have accomplished its purpose.

Consider a Program of Life Insurance specially made to meet your individual desires and ambitions. A Metropolitan Field-Man may be able to help you arrange, in the order of their importance, the logical steps toward accomplishing your purposes. Send for him or mail this coupon.

• • •

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. (C)
1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Without placing myself under any obligation, I would like to have information regarding a Life Insurance Program to meet my needs.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ________

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Frederick H. Ecker, President

One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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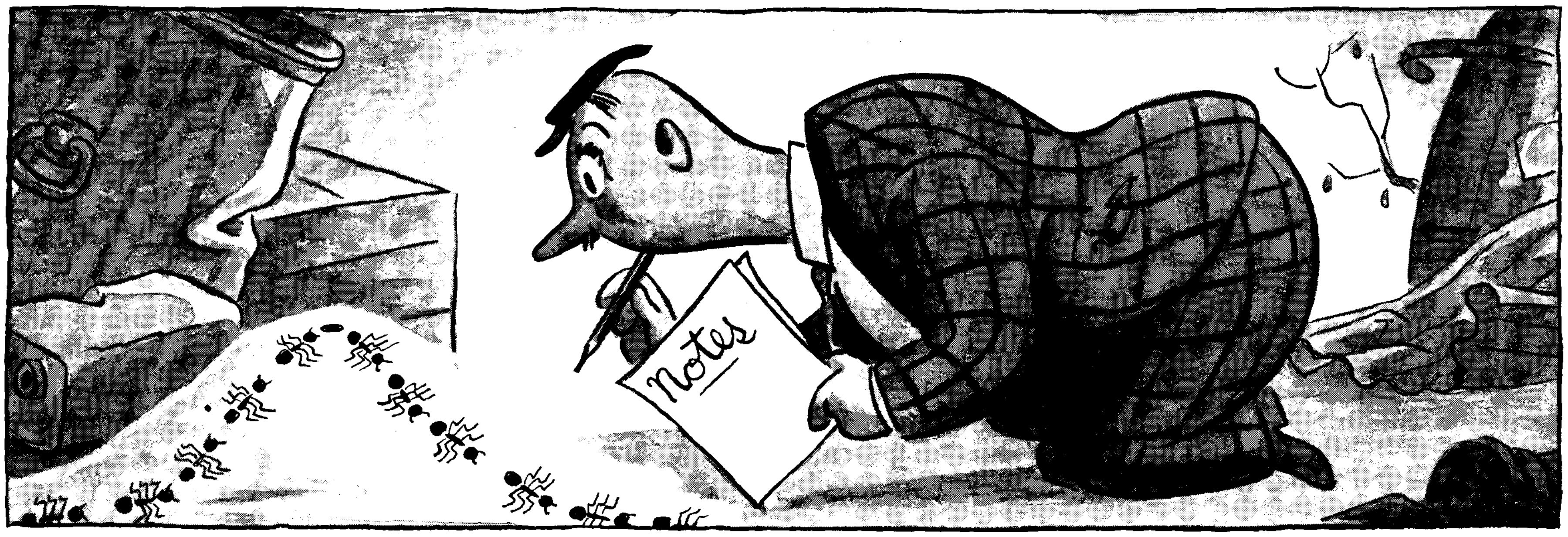


Only ants and other insects know how to organize a society and make it work

Hold Everything

Advice to Statesmen, by Archy the Cockroach

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY HAENIGSEN

AGREEMENTS to scrap
naval vessels are what you make
them
but if this country
and great britain dont want a war
theyd better cut out
international yacht races

while we are reforming
so many other things
it might not be a bad idea
to begin investigating
the efficiency displayed on passenger
ships
before they burn up or sink
instead of afterward
but of course a simple thing like that
couldnt be done by human beings
it is only ants spiders bees and other
insects
who know how to organize a society
and make it work

i have observed
a queer cycle in human affairs
a boy comes to the city
from the country
when he is twenty years old
and works his nerves into tattered
dishrags
for forty years
just to get money enough
so that he can go and live
in the country again and nurse
his nervous breakdown

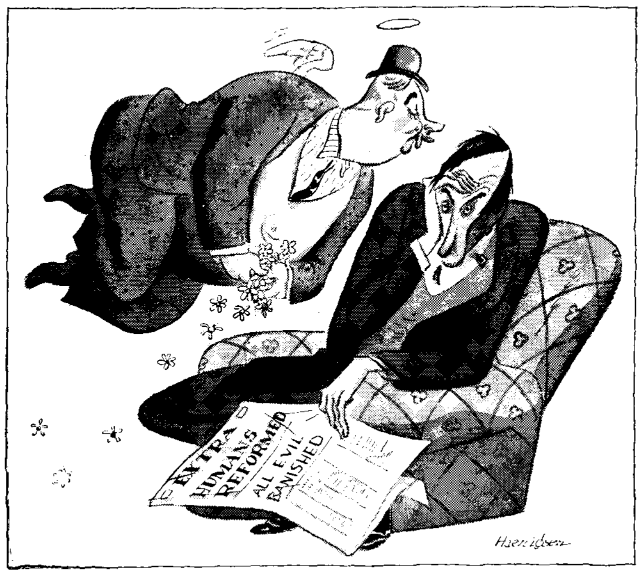
i went into a flea circus
on broadway the other day
and overheard a conversation between
two of the performers
human beings said one of the clowns
never seem to understand
that they look just as funny to us fleas
as us fleas look to human beings
dont talk to me
said the ringmaster flea
about human beings
what the hell are they
except something to eat

i do not kick against my fate
i think that life is swell
contentedly i sit and wait
for the world to go to hell
and if by some queer accident
it goes the other way
i ll try and face that strange event
gamely day by day
although privately i don't think
its going anywhere in particular
its just running around in circles
chasing its tail like one
of mehitabels fool kittens

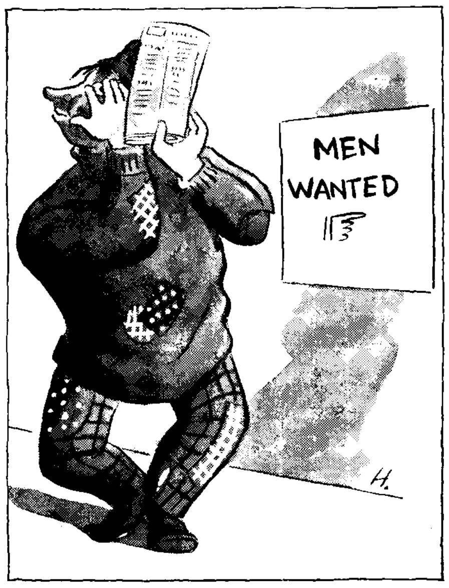
mehitabel the cat
says she is not scared
by the cleanup in the moving pictures
cheer up says mehitabel
television is coming some time
and who knows but what television
will be lousy and enjoyable
and by the time television is
cleaned up
the pictures will get immoral
again
there is always hope says
mehitabel
if you dont weaken
the artistic purpose
of these periods of reform is
to give
greater zest to the relaxation
which follows

prince gets jail term
says a headline
selfish aristocrat
as if us communists did not need
all the jail room we can get
with a hard winter coming on
and here and there a job
looming up that has to be dodged

new england womens clubs were excited
over a questionnaire
addressed to college girls asking them
if they were interested
in a companion without marriage
or a companion with marriage
a marriage with children
or children without marriage
hells bells said mehitabel the cat
i should think they would be
interested in all of them
though perhaps not at the same time
i am continually shocked and reshocked
at the flaunting depravity of that
careless cat
and yet i suppose she serves a purpose
if there were not always someone
who needed reform and regeneration
the world would get as dull
for us good people
as two honeymoons full
of honeymoon bridge



If there were not someone who needed regeneration the world would be dull



We have weathered many spells of good times before this

the country is getting so full
of poor relations
that many persons are purchasing
cars with two rumble seats

i heard two bums
talking yesterday
i am afraid said the first one
that this depression will peter out
before long and we will have
to go to work
cheer up said the second one
we have weathered many
spells
of good times before this
i would almost welcome good
times again
people are so sour nowadays
and the relief agencies are
getting so critical
scab retorted his companion
quitter
the season is approaching
when there will be a lot of
big dinners
to consider what should be
done
about the hungry multitudes

i suppose the human race
is doing the best it can
but hells bells thats
only an explanation
its not an excuse

when i was in hollywood
i ran across the ingenious theory
that the japs might make trouble
just because so many
americans had been coming in
to their state of california

mehitabel the cat
was running around with a tom
cat
off a battleship
and she said to me yesterday
archy i wish you would come
down to shinbone alley
and see the seven funny little
sea serpents yowling around
there
trying to put it across on me
that i am their parent
every time i go in for
a platonic friendship
it turns out plutonic
my maternal instinct
has proved to be a great drawback
it started when i was practically
a debutante and has been going
from bad to worse ever since

archy

"THREE GENERATIONS OF US HAVE CARRIED ELGINS"

writes

LUIS J. FRANCKE, JR.

of Huntington, Long Island

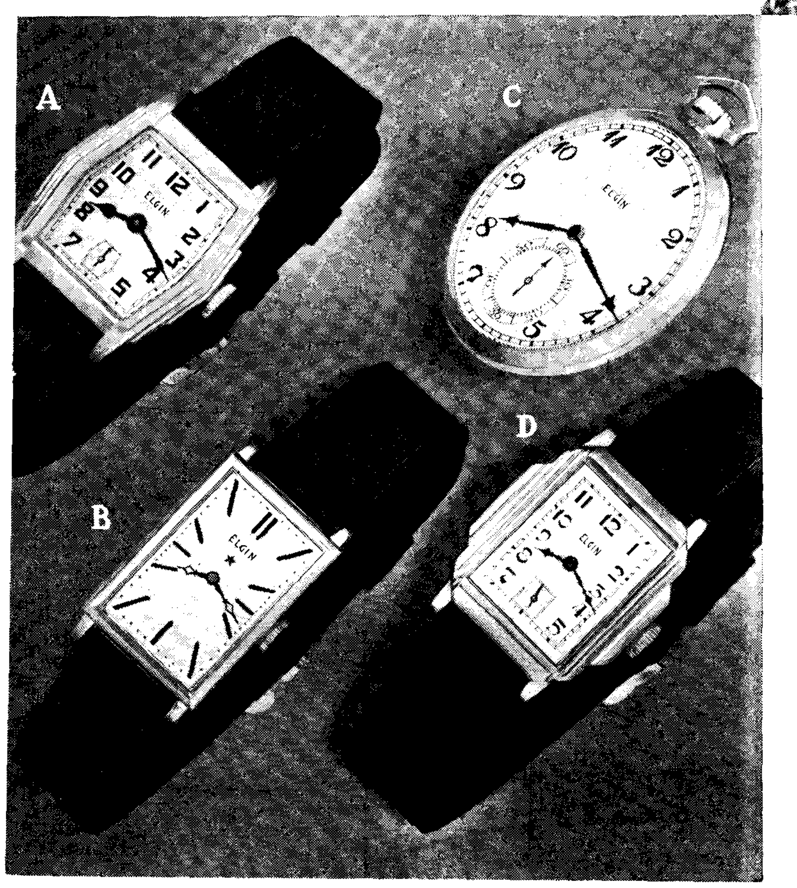
★

A. *No. 1422 in "Veritas" non-magnetic stainless steel case. $19.00. With metal band, $21.50*

B. *17 jewel movement in 14 K. solid gold case. No. 1226 (natural), No. 1225 (white). $65.00*

C. *17 jewel adjusted movement. 10 K. gold filled case. No. 551 (natural), No. 550 (white). $35.00*

D. *17 jewel movement in 10 K. gold filled case. No. 1448 (natural), No. 1447 (white). $35.00*



Why not make this happy tradition your own? For Christmas giving — choose a handsome Elgin now!

● He hunts with the Meadowbrook hounds — this Princeton man. He plays polo — goes in for the good shooting around Oyster Bay — is interested in the international sugar trade.

"The ELGIN tradition in our family dates back to my grandfather. He was Pistol Champion of the United States," says Luis J. Francke, Jr. "My father chose an ELGIN, too . . . and so did I."

You will find it interesting to examine the newest timepieces by ELGIN. Compare them with other makes . . . and learn first hand the many reasons for starting the ELGIN tradition in *your* family.

These watches are downright masculine. They have been created to serve forward-thinking Americans. And they look it. Their streamline-inspired styling is based on correct functional design.

It is no secret fact that expert craftsmen working alone are not able to produce watches like these. To do that takes a unique, close partnership between age-old craftsmanship and modern science.

Only in America — only at ELGIN — has such a union been achieved. Here, as nowhere else, scientists and master craftsmen are able to work together at every step.

Under a single roof — they plan, build, and completely finish these honest ELGINS. Each watch has its timekeeping checked to the unchanging standard of the stars. Each is flawless — even under microscopic inspection.

Plan to see the new ELGINS at your jeweler's before the holidays. The prices are $19 to $500.

★ ELGIN ★

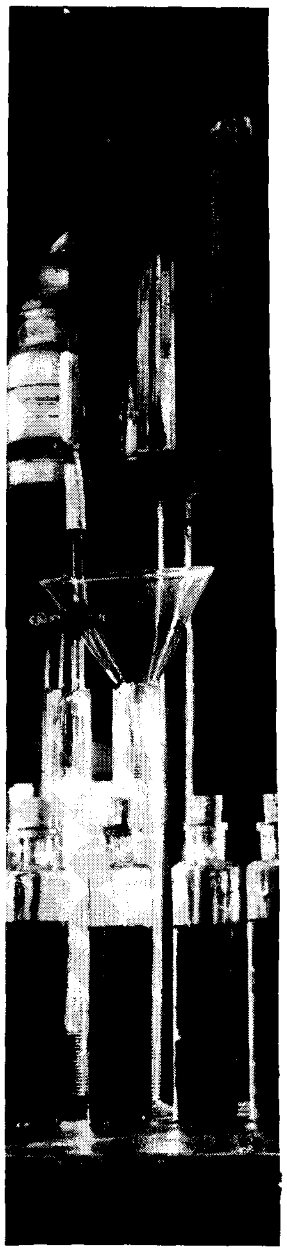
MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865

"Friction

FIND NEW WAY

THAT WILL MAKE MILLIONS O

Why Mobiloil Arctic, made by the Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process, makes Starting easier...lasts longer...keeps cars better protected against Winter



MILLIONS OF CAREFUL MOTORISTS are right now getting their cars ready for hard Winter driving. Many have already changed to Winter oil. More will do so in the very near future.

Before *you* make any change—read the whole story of this remarkable new development in the refining of motor oil.

Read every word—because it shows how you can save up to 25% on oil costs alone—and avoid a lot of Winter troubles in addition.

First get this point clear: Only the very heart of the crude is of use as a motor oil.

All crude petroleum—even the very finest grades—contains a certain proportion of useless, tarry elements that have no value whatever as a motor lubricant.

How to refine this oil to get out all the bad and leave only the good is a problem engineers have tried to solve for years.

Now Socony-Vacuum has a new and revolutionary method of accomplishing this.

Instead of relying on filters and acid baths as is customary—it actually *dissolves out* the impurities!

The Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process *washes away* useless elements, much as you might use soap and water to wash away dirt from hands or clothes.

What happens to the oil is amazing. It is cleaner. It is purer. It is practically 100% useful lubricant. When you put it in your engine, you discover these things:

FIRST—Mobiloil Arctic made by the new Clearosol Process makes starting much easier in cold weather. There is no sticky natural tar to grab at your crankshaft. You lose no time on cold mornings because of thickened oil. You no longer put extra strain on your battery, your starter, or your engine.

SECOND—Mobiloil Arctic made this new way lasts as much as 25% longer than other oils made by older methods. That will cut millions from the nation's oil bill.

THIRD—This new oil is much cleaner than old-type motor oils. It contains no gum or sludge. You have a cleaner engine—with no gummed rings or valves due to the oil. Your car naturally runs better, more smoothly.

FOURTH—Mobiloil Arctic is now more than ever a "double range" oil. It starts instantly on cold mornings, quickly reaching all parts with a protective film. It holds its body at high temperatures, staying on the job no matter how hot your engine gets.

• • •

THESE STATEMENTS are not based on laboratory findings alone. We made exhaustive tests on the road. All of these are *proved facts.*

With these many advantages, you might well expect this new Mobiloil Arctic to cost more. But it doesn't. The price has not been advanced by as much as a single red cent.

Now is the time to get your car in shape for hard Winter driving. Go to the nearest Mobiloil dealer—you'll know him by the Mobiloil sign with the red Gargoyle, or by the sign of the Flying Red Horse—and refill with clean Mobiloil Arctic made by the Clearosol Process. Don't delay—act now.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobiloil Arctic

MADE BY THE NEW SOCONY-VACUUM CLEAROSOL PROCESS

SOCONY-VACUUM

Fighters”
TO REFINE OIL

ARS START EASIER THIS WINTER

WHAT MOBILOIL ARCTIC DOES FOR YOU

1 STARTS MUCH EASIER . . . which means faster starting as well as less drain on your battery, less strain on your starter and less wear and tear on your engine.

2 LASTS LONGER . . . by actual test gives as much as 25% greater mileage. You save up to 25% on oil purchases.

3 MUCH CLEANER . . . you'll find no gum, no sludge, no stuck rings or gummed valves from this oil. *It* keeps engines cleaner.

4 FLOWS QUICKLY at low temperatures — protecting your car against the danger of "dry" starts on cold mornings.

5 RESISTS HEAT . . . holds its body at high engine temperatures, giving full protection to moving parts at all times.

GOOD OIL MUST BE MADE — it is not *found!* Socony-Vacuum engineers never stop seeking ways to make Mobiloil better — never stop checking on its quality. They spent months putting the finishing touches on the Clearosol Process. Such perseverance is what makes good oil — not the mere accident of where the crude was found.

●

BLIZZARDS COMING, weather experts say. A large section of the country can expect to see scenes like this soon. Many cars will be caught unprepared; and, unfortunately, it doesn't take long for the wrong oil to ruin an engine. Take no chances with yours. Put in new Mobiloil Arctic at once and avoid many Winter troubles.

Save after seven

ON TELEPHONE CALLS OUT OF TOWN

BARGAINS in friendship begin at 7 P.M. Then station-to-station rates to most points drop about 15%. After 8:30 P.M., they're as much as 40% less than daytime rates—or about 35c for 75 miles; 50c for 150 miles; 75c for 275 miles. Go visiting by telephone tonight!

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"Hold the line, please!"

Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 13

"Very," said Trenna.

Wilcox stared at her. His light eyes held no recognition now of the fact that she was a very beautiful woman. Trenna felt that to Wilcox she was merely a figure in a difficult problem.

"It gets tougher every minute," said the sergeant. "I don't suppose, Miss Plaice, I should say so, but I think Murdoch's killing about eliminates you and Sturdevant and Lisa Bellwood from the Haworth matter. I don't see how any one of you three could have been in on the Murdoch thing. And I have a swell hunch that whoever gave Murdoch the works gave them to Haworth, too. It's going to drive me dippy."

"It's so dreadful," cried Trenna. "Whoever it is may be planning other killings. It's frightful that a man like that should be at large."

"You're telling me," said Wilcox. "As if I didn't know it. But I can't see any real danger to anyone else. Unless one of you three," he suddenly added, "hasn't told the complete truth. I have a feeling that Murdoch didn't tell the truth, that he was killed because he was going to tell the truth. If you or Sturdevant or Miss Bellwood knows—or suspects—who killed Haworth, then you are in danger. Otherwise—" He shrugged.

"But if Murdoch opened the door and almost instantly rang the bell for the elevator operator, he wouldn't have had much time to make a promise to the murderer that he wouldn't tell," said Trenna.

"You're guessing at a situation that probably never happened," said Wilcox. "What might have happened was that Murdoch stumbled on something a little later that gave him a clue to the killer."

He rose suddenly to his feet.

"But there's no reason why I should keep you up all night telling you about it. How's Mr. Sturdevant?"

TRENNA rose and walked softly to the bedroom door. Sturdevant was apparently sleeping peacefully. She returned to the center of the room.

"He seems all right," she reported.

"Doctor Burns says it isn't serious," said Wilcox.

Trenna raised her eyebrows and Wilcox grinned at her.

"Yep, I checked up on that one, too."

"You believe we didn't do it, but still—is that it?"

"That's it," said Wilcox. He eyed her thoughtfully. "Did you go often to Haworth's apartment?"

"Not very," said Trenna. "Perhaps half a dozen times all together. Dinner or tea, or supper after the theater."

"I was wondering," said Wilcox. "Ever notice Murdoch particularly?"

"Not any more than I'd notice any servant. But that's funny," she added.

"What's funny?" asked Wilcox.

"Night before last he let me in. He talked with me. He knew me quite well. Yet today on the telephone, when I told him who I was, he asked if I were the actress, if I were Mr. Sturdevant's friend? You'd think mentioning my name would be enough."

"To practically everyone, but especially to Haworth's butler," said Wilcox. "But you said he was excited. Maybe that would account for it. And one more goofy thing in this case doesn't matter. You'd better get some rest, Miss Plaice. Good night."

Quite unconsciously Trenna held out her hand. Wilcox blushed violently as he took her extended fingers.

"You *are* a swell dame," he blurted. "Me trying to slip over little questions, all the time figuring that while you're a great person, maybe—well, you know—and you shaking hands with me."

"Before the gong sounds," smiled Trenna.

Wilcox shook his head.

"No, there'll be no bout between us. You didn't do it."

"You make the admission sorrowfully," said Trenna.

Wilcox laughed.

"I feel about a suspect the way you feel about a good part. I hate to let it go. Good night."

Trenna smiled as the door closed behind him. Thirty-six hours ago she would have scoffed at the suggestion that she might ever like Sergeant Wilcox, that she might ever smile at or with him. But he had practically absolved her from guilt in Len's death. Of course, his was not the verdict of a jury; nevertheless, it was good to know that the man who was, she gathered, in practical charge of the investigation, had decided that she was innocent. She rang the bell and Dexter entered the room.

"Come on! Let's get in there now, men!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"That bull bothering you?" he asked.

Trenna shook her head.

"He's convinced, at last," she sighed, "that neither Mr. Sturdevant nor I had anything to do with Mr. Haworth's death. You see, his butler was killed tonight as he was on his way to meet me, to tell me something."

Dexter whistled.

"Another killing! Why would he get bumped off?"

"If he knew who killed Mr. Haworth and wanted to tell me, and the murderer knew he was going to see me—"

"I get it," said Dexter. His eyes suddenly lighted with the gleam of battle. "Don't you get scared, Miss Plaice. My door will be open and I sleep light, anyway. If anyone comes in here—it's a cinch there's a cop downstairs, anyway. But don't you be nervous."

"I won't," promised Trenna. "And if you'll fix the couch for me—"

"This minute," said Dexter.

STURDEVANT was still asleep when she entered his room in the morning. Not once during the night had he called to her, although she had looked in upon him twice, and had nearly awakened him as she drew covers about his shoulders. But his eyes were open as she emerged from the bath.

"Do you always look like this in the morning?" he asked.

"I've had time to put my lips on straight while you slept," she smiled.

"Don't believe it. No one could look as fresh as you do unless it was natural. Are you going to kiss me?"

Her pretty nose wrinkled in distaste.

"When you've shaved," she replied.

GINGERLY Sturdevant rubbed his chin.

"And I suppose you're brazen enough to stand here while I get out of bed."

"That's the man of it," she accused. "I sacrifice my good name for you and you're the first to think me a hussy."

She evaded his quick clutch.

"Another thing," she said. "How does it happen that I find lipstick and powder and cold cream in your bath?"

"Aunt Melissa frequently spends the night," he grinned.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, Sim Sturdevant, saying such a dreadful thing. I suppose you want me to believe that she goes out with you and drinks so much that you don't dare take her home."

"Don't ever tell anyone, will you?" he begged.

She stared at him.

"One of these days, Sim, when you're all well, and we're married, and some man asks me to dance with him, and I stroll out in the moonlight with him, and stay out with him two hours, and you put on a scene, I'm going to remind you of the evidences of guilt I've just found in your bath."

"What do you think I'll be doing when you're out in the moonlight with another man?" he countered.

"Well, if you aren't doing the same thing with a pretty girl I'll think you've lost your touch," she laughed.

She went into the living-room and rang for Dexter, who appeared immediately.

"Doctor Burns didn't say anything about Mr. Sturdevant's breakfast, but I don't think coffee and toast would hurt him. Put it on a tray."

She was seated before a tiny table set beside Sturdevant's bed when the doctor arrived. Sturdevant, propped up against pillows, greeted the doctor cheerily.

"Get yourself some nurses like Miss Plaice and go right into bankruptcy," he grinned. "All your patients would get well at once and wouldn't need your services."

"So that's how you feel, eh?" The doctor beamed upon him. "Did he sleep well, Miss Plaice?"

Trenna nodded.

"Good work," said the doctor. He eyed them curiously and nodded toward the papers with which the bed was strewn.

"Haworth's butler got it," he commented. "You were taking chances, going out to meet him, Miss Plaice."

"I was silly," admitted Trenna.

"She needs a husband to boss her around," said Sturdevant. "That was the most reckless thing for her to do. I won't sleep at all tonight, worrying about what insanity she's likely to commit. So she'll have to stay right beside me in this room."

"I promise," said Trenna meekly. She looked at the doctor. "Shall I leave?"

Burns shook his head.

"Just looked in, that's all."

"Can I get up today?" asked Sturdevant.

"Take another day of rest. You're all right, but still rest won't do any harm." He spoke to Trenna. "Don't fret about him any more."

HE LEFT them and Sturdevant scowled.

"I don't believe I needed to go to bed at all."

"Maybe not, but he wants to be on the safe side. Don't grumble. Just stay in bed today."

"Will you stay here with me?" he demanded.

"I'll come back during the day," she promised.

"What about tonight?"

"If you're not all right, I'll stay here."

He looked at her.

"If remaining ill keeps you here I'll never get well."

"Silly man," she said.

"Not half as silly as you are. You must be just about half-witted to love me."

"The nurse dropped me," said Trenna. She heard the telephone ringing and reached for it. She said "Hello," and Lisa Bellwood recognized her voice.

"So you did the night trick, too?" said Lisa. "How's the big invalid?"

"You want to talk to him?" asked Trenna.

"What's the use? He's a man of honor and I guess you've hooked him plenty. A shabby trick, I call it, to take advantage of a sick man and compromise him. Or is it you who is compromised? I've mislaid my book of etiquette."

"Both of us, I guess," replied Trenna. In Lisa's derision she somehow sensed something not too unfriendly. It was as if Lisa were indirectly informing her that she had withdrawn from competition for Sim.

"As long as you know what you're doing then it's all right," laughed Lisa. "Going to be there all day?"

"I'm going out shortly," said Trenna.

"Going home?"

"I'll be out of here several hours," said Trenna.

Lisa laughed again.

"You have me wrong. I didn't want to sneak down while you're out. I want to see you. What time will you be at home?"

"What time do you want me to be there?"

"In about an hour?"

(Continued on page 32)

Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 31

"I'll be there," said Trenna, hanging up.

She faced the inquiring eyes of Sturdevant.

"What does she want?" he asked.

"I can't imagine," said Trenna.

"You sounded as though she sounded amiable," said Sturdevant.

"Involved, but I follow you," smiled Trenna. Her eyes were grave. "Yes, she was amiable. But if she has anything to say about having seen you—"

"No temper," warned Sturdevant.

"No?" Trenna's eyes were blazing now. "I don't trust her. And we can't permit a threat like that to hang over you. If she maintains to me that she saw you I'm going to take her by her ear and lead her straight to the police and make her repeat her story to them."

"And when you come down to see me this afternoon I'll be wearing handcuffs under my pajamas," grinned Sturdevant.

Trenna shrugged distastefully.

"Then I won't lose my temper. But I warn you, Sim Sturdevant, that one of your old friends isn't going to be welcome in our home."

"I don't want any visitors for at least five years," said Sturdevant.

"Neither do I," said Trenna.

SHE leaned over, kissed him lightly, evaded again his grasping hands, laughed at him gayly and left the room. As she entered the living-room the doorbell rang. Dexter admitted Reed Ryan. He made a face at her.

"On the All-America idiot team I'm the big triple threat," he said. "What a story I had in my hands yesterday and what a fool I was not to stay with you every second. Imagine me being content with your promise to give me a beat if Murdoch said anything important! A newspaper-man should never be anything but a newspaper-man! And a good newspaper-man would have been waiting at Dooman's restaurant for you and Murdoch. Or he'd have been hanging around the neighborhood. If you have any other important dates let me know and I'll be right with you, Miss Plaice."

"I won't make any more," she told him. "You told Sergeant Wilcox that I had heard from Murdoch."

He nodded.

"I knew you'd tell him. I thought it might give him a line, somehow. And did he get into action! Within ten minutes—fifteen anyway—after he got the word that Murdoch was killed he had seen the body, looked at the bullet, talked to the witnesses and was on his way down here. He may be little but he's dynamite. How's the patient?"

"All right," said Trenna, "but don't bother him."

"I'd like to cheer him up," said Ryan. "I've written my story for the Crier already. Any fresh details will be added to the later edition. I didn't go to bed at all."

"Then you must be sleepy," said Trenna.

"Dog-tired," yawned the reporter. "I didn't want to go home and go to bed and then get up early to write my yarn, so I went to the office about two and wrote today's lead. As a matter of fact, until the Wall Street edition is on the press I don't dare to go to bed. I'll just phone in to the office every hour or so."

"Aren't you ever off duty?" asked Trenna.

"I don't want to be off duty when there's a big story breaking."

"Well, Sim will probably be glad to have someone with him, but don't excite him," said Trenna.

She took Ryan into the bedroom and left him there. Half an hour later she was admitted to her own apartment, and she had put on a fresh dress and was looking her best when Lisa Bellwood arrived. Lisa plunged into the heart of matters at once.

"I lunched with Sim yesterday," she said. She sat down and lighted a cigarette. She crossed a pair of legs that Trenna conceded were extremely shapely. "I told Sim that I had seen him outside Len's apartment as I left there," Lisa went on.

"Sim told me," said Trenna quietly. "Why did you say a thing like that?"

"To see what his answer would be," said Lisa.

"Joking about murder isn't funny," said Trenna.

"I wasn't joking," said Lisa. "I did see someone there, someone that might have been Sim. I mean, he wore a dark overcoat, and his hat was pulled over his eyes, the way Sim wears his. He was about the same height and build. I wanted to see if I could startle Sim into an admission."

"His ears tested okay, doctor—he just said something about an earthquake!"

FRANK OWEN

"And if you had startled him—what then?" asked Trenna.

Lisa grinned shamelessly at her.

"Then maybe I'd have been his night nurse," she replied.

"You haven't many scruples, have you?" said Trenna.

"None at all," said Lisa. "When I want a man—"

"I think you're dreadful," said Trenna.

"DON'T be an *ingénue*," derided Lisa. "If you wanted a man what would you care how you got him? And if I wanted Sim badly enough I wouldn't be admitting to you that I'm not sure it was he that came around the corner. A temporary yen. You ought to know what that's like. You had one for Len. Girls get over those things."

Trenna stared at her. There was something so frank about Lisa that it rendered her less shocking.

"And now what?" she asked.

Lisa carefully ground a cigarette in an ash tray.

"Murdoch's killing seems to take Sim and you and myself off the spot," she said. "But that doesn't mean that we can go about our daily affairs as though nothing happened. Now, I didn't kill Len. Sim may have been the man I saw outside the apartment, but he didn't kill Murdoch. He was in bed yesterday evening. According to the papers you were sitting quietly in a restaurant waiting for Murdoch. You have all the luck. I wish I'd been the one he telephoned. You must have been excited."

"EXCITEMENT means a lot to you, doesn't it?" said Trenna.

"Don't be superior. Suppose it does? Why not? What else is there in life? It's different with you. You have something to do, a career, and a pretty swell career, too. You're good. Your last picture was punk but you were all right. You have excitement in your profession. What do I ever get? Flirtations or risking my neck in a plane. But none of the real thing, none of the thrill of trying to do something. But this isn't a sob. Here's the point: I don't believe you killed Len. All right, but I'll bet that you or I know who killed him, and I don't think it's I."

"What do you mean?" asked Trenna.

"I'm a good-looking girl," said Lisa. "And I have a way with me. I have money as well as the ability to arouse a certain interest in men. But I'm not the type that men do murder for. Oh, a man will want to leave his wife and children for the sake of my bright eyes and a few other little matters, but I can't see anyone going stark staring mad about me. But—and this is a compliment I never thought I'd pay you—you *are* the type that men go insane about."

Trenna laughed out loud.

"You aren't trying to sell me something, are you?"

"I'm being deadly serious. I've one suitor that's pretty jealous. Freddie Burnham. But he wouldn't kill a mouse. But what about you? You're an actress. You know scores of men where I know one. Lots of them must have fallen in love with you, must have asked you to marry them. How many of them are insanely jealous of you?"

Trenna smiled.

"Not a single one that I know of. What's your idea? That someone was so jealous of Len that he killed him?"

"Certainly. It's a good idea. It's the only motive Sim could have had. Why shouldn't someone else have had that motive?"

"Simply because only two men in my life have ever fallen in love with me, have ever asked me to marry them. Len and Sim."

"Are you honest?" asked Lisa.

"Absolutely," smiled Trenna.

"Don't ever admit it to Sim," advised Lisa. "Always pretend that there are *fifty* disappointed lovers waiting to snap you up." She rose from her chair. "I guess I'm a terrible bust as a sleuth. But I thought it was a swell idea."

"If I were more attractive it would have been," said Trenna.

Lisa stared at her, her hard eyes coolly appraising.

"You're plenty attractive. I wouldn't worry about it. Does Sim hate me?" she suddenly asked.

"Because you—er—"

"Because I—er—" said Lisa with an impudent grin.

"He didn't take you too seriously," said Trenna.

"He's a swell lad," said Lisa. "You got a break when you got him. Or have you got him?"

"Do you mind?" asked Trenna.

Lisa chuckled.

"What I can't get I forget. Not in the least. I think Sim gets a break, too. You're okay."

"Thanks a lot," laughed Trenna.

Lisa made a face at her, wriggled into her coat and walked toward the door.

"Exit laughingly is the phrase, isn't it?"

SHE went through the door. Trenna shook her head wonderingly. Lisa was a type with which Trenna had little acquaintance. She was not a girl who could be easily anticipated. At that, Trenna admitted to a certain admiration for Lisa. She was not the sort of girl of whom Trenna would care to make a chum, but she had the elements of a good sport. She was still thinking about Lisa when her maid announced that Sergeant Wilcox was calling.

She greeted Wilcox pleasantly.

"Dropped in to see Sturdevant, thinking you'd be there, but you'd left," he said.

"He's all right this morning. And I had some things to do at home," she told him.

"Sure. I'll bet you have twice as many letters as usual this morning."

"There's a big pile, but I haven't bothered with them," said Trenna. "Not even the telegrams."

"I don't suppose you movie stars *can* read your mail," said Wilcox.

"We don't even try," said Trenna. "But of course mail sent to my apartment isn't fan mail. Until the papers printed my address yesterday, the public didn't know it."

"Well, they know it now," said Wilcox. "What servants did you bring East, Miss Plaice?"

"None, except my maid," she replied. "I engaged a cook here in New York. Why?"

"Just curious," said the sergeant. "We picked up the gun that killed Murdoch. It was found on Lexington Avenue at Eighty-sixth Street."

"Can you trace it?" asked Trenna.

"We have," said Wilcox. "The Los Angeles police wired us the number of the gun that you bought out there, that was lost or stolen. The same gun killed Murdoch, Miss Plaice."

(To be continued next week)

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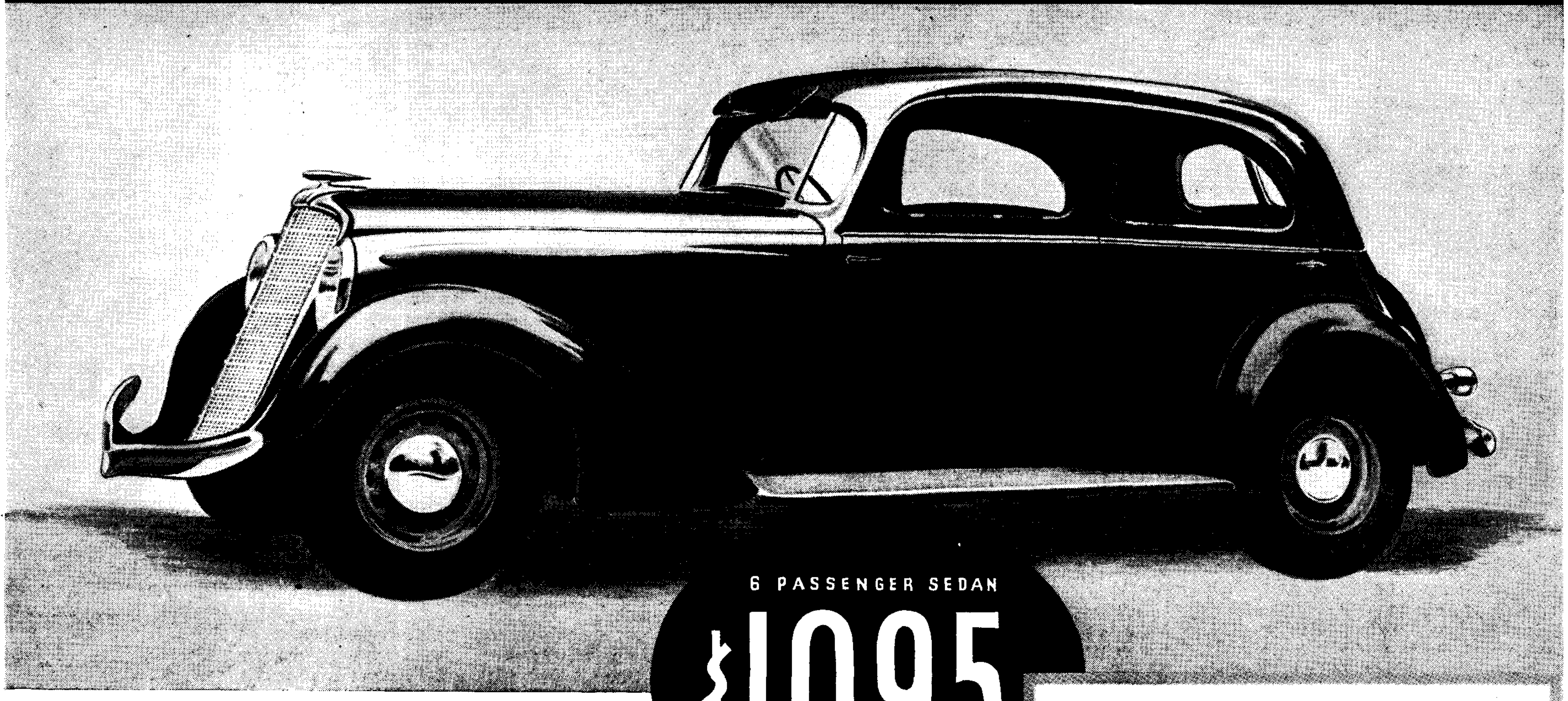

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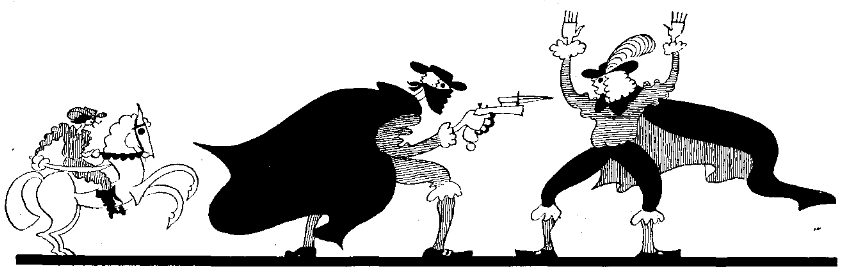

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Back in 16th-century England, a maker of hand weapons produced a most unusual instrument of combat. It was a combination pistol, dagger and knuckle-duster, or brass knuckles. Apparently it was designed to be useful in any emergency. If the pistol misfired, the user could resort to the dagger. If the dagger broke, he still had the knuckle-duster.

Perjury, or the giving of false testimony in a court of law while under oath, is unbelievably widespread in this country despite the fact that it is subject to penalties ranging from a small fine to a death sentence. It exists in at least 50 per cent of all our contested civil cases, 75 per cent of all our criminal cases and 90 per cent of all our divorce cases.

The rat is one of man's deadliest enemies, as it has spread bubonic plague throughout the world for more than 2,000 years and has been responsible for more untimely deaths than all the wars in history. This dread disease, transmitted to man by bites of the rat's infected fleas, has killed an average of 2,800 persons every day since the birth of Christ.

The current in the Main River in Germany is so strong that steam-powered vessels can make little headway against it. So barges and other watercraft that ply between Aschaffenburg and Bamberg have to be towed by the *Kette-Boot*, a large and unique boat, that slowly makes its periodical journeys up this swift stream by pulling itself along a giant chain for a distance of 180 miles.

An erupting volcano usually causes near-by natives to flee in terror. But when Kilauea in the Hawaiian Islands goes into action, thousands drop their work and start for it—by train, steamship and bus—to enjoy the unique pyrotechnic displays. They are allowed to stand at its very rim as the actual activity, a giant fountain of lava, is some distance away in the center of the crater, which is 500 feet deep and four square miles in area.—*By F. A. Berger, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.*

Of the twelve billion gallons of milk produced in the United States annually, 46 per cent is consumed as a beverage, 36 per cent is made into butter, four per cent is made into condensed, powdered and evaporated milk, four per cent is made into cheese, four per cent is made into ice cream, three per cent is fed to calves and the other three per cent is wasted.

France now has a machine which detects the presence and determines the position of a silent and cloud-hidden airplane; Germany is serving homes in one city with the first illuminating and fuel gas which is non-poisonous; and America has a motor-car device which enables the driver to attach or remove his tire chains by simply pushing a lever beside his seat.

Nearly all body mutilations practiced by primitive peoples have some fashionable or tribal significance. But not that of knocking out the middle teeth of the adolescents in the Belgian Congo, where the soil abounds in tetanus germs. The "opening" is made for the purpose of feeding the victim when he contracts his almost inevitable case of lockjaw.

In many backward sections of Europe today, as for many past centuries, mourning crape is not only hung on the front door but also tied to bee-hives, silos, pigsties, barns and other outhouses which belonged to the deceased. A small piece is even tied around the neck of the family cat.

One of the greatest blots on civilization is the army of 500,000 children who are deserted throughout the world each year. In the United States today, an infant or small child is abandoned on the street or turned over to a welfare organization by its parents or relatives on an average of every 15 minutes.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this *column. Contributions must be accompanied* by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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The Man with the Smoke-Gray Eyes

Continued from page 19

way of grace hard to describe. It was, I think, a rhythm inside this girl which flowed out of her and influenced whatever she touched. The street was crowded, as though it were a holiday, and this feeling of excitement was stronger than ever. There was a rumor in the wind that Dan Cameron intended to raid New Hope with his gang and get his brother from jail, and because of that the Phil Sheridan Post, G. A. R., had turned out to guard the whole length of St. Vrain Street; every hundred yards we passed a pair of these men standing against the building walls, guns strapped at their hips, all looking very solemn. Yet, solemn as they were, they lifted their hats to Glory and spoke to her.

THEN somebody else spoke to her and I saw Big Bill Dolliver standing at the curb. He had taken off his hat and his black hair glittered in the sunlight and made all the rest of his face dark. He had a cigar between his teeth, but the rest of his lips were hidden by the long, heavy mustache he wore. I remember feeling fear as I stared into his heavy round eyes; I feel the strike of them now. But I remember feeling hatred of the man, too, for I clenched my hands behind my back and stood at Glory's side. I had come to feel that somehow Jeff McKay's fortune lay in this stolid man's brain. Nor was I alone in that feeling.

He said: "Good day, Miss Harper."

Glory stopped and lowered her parasol, and I looked up to see her smiling at him. She had no fear. She said: "I don't believe all the stories I've heard about you. Jeff needs help."

He took out his cigar and looked down. He brushed a flake of ash from his coat, and lifted his head. "I hope you never will believe all the stories you hear about me. Don't worry about Jeff."

We went on and turned in at Jeff McKay's office beyond Linenweber's Restaurant. There were two men at the door, but they stepped aside for Glory; and we walked through and found Jeff sitting on a high bookkeeper's stool, writing in a book. I remember he wore black sleeve protectors, and that there was a gun lying on his desk. He got up and shook hands with me.

Glory said: "Mr. Dolliver spoke to me."

Jeff's eyes narrowed. He wasn't pleased, I could see. "It was forward of him."

But Glory smiled. "He was very courteous. You have guards at your door. Will Dan Cameron try to rescue his brother?"

"We shall soon know."

They were face to face, absorbed in each other and I felt completely excluded. So I went out, hurt by the exclusion. But I looked back once—and it is that one glimpse of them that comes to me now as a bright picture when I am discouraged. They were two tall, fine people standing face to face, throwing a superb gallantry back at life. Their faces were sober and they were not talking. Well, they were two people who had little use for words—for they had a perfect understanding, they had the quietness and the supreme simplicity of faith.

That night my father said to me, "I want you to stay off St. Vrain Street tomorrow," and I went to bed and dreamed of Dan Cameron's men riding into New Hope, shooting as they came. The next morning, which was trial day, I ran down to the corner of St. Vrain and Prairie Streets and climbed to the loft of Beekman's warehouse and lay on my stomach, watching the courthouse steps. I saw crowds there but no violence, though in the evening when Johnny Dix and I went prowling out through the freighters' camp he told me Dan Cameron had ridden into New Hope alone, had vanished down an alley adjoining the Beauty Belle and later had gone away. I said, "Why wasn't he arrested?" Johnny said in a mysterious way, "My old man says because Bill Dolliver didn't want him arrested."

The following noon Father came home to dinner looking very pleased. He sat down and said grace and looked across the table to me. "I want you to remember, when you grow up, that occasionally your father's generation did the right thing. The jury convicted Hale Cameron. He will be hanged. Half of the men in that courtroom were trying to intimidate Jeff when he took the stand. But he told his story and, by God, they couldn't scare him!"

"Tod," said my mother, " you swore."

"It is time," said my father, "for our boy to learn respectable people sometimes swear."

We had a week's calm in our town, but it was a scary calm. For they were building the scaffold in the park block and its skeleton shape did something to New Hope; it seemed to waken in all of us that latent primitive savagery of which we were so afraid, against which our daily morals so constantly struggled. At night I used to walk by the scaffold and see its gaunt frame against the sky.

They hanged him August 10, 1881, with the Phil Sheridan Post guarding the park block against Dan Cameron's raid. No raid came, and Hale Cameron was soon dead. But before he died, and before they put the cap on him, he turned on the platform and looked down to where Big Bill Dolliver stood and he said, so clearly that everybody in the block heard his exact words: "When you come to hell, Bill, I'll be there to watch you burn."

MY FATHER told us this when he came home in the evening. He was speaking to Mother, but I can understand now he wanted me to feel and to see the picture as he saw it, that he wanted to harden me to the brutality of the world I was so fast growing into.

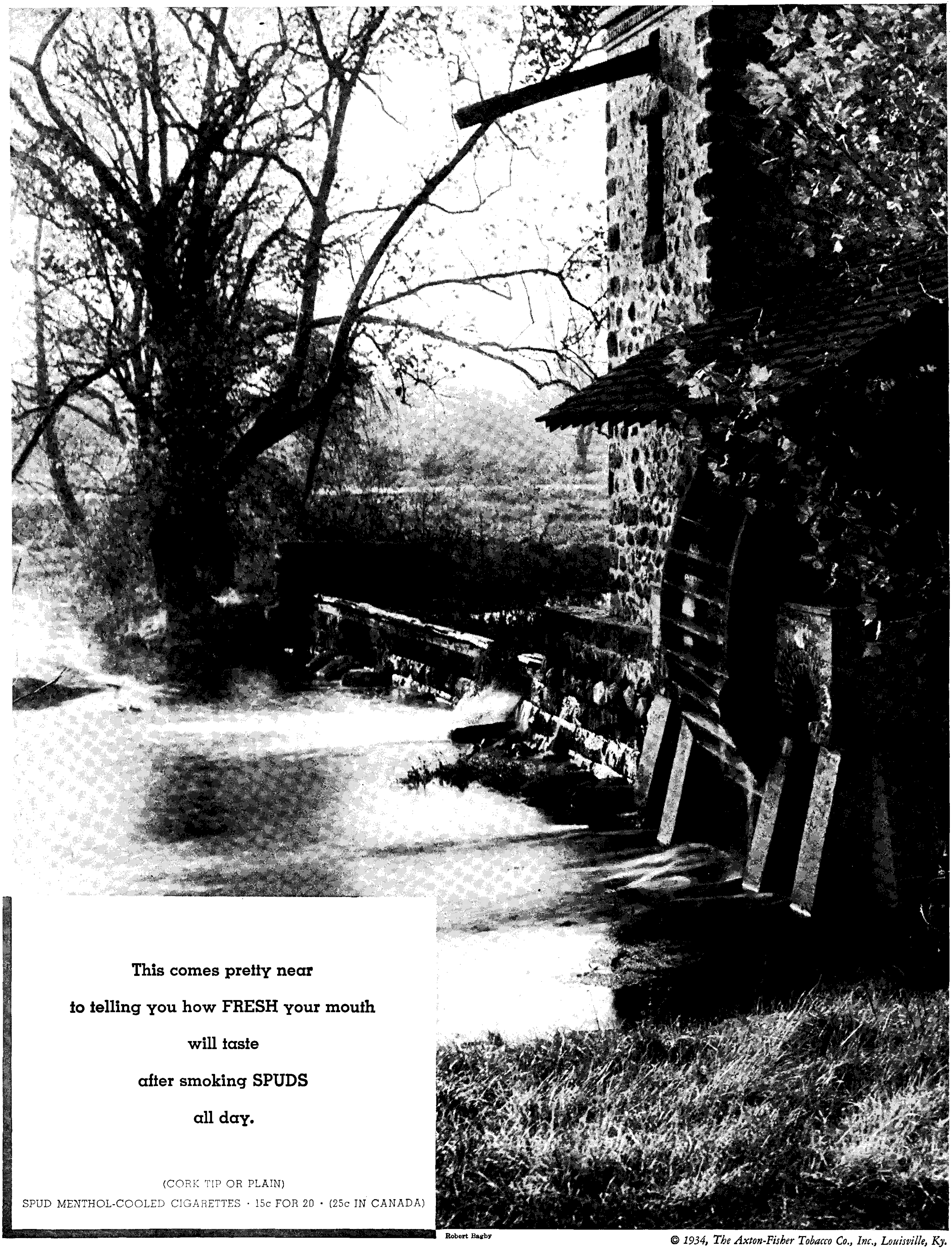
Mother was a gentle soul; the harshness of men always frightened her. Yet I remember how she lifted her chin at Father and I remember the anger in her voice: "Then it is Bill Dolliver you ought to hang."

Father shook his head. He said: "I do not think you understand the rules of the game in our town."

Nor did I then. I was full-grown and had cut my teeth on the bones of goodness and evil and most of the principal characters of my boyhood were dust blended with the shifting prairie soil before I understood either the rules of the game or that inscrutable, sultry-eyed man who walked our streets in silence and knew us so well and scorned us so massively. The Beauty Belle made him wealthy and wealth was a strong voice in New Hope, commanding the ears of even our best citizens.

New Hope long had suspected that Bill Dolliver shared the secrets of the Cameron gang and when Hale Cameron, standing on the gallows platform, had bitterly consigned Bill to hell, that suspicion became a certainty. I can understand it now. The Camerons were part of that world over which Bill ruled, and

(Continued on page 36)



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The Man with the Smoke-Gray Eyes

Continued from page 34

therefore, to make his own authority more secure, Big Bill Dolliver trafficked with the Camerons. For he was a man grimly realistic and brutally practical in his morals. I think he admired only one thing, which was strength. Any other man New Hope would have horsewhipped and driven from town. But Dolliver walked abroad as indifferent as before while the cross-currents of speculation and hatred and fear played around him like water.

Something happened then in our town hard to describe. There was a feeling along St. Vrain Street very strong to me as a youngster, a feeling of breath being held, of some catastrophe hovering over us. All the boys in my gang knew something was about to happen; it was so powerful an influence that we used to sit around the blazing tar barrels south of town, uneasy and afraid to prowl toward the river. And one night Johnny Dix gave it a name.

Johnny said: "Dan Cameron is goin' to kill Jeff McKay. My father heard it."

IT IS queer how the smell of blood goes with the wind, how the impulse of violence flows along the earth. It was a rumor only, without substance. Yet the following evening, just before supper time, Dan Cameron and five of his men whirled off the prairie into a half-deserted St. Vrain Street and poured a volley into Jeff McKay's small office adjoining Linenweber's Restaurant. They were instantly gone, leaving Jeff unhurt behind the desk; but a man just coming out of the restaurant went down with a bullet in the ribs. There was no pursuit.

We were all sitting on the porch, only two hours later, when Jeff and Glory came out of the Harper yard and turned in to our steps.

"Has Sheriff Carrigan got a posse out?" asked my father.

"He wants a warrant to follow," said Jeff quietly. "I will not swear one."

"He needs no warrant," said my father. But afterwards he added, "I understand why he wants an excuse to chase the Cameron gang. You are a marked man, Jeff."

"It is my quarrel. I don't wish a posse to go out and get shot up for me."

My father was long silent. Then he said: "It could be done simpler than that. The key to this situation, I think, is in one man's pocket. Go see Bill Dolliver."

"I can't do that," said Jeff.

My father stirred in his chair. I remember the quick, bright glow of his cigar tip and the smell of its smoke. "I believe I told you a month ago that your conscience was a luxury."

"It is the only thing I have to go by," Jeff McKay said, and turned away with Glory. I watched them stroll into the darkness side by side and without talk. They made tall and stirring silhouettes against the shadows; and something of that deep, abiding faith they both possessed seemed to remain behind on the porch, seemed to quiet the evening. My father rose. He said, "Come with me," and we went out and crossed to St. Vrain and turned toward the center of town. House lamps made golden lanes all along the way and there was a bright-splashed pool of light in front of the Beauty Belle. My father spoke to me: "It is hard sometimes to know the difference between right and wrong. A man should be slow coming to judgment." When we got abreast the Beauty Belle I saw Dolliver standing beside one of the awning posts, smoking a cigar. He looked around as Father came up. He said, "Hello, Tod."

It was, for him, very civilly said. Father was a little-speaking man, but there was a quality in him. I think Dolliver felt it and respected it.

Father said: "Jeff McKay will be dead before the week is out. You haven't done enough, Bill."

Dolliver said: "I have done nothing at all, Tod."

But my father's voice was sharper than usual. "I disagree. You had power enough to save Hale Cameron from the rope. But you let him hang. It was a deliberate choice on your part. New Hope doesn't understand why. I do. When you let Hale take his punishment you were backing up Jeff McKay. But it isn't enough."

The words came growling out of Dolliver's throat: "I am no reformer."

"No," agreed my father, dryly, "you are not. Nevertheless you stepped out of the part you have been playing in this town when you refused to protect Hale. I can see no other motive than a desire to give Jeff a chance."

"You have always played your own game," he said. "It was not like you to step aside to support Jeff's game. If you meant it as a kindness it is not enough. As long as Dan Cameron is alive there is no hope for Jeff. It is not only Jeff. There's Glory Harper to be considered."

Dolliver's head came forward. "I heard she was going to marry him."

"That's right."

"He has courage," said Dolliver. "I admire courage." Then he was growling again. "Some day he'll have to learn to temper his high Scotch principles with a few practical considerations. This is a hard world for principles, Tod. I have never been able to afford them."

That was all. He turned on his heels and swung into the Beauty Belle and Father and I went slowly down St. Vrain, toward home. My father walked with his head bowed and his hands locked behind. Something in his silence impressed me and I did not venture to speak. A fine, full moon floated low on the horizon and the deep dust of our street was shining like flaked silver. Jeff and Glory were returning from the far shadows, their steps echoing rhythmically together. At our gate Father stopped and stared at them, and he put his hand on the gatepost and swung his glance to me. He said in a queer way, "Don't be afraid of anything and never be too quick to judge people."

We went on into the house and presently I climbed the stairs to bed.

IT IS queer how sensitive youngsters are to voice inflections, how quick they can read meaning into simple tone; when my mother called up the stairs next morning I knew something had happened merely from the way she spoke my name. It made me dress rapidly and go down—for in New Hope all of us lived hungrily on the hope of the unexpected. My father was already at the table.

He said: "I think you should know, sonny, that Dolliver rode out to Camp Creek last night and shot Dan Cameron through the heart. A Cameron man killed him before he could get away. The news came from Harriman's ranch a few hours ago.

"It is the end of the gang," my father said. "Hale was the brains of it and Dan the whip. With both of them dead the rest will run to other parts. Jeff is safe enough now."

"He was a wicked man," my mother said, thinking of Dolliver.

But my father got up quickly from the table and shook his head. "I'm not altogether sure."

It was a month or two later, I recall, that Jeff McKay and Glory were married. He had built a house on the western edge, one of the finest in our town in that day, and the ceremony was held there. Everybody knew the Harpers were comfortably fixed, but it was nevertheless a surprise when they presented Glory with a ten-thousand-dollar check drawn on an Omaha bank, which Harper explained was part of her people's estate long held for her. And it was also a surprise to the town when Harper, who had never worked, took a job as bookkeeper in the brewery. I remember his telling us the reason for that. "Raising Glory has been our only business for fifteen years. It's lonesome, losing a job like that. So I got another."

THERE is but one other thing to tell, and this I did not learn until many years later in the farther West. My father was growing old and the memories of New Hope were increasingly dear to him. We fell to talking about the town one night.

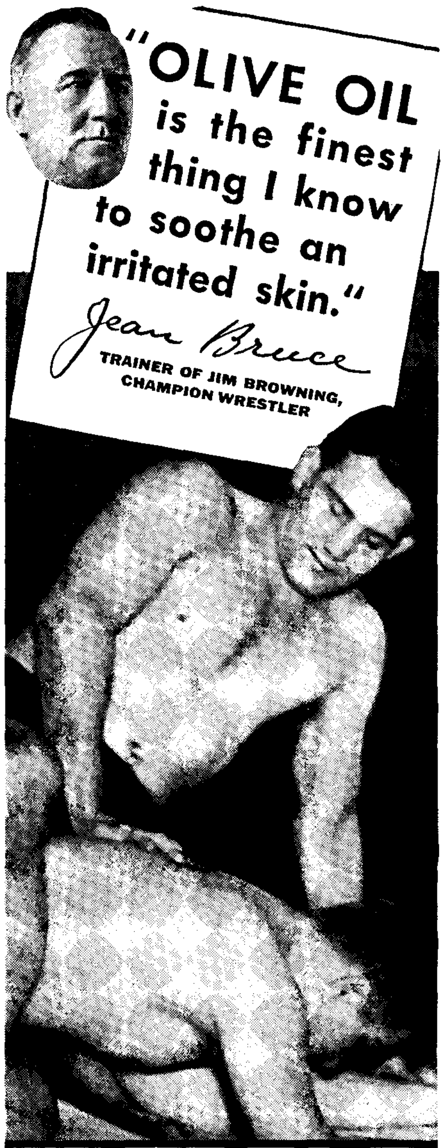
"As to Dolliver," he said, "New Hope was only half right. He was a power there, and he had no illusions. He stood halfway between the good folks and the rough ones—and he controlled the town because he controlled the rough ones. To hold his power he wouldn't hesitate a minute to drive a bargain with men like the Camerons. I believe he went so far as to keep some of their money for them in his saloon safe. When he fell out with them it wasn't over money. It was over Hale, whom he let die in order to protect Jeff. He lost control of the Cameron gang then and he knew Dan had sworn to kill Jeff. So he went deliberately out to kill Dan, well realizing he had little chance to get away alive. But it was Jeff and Glory he was thinking about when he drove out to Camp Creek in his buggy."

I said, "Why? It doesn't sound like Dolliver."

My father said: "I was one of the men appointed by the court to open the Beauty Belle safe after he was killed. We didn't find a dime of money in it, though he was supposed to have been wealthy. There wasn't anything in it, except one paper. That was a birth certificate. There were four of us on the committee. After we looked at the birth certificate we destroyed it and swore never to mention it. Bill had supported the Harpers for years. It was his ten thousand that they passed on to Glory. She knew nothing about that. She knew nothing about him at all."

My father was a man who hated to display his emotions. But that night I noticed how deep and strong were the feelings beneath his customary reserve. "You see," he added, "Bill Dolliver was Glory's father. But he knew himself too well and he knew the world too well to allow Glory to grow up as his daughter. It is why he chose the Harpers to raise her from childhood, many years before he came to New Hope. She never did know. Well, he was a crook and he had no illusions. But he had no fear, either, and when the time came he played out his hand as he saw it to the complete end, without welshing, without saying a word."

To my father and my mother's generation that covered everything.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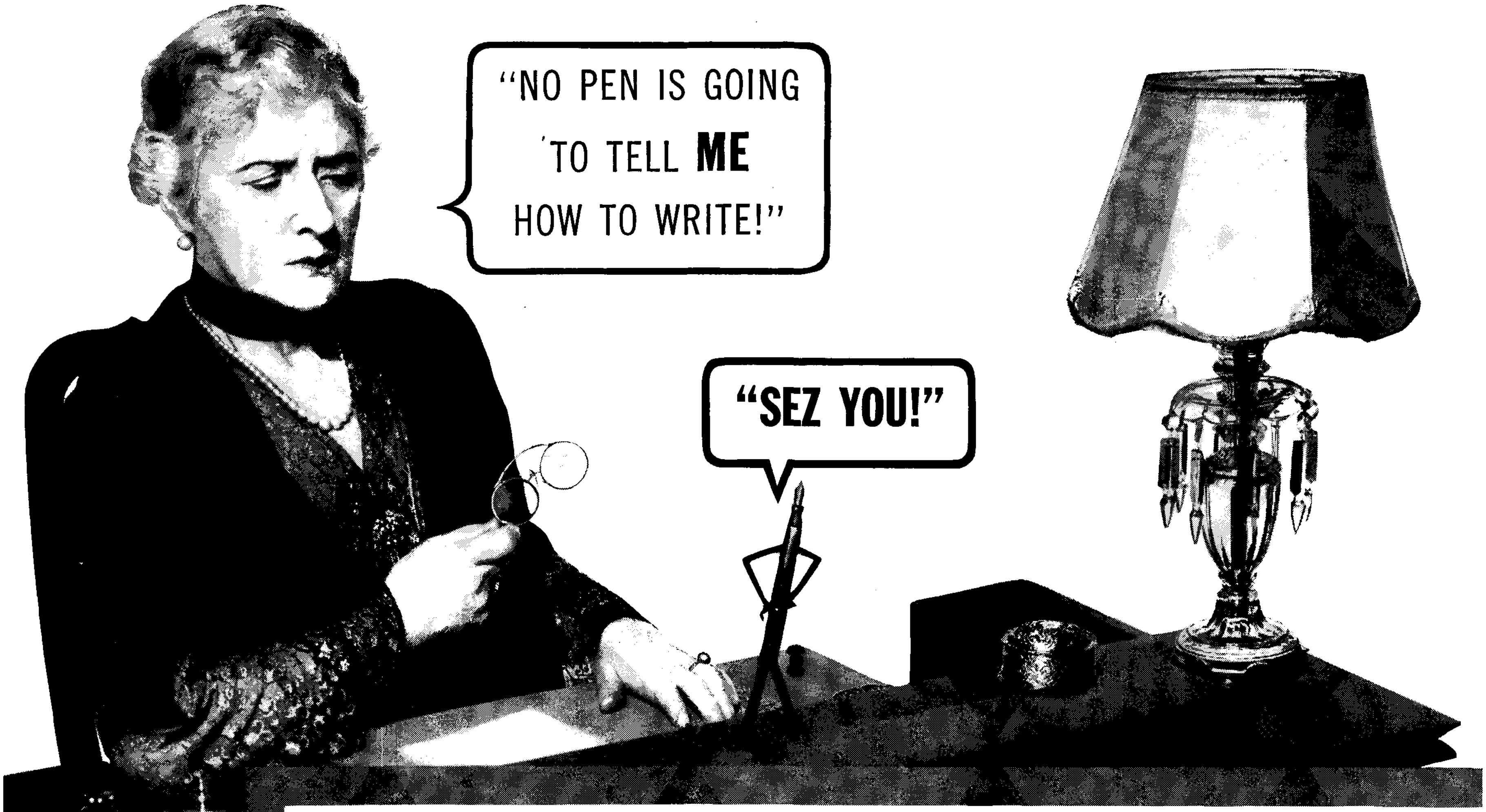
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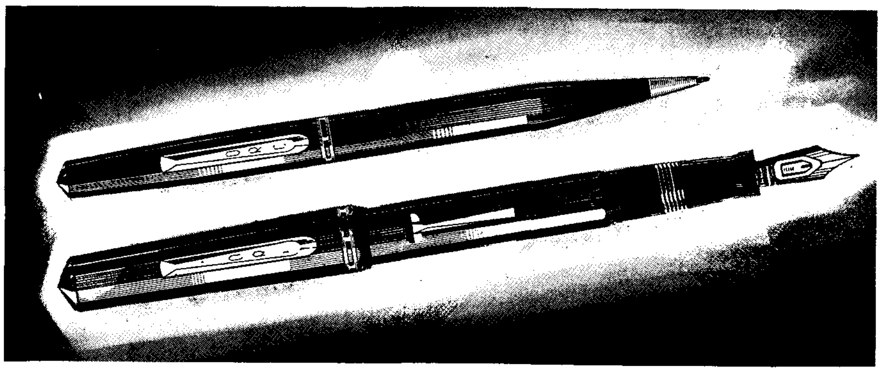

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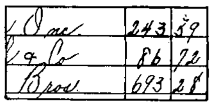
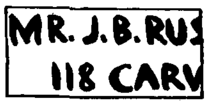

243 59
86 72
693 28

Flick the slider... super-fine line for small memo or expense books, vest-pocket notes, etc.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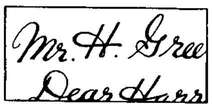
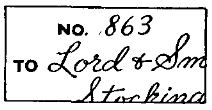
118 CAR

Flick again... the same pen writes extra bold for labels, file-tabs, package addresses.


Mr. H. Gree
Dear Harr

Flick again . . . an easy, flexible point, medium-heavy for lecture notes, long letters, compositions.


NO. 863
TO Lord & Sm

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EVERSHARP

ADJUSTABLE POINT FOUNTAIN PENS

Strong Man

Continued from page 17

"How about that?" he motioned with his head.

"Father!" Kate cried. "You ought to be ashamed."

Volterra took out the watch and put it into Coghill's fat han "He's right," he laughed. "Business is business."

Mr. Coghill put the watch away and produced glasses and a couple of bottles of whisky. The girl left to get the performer's supper, and four of the six men around the fire got up for a drink.

"You're included," said Volterra, addressing a gaunt man with clumps of eyebrows and a slit mouth, who was much older than the rest of the company and sat somewhat apart.

"Don't drink," he snapped, and when the Signor said, "No offense," the boys guffawed. "How about you, mister?" Volterra said to Dod Guthrie, who was sitting back, staring sullenly. He seemed about to say something unpleasant, paused, and then in condescension said: "All right. I'll drink your liquor."

"Thank you," said the Signor.

KATE came in while they were having their second drink. "Will roast, vegetables, potatoes and brown gravy and hot biscuits do you?" she asked.

"If there's plenty of it," grinned Volterra. "I take a lot of stoking."

"You won't go hungry," said Kate.

He leaned against the bar and raised his glass. "To you, Signorina." Kate watched him as he drank. "Don't mind my professional lingo. That and *dolce far niente* and *con amore* are all I know."

"What's dolce far whatever-it-is?"

"'It's fine to loaf.'"

Kate said, "Most of these boys could tell you that," and a howl of laughter went up at this joke at their expense.

"*Con amore*," said Signor, looking over the rim of his glass, "means 'with love.'"

Color flooded Kate's face, making her eyes darker. "I suppose you have a lot of use for that expression in your business," she said and walked off.

"You have a great girl there," Volterra said to the innkeeper. "She'll make some lucky man a fine wife."

"She's had plenty of offers," he returned placidly.

Kate came back in a moment and began setting a table in a corner. "You're going to eat here," she said.

"You're the boss," said Volterra.

As Kate arranged the silver, he said, "I'm told you have a lot of beaux."

"M-m," she said. "That's one over there. The one with the eyebrows."

"That big bloke seems to worry about you too," said Volterra.

"Dod? He's the town bully—always in a brawl. They're all loafers but he's the worst."

The Signor looked toward Dod, and found him glaring at them as they talked confidentially. The strong man smiled and made a little bow with his head. The gesture, as perhaps it was calculated to do, infuriated Dod, and he slammed down his glass and stalked over to the table.

"You know what I think of you?" he snarled.

"No, what?" said Signor Volterra sweetly. "I'm always glad to have comments from the fans."

"I think you're a fake. Strong man, hell! Everything you do is a trick."

"Here's one that isn't," said the blond Signor, and with incredible speed was out of his chair with his right hand clasping the front of Dod's coat so tightly the seams looked ready to burst. His arm shot up and Dod went up with it, so suddenly his breath was jerked from him. Holding his legs to prevent kicking, Volterra marched with his burden to the door and kicked it open. There, bent against the driving snow, stood a cherubic little man who peered with flake-blurred eyes at the strange sight confronting him.

"Step in, sir," invited the Signor politely, and the little man did, sidling in with his eyes on the struggling man aloft. Then with great aplomb the Signor stepped outside and hurled Dod into a huge drift by the door. "Where's his hat and coat?" he said, coming back. Stupefied, Tom Grazebrook pointed, and the Signor took them and tossed them after Dod. He shut the door, calmly sat down again, brushing his hands with a smile. "I'm ready for my supper now," he said.

The boys kept watching the door, expecting Dod to come roaring back, but he did not. The little old man had taken his mittens off and was talking to Coghill, pausing now and again to blow on his fingers and stamp his feet.

"Boys," the innkeeper called, "some of you go and help Doc Clarke. His horse broke loose of his sleigh and run off and fell through the railroad trestle up on Somerset Road. The animal's hangin' between the rails. Doc wants some help to lift it out."

"What's the matter with your flivver?" Tom asked the doctor.

"Now what use is a car with the roads the way they are?" said Coghill.

"Where'd you get the horse?" asked another of the boys.

"I borrowed her from Jake Keeble. He's the only man around here that owns one, that I know of."

"That nag ought've been put out of her misery years ago," said Tom.

"That's beside the point. Doc needs the horse to get to Dave McSherry's place. Dave's wife is havin' a baby," explained Coghill.

"What do you say, boys?" said Doc.

"Whyn't you walk it, Doc?" said Tom helpfully.

"I'd never make those three miles in this storm," said the old man through lips blue with cold. "I'm 'most done in merely walking the bit to get here."

"Well, cripes," said Tom, "I ain't going out in this weather to save an old nag. 'Specially not anything belongin' to Jake Keeble."

THE other boys seemed to be of the same negative opinion. Signor Volterra had quietly got up and begun to put on his coat.

"Where's the horse?" he asked the doctor.

"About a half mile from here."

"But your supper," protested Kate. "I've got it all ready."

"Oh, I'll be back for it, don't worry," laughed the strong man. "Have you got some good strong rope?"

Kate brought a few lengths of heavy rope and Volterra slung it over his shoulder. He tapped the little doctor and said, "All set. Come on, Doc."

The boys had not been inclined to venture outdoors, but now their curiosity drew them like a magnet. They all followed in a body, all except the man with the eyebrows, and it was from an amazed Tom Grazebrook that Kate later got the story of what happened: The strong man had fastened the rope around the mare's shoulders in a sort of harness with a hand-hold on top. He'd put a blanket down in front of the animal, over the slippery snow. Then he took hold and lifted, all by himself, and the next thing the horse was out and standing on the blanket. Only then it was found she'd broken her leg in the fall, so it was all of no avail. Whereupon the Signor told Doc to fetch his bag from the sleigh up the road, and when he came back Volterra lifted him like a child to his shoulders. He was going to carry him to the McSherrys'!

So the Signor did not return for Kate's hot supper. After a terrific struggle through drifts higher than a man, in a wind that blinded with dry snow and cut like a knife, he safely deposited the doctor at the McSherrys'. Doc still had time to thaw out a bit, before he delivered a bouncing, seven-pound heir to the household. By that time it was long past midnight, and the blizzard had, if anything, increased in fury. There could be no question of Doc and Volterra trying to face it. The McSherrys had plenty of room to put them up.

THE next morning the storm had ceased but the McSherrys were completely snowbound. The strong man came down to breakfast with a fever, with the sensation in all his muscles of being clamped in hot tongs. The doctor took his temperature and ordered him back to bed. The strong man scoffed and laughed heartily, but went.

It was four days later before the roads in that section were passable again. It was then that an ambulance from the Kingsford hospital came to take Signor Volterra away. He was gravely ill with pneumonia.

Kate had heard that the strong man was ill, but it wasn't till the afternoon after that that she learned how seriously. Doc Clarke drove up to the inn and asked her if she'd like to visit him. "He asked about you. He has no idea how bad he is."

Kate put on her hat and coat with trepidation. When they were jogging along in the old car, she said to Doc: "Isn't there any hope?"

Doc shook his head doubtfully. "Pericarditis—his heart's affected too. He's fighting; but these strong chaps with their big chests—pneumonia hits them hardest."

When they got to the hospital the nurse gave Doc encouraging news. "He's passed the crisis. Been delirious all morning but he's quieted down now. Dr. Keene thinks he has a good chance now."

They went into his room. Kate wanted to sob when she saw him. He was propped up on pillows and his face had a greenish pallor. His blond hair damply clung to his forehead. He opened his eyes wearily as they came in, but an unmistakable light came into them as he recognized the girl.

"Hello, Kate," he said almost in a whisper, his face muscles straining to frame his ever-ready smile. "Still got my supper cooking?"

"It's waiting for you," she said.

"I didn't forget about you. Nice of you to come to see me."

"I didn't forget about you either."

"Pshaw, I'm not really sick, Kate. Just a bit tired. Got to snap out of it. Got a promise of an engagement in New York. The Gayety—big time." He stopped for breath. "Look, I'm still plenty strong."

Kate put her hand in his and felt the puny pressure. She made a grimace as though it hurt her very much. But it wasn't her hand, it was her heart that hurt. Her lips quivered and she swallowed. Then she looked at him with shining eyes. "Heavens," she said, "that's what I call a *real* man's grip."

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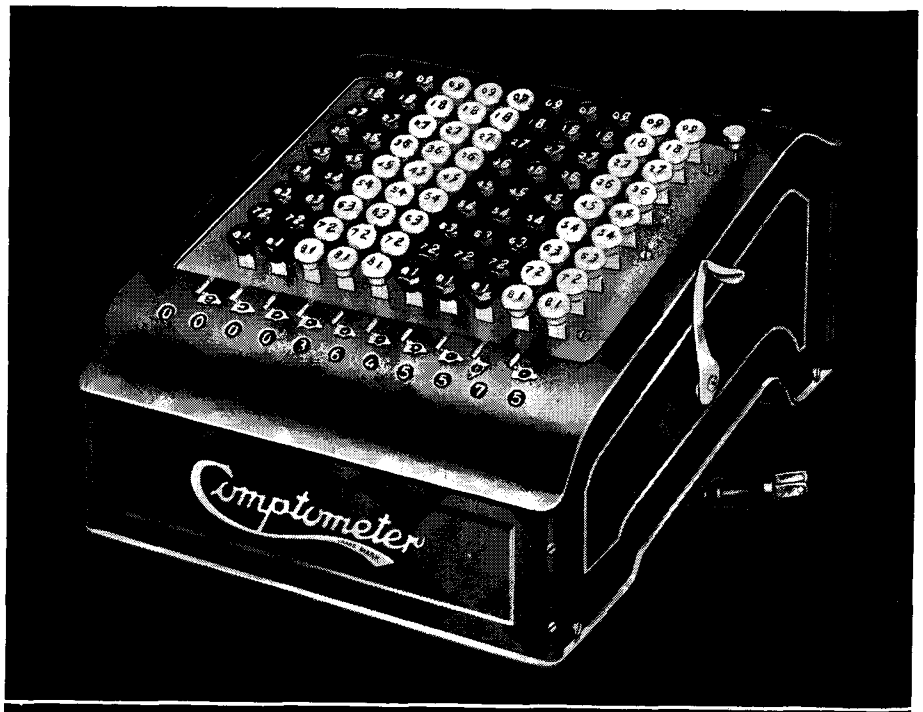

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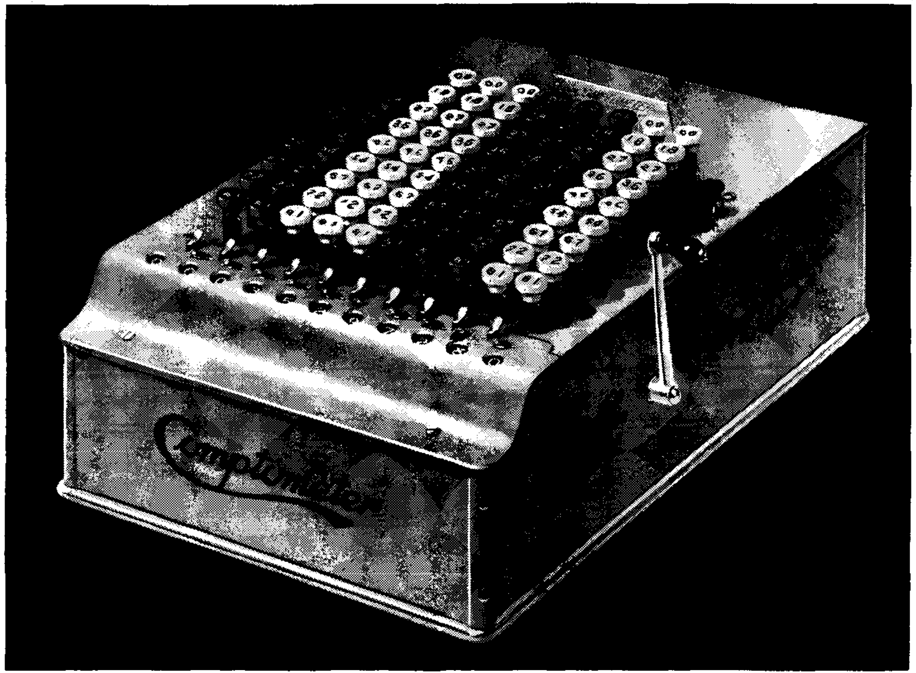

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Europe—on the Nose!

Continued from page 11

chart aside gingerly. But you discover that you have left behind—somehow, somewhere, between the hotel and the wharf—the inclination to make a hero of yourself.

You pick up the chart again; and study the neatly penciled course lines—put thereon by the navigator of one of these scheduled flights long since accomplished; with the half-hourly positions checked and the line of actual progress hardly deviating a razor blade's thickness from the set course line. It binds Jamaica to Barranquilla, with straight contempt for the ocean between. It is the chief witness against the circumstantial evidence outside the cabin window that you are aimlessly drifting in space.

The Atlantic Prep School

This is all very well, this harmony of pencils and dividers and compass, but as your finger traces the path and you mentally calculate that in half an hour you will be more than one hundred miles from land—thousands of times the length of the Y. M. C. A. pool at home, which you have all you can do to swim twice—you begin to wonder, naturally enough, just what might be your fate if some mishap drove the Caribbean Clipper down helplessly to the surface of the ocean after which she is prettily named.

Bless your questioning heart, you are not deserted and left alone and forgotten away out and up here in the blue nowhere, at the mercy of gasoline motors and a pilot's skill—however reliable those may be. The unseen gods of science work for you upon the ocean just as well as on the land. You cannot see; but, figuratively, you are seen: you cannot hear; but, literally, you are heard. Dozens of expert watchers, at more than a score of vantage points strung out along hundreds of miles in a rough circle, are following your welfare through every swift mile with their trained knowledge and experience. Over the land areas of the United States a plane might come to grief and disappear briefly; but there surely would be "last seen" clues. Countless times a year, however, Caribbean Division ships leave port with their chances remote for being seen again until they have defeated an ocean.

Therefore, Pan American Airways—which take up at the continental frontier where the beacons and teletypes and intermediate fields and numerous other safeguards to aviation developed and maintained within the United States by the Department of Commerce leave off—have applied their own initiative and talent to the creation of a security technique, which they call "guarding." In the still virgin lands and waters that Pan American ships take in daily stride, there must be no doubt as to the location of a plane that fails to report per routine and on time; and a comprehensive method of doubled precautions, mile by mile cross-checkings, and prearranged emergency measures and facilities, assures precious certainty.

This is of prime importance to your social and business interests, to aviation, to the whole interlocked fabric of modern transportation, because it is work that had to be done before the vision which has been forming since Alcock and Brown first subdued the Atlantic could grow sharp in focus and take on the substantiality of a real picture of scheduled service through the air between the United States and Europe, between all lands and over all oceans, fulfilling the immediate destiny of aviation to shrink the earth as it has already shrunk continents.

Disregard, therefore, the testimony of your ears, eyes, and bodily temperature. Pay no attention to the evidence of your ticket. And though every person and every circumstance has conspired to rid you of the notion that you are a pathfinder, let us now admit that you are one, after a fashion, because you are participating in aëronautical research. For you are flying not only the Caribbean ocean today; you are flying the Atlantic, too. Come high noon, you will hit not only "Barranquilla on the nose!" (as the pilots say down here; it is their stereotyped professional byword, summarizing commonplace faith in the accuracy of their work). You will hit London on the nose, also—or Paris or Berlin or Hawaii or Tokyo.

Your course this morning is laid through what is known to the workers of the Caribbean Division as the "Atlantic Prep School" and to the aviation industry as the laboratory in which the textbook of tomorrow's ocean air operations is being written; in which the technique of applying the speed and comfort advantages of air travel with safety to the regular browbeating of the Atlantic is being sifted and pieced and fitted toward the limits of human capability and mechanical reliability. Thus, what you are doing today, what you are seeing today, you will do and see in the near future when you leave New York some memorable evening with Europe as your actual, not hypothetical, goal. In the very near future, if signs hold true; for North Atlantic service is now chiefly a question of domestic politics, of international chess moves. The operations experience and technical progress are sufficient. The ships are proved. And the men—well, Pilot Culbertson, up front there, and his men, or any of the other veteran captains and crews—could change runs at a moment's notice.

It is quite certain that, regardless of developments in the Atlantic negotiations, this coming spring will see an experimental flight by the men of Pan American's Caribbean Division across the Pacific from the United States to Manila by way of Hawaii and Midway Island and Guam.

Flying a Wall Map

The clocklike system that shepherds you across 600 miles of sea could be lifted as a unit, too; and proceed, with no reason for slip or hitch, to move you over a stretch twice as long. It is solely a matter of mathematical expansion; of greater but not of braver enterprise. Here are the main phases of the plan:

Ever since the last beads of Kingston water blew from your hull, your ship, in miniature, has been flying a great wall map, hundreds of miles from here, in headquarters at Miami, under the scrutiny of Operations Manager Critchley, who can—and does, throughout the day—talk to your pilot any instant as easily as though he were in the office.

In Kingston your captain was given the "upper air"—the overhead weather at Barranquilla, fresh by radio. He knew the conditions at Kingston, and out of his experience and that of the company's meteorologist, plus knowledge of tendencies along the route, together with a résumé gleaned by wireless from surface vessels on the Caribbean, he constructed for himself a picture of the air, wind, cloud, wave and storm—if any—conditions for the day. He knows, moreover, that if anything breeds in the birthplace of hurricanes, over in the Lesser Antilles far to eastward, he will receive full details, including the size of the baby, quicker than it could blow your Uncle Mortimer's umbrella inside out.

In addition to his graph of general weather and the further reports he gets regularly each half hour—all of which he can supplement at will in flight with respect to areas of which he is doubtful—Captain Culbertson has other important information in his possession; the position and radio call letters of every surface vessel—from swankiest passenger liner to dowdiest tramp—abroad on the Caribbean today. Compelled to make a perverse landing, he would select a ship, call it, and head for it.

Providing for Emergencies

You glance through the cabin windows at the four motors faired into the leading edge of the wing and feel you need not worry overmuch about forced landings. The "loss" of one of these rigidly serviced engines would be unusual; the failure of two would be extraordinary; while the breakdown of more than two in flight is virtually unthinkable, but provided against. One day a twin-engine ship had trouble with a motor one hundred miles from port. It was known that weather conditions were ideal, and the pilot reported his ability to maintain altitude and speed with the remaining engine. Nevertheless, Boss Critchley ordered him to report position every ten minutes instead of half-hourly, as customary.

Suppose that pilot had not been able to remain aloft. Suppose you went down now; upon that white-speckled blue desert—and when the spume caps look big from several thousand feet above, you may be sure it is a rough sea. The plane's wireless equipment is designed to function regardless of complete motor failure, but we shall assume the very worst—your radio is inoperative.

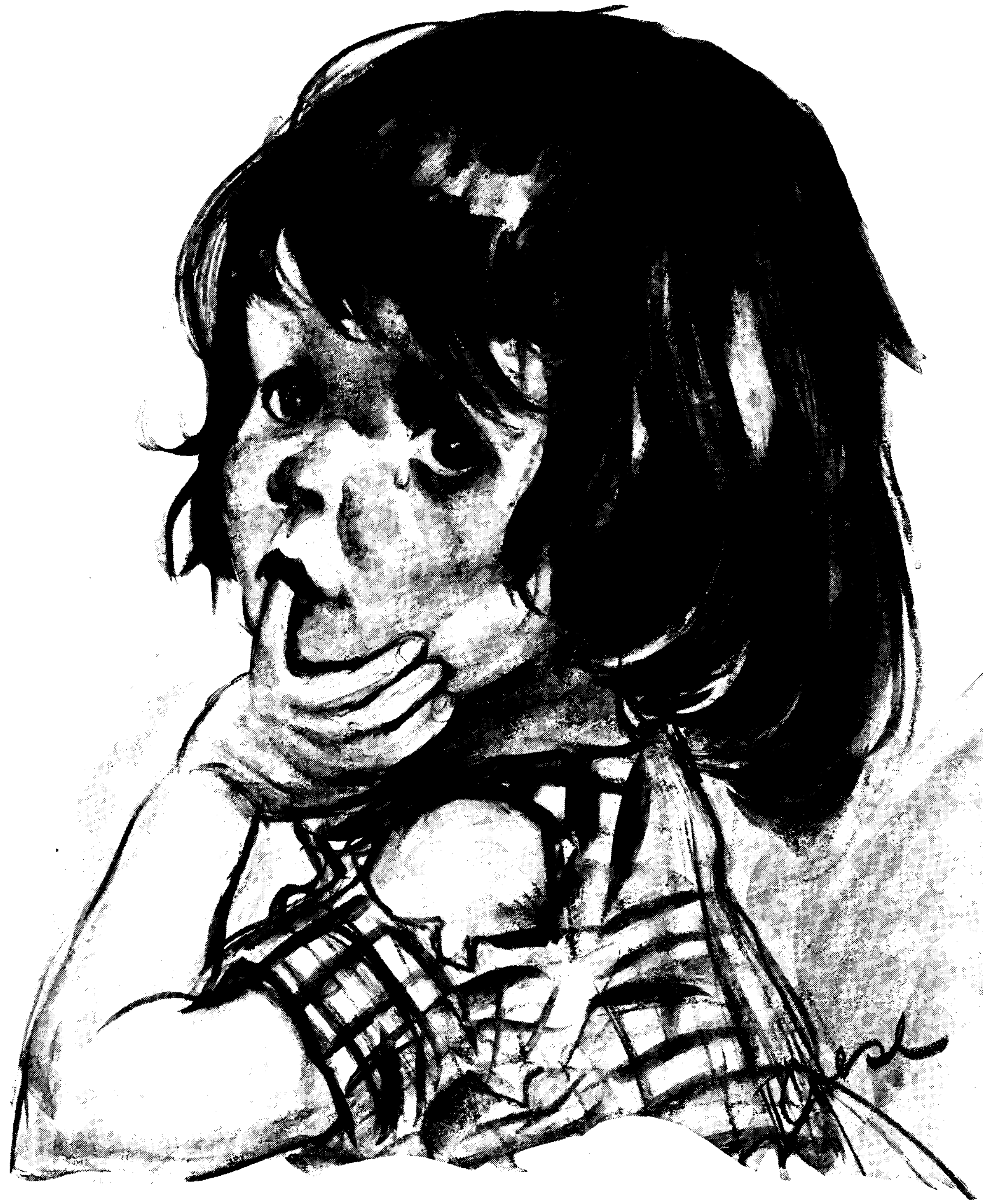
Now you perceive the wisdom of the half-hourly position reports. You can't skip one without every force of the division being set in motion to find you. Knowing wind velocity and direction, and surface current drift, Critchley would draw a circle on his chart, based upon your last report. You would have to be within that circle, which is about fifty miles in radius, unless Old Nick himself reached up and hooked you to a comet. Alarms would go crackling to all ships near your judged position.

Reserve planes would take off at once from Kingston, from Barranquilla and other abutting points. Unobstructed ocean surface does not offer to searchers from the air the difficulties of certain land areas—wooded mountains, say, where hidden ravines or deep foliage might swallow you. It is reasonable to assume, that, barring fog, you would be spotted quickly.

Every airport manager has on his desk a current list of the fastest tugs and salvage vessels available in the harbor. Soon after it was obvious you were down one or more of these would be steaming toward you. Furthermore, the Pan American agent is expected to know and preserve contact at all times with those local authorities, both port and federal, who in time of strain can slash red tape and dispatch official aid

(Continued on page 42)

IS THIS WORTH REBUILDING?



Go into America's schoolrooms, to see what is meant. Thousands of young bodies robbed of growth and vitality through four cruel years. Young minds dulled by four years' want. Young hearts grown used to aching. Blameless young eyes that look up at you as if expecting a blow . . . *still another blow.* These signs tell, as statistics never can, what has happened to tens of thousands of America's children . . . desolation of minds and bodies and hearts pitifully young. Now, as America starts all her other reconstruction, isn't *this,* too, worth rebuilding—you wives and mothers of America? You should understand it best—and see clearest the stark need for help.

The *way* to help is through your Community Chest or your other local welfare associations. To give . . . *all* you can . . . to help provide the human rebuilding materials so imperatively needed. 1934's Mobilization is a cooperative program to reinforce local fund-raising for human needs. *No national fund is being raised:* each community will have full control of the fund it raises.

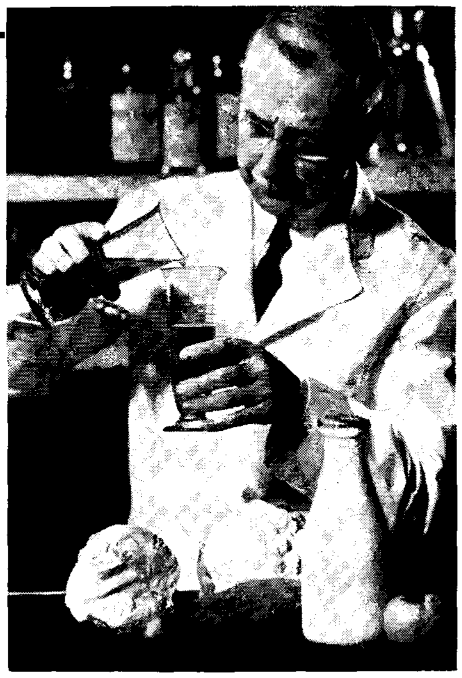
Newton D. Baker
NEWTON D. BAKER
Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

1934 MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS

REBUILD

ALL FACILITIES FOR THIS ADVERTISEMENT HAVE BEEN FURNISHED THE COMMITTEE WITHOUT COST

Why You Have
ACID INDIGESTION



And a Great New Advance in Relieving Fussy Stomachs

●

Utterly Without the Use of Strong Soluble Alkalies

THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

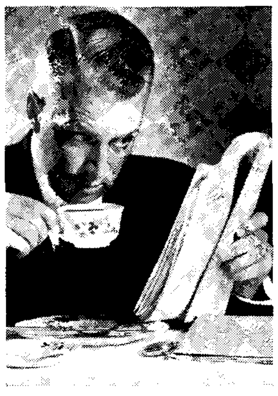
Quick, Safe Relief

A splendid way to relieve the distressing symptoms of acid indigestion is to munch 3 or 4 of the new antacid mints, called TUMS, after meals. TUMS have a distinct advantage over older methods. They contain an antacid which is neither acid nor alkali except in the presence of acid. This element acts as what scientists call a *buffer*—it neutralizes excess acid but never over-alkalizes the stomach. When the acid conditions are corrected, if there is any excess of TUMS, it passes on undissolved and inert, and without having to go through the blood and kidneys. Unlike raw, caustic alkalies, TUMS soothe the stomach, instead of irritating it.

When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to pour out too much acid, try TUMS. You will find them very pleasing, just like eating a dainty candy. They work so quickly to relieve the annoying heartburn, sour stomach, gas, bloating, and are harmless.

Eat Favorite Foods

You'll find you can eat many favorite foods without bad after-effects. Or when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)



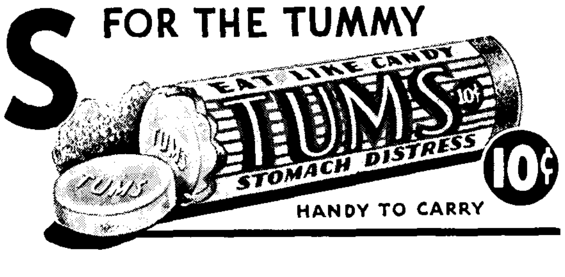
Hurried meals, nervous strain, wrong eating habits are frequent causes of acid indigestion.

Free *1935 Calendar-Thermometer combined, in beautiful 3-color design, also samples of TUMS. Send name, address and stamp to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. 3TCC, St. Louis, Mo.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE



Europe—on the Nose!

Continued from page 40

—naval, air or commercial—without delay.

You say, it is not foggy or storming today; but suppose it were? You might get bounced around, a little or a lot, and be uncomfortable—even indisposed. But your ship is rugged and seaworthy enough to ride out the wait for clearing weather. Indeed, you could taxi to Europe in this Clipper, and she would still be as tight as the skin on your three-year-old daughter's tummy. She carries full lockers of surface equipment; anchors, hawsers, rockets, pneumatic life rafts and oars. Her pilot and crew are especially trained in seamanship.

There are other modifications of hazard, beyond those which are cheerfully obvious to your casual eye. The background of the operator, for example.

A New Breed Among Men

The rich fruits of many years' experience are flying beside you today. This division is but one segment of a Yankee achievement which has matched in the air the boldest wakes laid on the seas by the famous New England clippers of yesterday. It has spun a network half around the world, from China and Alaska to Argentina. But here is the steward with a message for you. The captain wants to see you; wants to show you something. You walk forward from the smoking cabin, in the tail, through the bulkheads separating the four big compartments, each of which has seats for eight passengers and can be shut off to form a watertight unit. The captain greets you with the eagerness of a man who finds life always interesting.

"We are nearly an hour out, now," he says, "and just look!" He points to a small hatch, open in the roof. Your hair stands up in the air stream when you stick out your head and look back along the top of the huge cabin, past the motionless elevators and rudder in the tail, across the cloud tops which intervene like cosmic spindrift, and you see a deep purple cameo etched against the distance—the mountains of Jamaica.

The sea-air pilots are a new breed among men. Their veterans have looked hurricanes in the eye, before the days of the "Watch": dared sharks, of old, in rattletrap land planes; smiled into the guns of revolutionists. But you'd never guess the steel was there, unless you struck it with flint. A band of fifty soldiers did so, recently, during bitter warfare in a Cuban town. A clipper was ready for its run. The soldiers, carrying rifles with bayonets as long as fence pickets and in a mood as ugly as their armament, rushed the ship.

They believed the air line was conniving to spirit away a hated suspect. Captain Edward G. ("Dutch") Schultz met them at the hatch. He fingered a service revolver in one hand and leaned upon the coaming with the other elbow. "This is an American ship," he said quietly, in excellent Spanish, "and I am an American captain, and I'll blow off the head of any or all of you who set foot on board!"

The soldiers aimed their rifles at Schultz. He jabbed his revolver into the midriff of the nearest soldier, and waited.

The company withdrew sullenly, deliberated, came forward again less boisterously. Schultz agreed to permit one man aboard, just to convince all they were on a red herring. A soldier, cocking his rifle, approached. Schultz calmly took the gun from him, tossed it down upon the wharf, then let him pass. The suspect was not found; and the celebrated affair ended with the soldiers bearing Schultz around the pier on their shoulders. I mean, these Caribbean Division pilots are picked for many qualities besides flying skill.

Through broken clouds you see water that now, under the high sun, is light blue; and you momentarily undergo a dizzy belief that you are looking *down* into the sky. You get that straightened out, then enjoy watching the plane's shadow on the cloud tops, now reaching close to your feet and now plunging down cottony abysses, a great cross that grows and shrinks miraculously and travels captive within the center of a rainbow circle. Once, in a clear space, a stray raveling of mist catches on the wingtip of the plane's shadow; and burns instantly in rose and purple and green flames.

When you see the captain again you ask him how he finds his way across what looks to you to be a hopelessly unmarked sea. You learn that all pilots of the division have to pass courses in seamanship and navigation, based on textbooks prepared for Pan American by a noted school. The studies include more Atlantic problems than Caribbean; Culbertson and his mates have flown the Atlantic a thousand times—over their desks. That little hatch you saw in the cockpit roof is to facilitate shooting the sun; and the airliner captain has one advantage in stormy weather over the surface captain—he can rise above the wrack to seek his friend. But he is capable of flying by dead reckoning, too—that is, by compass bearing, with due allowance for deviation, speed, time and wind drift.

"A mistake of one degree," says Culbertson, "and I'd be miles from hitting Barranquilla on the nose." One degree represents an infinitely small movement of the needle. Finally, and most important, there is the radio direction finder—the outstanding wonder of modern sea navigation. The one used by Pan American is capable of taking bearings on planes up to six hundred miles.

Starting at the Top

Most of the travelers have dozed off—victims of the heady air, the brightness around, and the soothing hum of the motors. For all the world here are the same people, the same activities you might have seen in stagecoaches a century ago, in trains of the Civil War period. You wonder if it will be the same on the Atlantic tomorrow, the Pacific the next day, and in interspace aboard the Martian Express the day after that.

From the point of view of trade development the Pacific—the ocean of America's business future—is more important; but unless domestic politics and international checkers provide forceful reasons to the contrary, the Atlantic will be time-tabled first because it is the blue-ribbon route of the ocean transportation world, and because it offers the largest and richest traffic as a target. Great Britain and the United States, for obvious cultural, trade, military and geographical reasons, are most profoundly concerned in the establishment of Atlantic schedules; although a little publicized, yet a vital, international match has developed in which France and Germany are scurrying to be first.

Four chief points are involved in regular air service from the United

States to Europe: First, a painstaking analysis of technical, meteorological and economic factors. Second, adequate operating experience over comparable routes. Third, equipment that is practical for gainful operation. Fourth, the matter of politics at home and abroad—which includes necessary concessions into and out of island possessions, and basic air mail contracts.

Of the competitors, only the United States' entry is a private firm. England's representative is semi-public. The other two are wholly sustained by government moneys. Only the American contestant began its research at the bottom (eight years ago) and carried it forward through company enterprise and personal initiative. The others started at the top, to experiment backwards; a method that has proved its costly and singular ineptness in many industries besides aviation.

France and Germany, fighting a venomous commercial war in South America, have striven point to point across the South Atlantic. Their longest water jumps have been from various bases at Bathurst in Gambia, St. Louis in Senegal, and the Cape Verde Islands, to Fernando de Noronha, the volcanic island just off the snub-nose of Brazil; about 1,800 miles. Each has flown the route a number of times. But in the first three major problems—in research, operating experience and practical equipment—each still flounders where Pan American stood when it began the Caribbean Division in 1927.

France has designed and built especially for this service two seaplanes and one biplane. These ships have flown from Africa to Noronha *with crews only,* and landed with but a few minutes' gas supply left; not enough to carry them on to the South American mainland, 126 miles away. They cannot make the hop with a payload of passengers or mail; and thus are impractical.

Germany has anchored the Westfalen, an old freighter trumped up as a floating hangar, in mid-ocean; but admits the infeasibility of this arrangement and the impossibility of maintaining schedules until she has planes capable of making the flight nonstop. The DO-X and the Reich's other lumbering trial horses are failures; while the Graf Zeppelin's fair-weather crossings to Brazil are gestures rather than milestones of sound progress.

New York to London

Great Britain has been shaping her "Empire Routes" to South Africa and the East, but it is a byword in aviation that she longed to be first to schedule the Atlantic: Britannia rules over the waves, or something. Last year the Air Ministry made an extravagant outlay upon a colossal six-engined flying boat. It was to be the flashing answer to national ambition; it turned out to be proof that you need the fiber of experience behind your dreams. It left England ready to play ball with the United States, for she recognized that only Pan American had surmounted the first three chief tests in orderly fashion.

Colonel Lindbergh's magnificent flight in the summer of '33 was the mopping-up process of the exhaustive surveys which Pan American has carried forward through many years; for this company has been considering the Atlantic since it began to fly the Caribbean. You have witnessed, on your ocean flight this morning, an adequate operations background. And, with respect to equipment, the new Brazilian Clipper, the first of six planes of Atlantic potentialities, has broken every transport seaplane record ever made—altitude, speed, distance, load. With superchargers and controlled-pitch propellers, she has set marks that aëronautical experts believed were impossible for this generation. With a *payload of eight tons* she took off in 23 seconds and climbed to 16,000 feet. She can climb higher in 30 seconds than Pharaoh's slaves could build a pyramid in 30 years. Fully loaded, she made 192 miles an hour.

Two million dollars of private capital are tied up in the development and construction of the Brazilian Clipper and her five unlaunched sisters. Each will be able to carry thirty-two passengers and a ton of mail to Bermuda in little more than three hours; or half a ton of mail and eight passengers from Bermuda to the Azores—1,824 miles, and longest reach of the probable North Atlantic air route; New York, Bermuda, Azores, Lisbon or London—in less than twelve hours. By December first three of these clippers will be aloft; a sufficient number for a comprehensive Atlantic service. The first New York to London schedule probably will be set at 36 hours, and you will live to see a day when it won't be a third as long.

Facing the Last Fence

Only the fourth necessity blocks an immediate and imperishable victory for the United States in the Atlantic. It is partly solved. The aviation industry knows that Imperial Airways and Pan American are working side by side, and that negotiations in territories are proceeding satisfactorily. So, also, does it know with certainty that England has agreed to back Imperial Airways in proportion if the United States backs Pan American with mail contracts.

That is the last fence; a long-distance air line, ocean or land, without the stiffening of air mail awards, is scarcely feasible under modern conditions. Should Washington extend its air-mail smiles eastward on the Atlantic, or westward on the Pacific to Honolulu or farther—either or both will make small difference to the old grads of the Caribbean school—regular scheduled transocean passenger and mail service will be available to you before you do your Christmas shopping—at a price not far in excess of what you pay for choice first-class surface accommodations, and in less than a whole day. Indecision in Washington, reactionaryism, conceivably might hold up the reward of American pioneering and permit foreign competitors, now in the ruck, to creep up and seize the honor first.

But here you are, still high over the Caribbean, eating your way along the chart in fifty-mile gobs, according to the check marks of the radio man. In fact, you are on the last bite now. You notice with a shiver that the motor hum has died away; you can see the shadows of the props turning slowly on the forward cabin walls. You are gliding.

The sea below is like rippled summer porch matting, which, as you look, turns suddenly from blue to straw. The mud flux of the Magdalena River. Excited, you look ahead. A thin golden line wavers on the horizon to starboard—Cape Antonio. South America. Barranquilla—on the nose.

A few minutes later you are stretching your legs on the air base quay at Barranquilla. This afternoon you will fly on to Panama. You smile at the Colombian soldier who is walking sentry-go. Poor kid, you hope he won't have to go to war. You feel kindly toward everyone, despite the widespread disinclination to regard you as a hero. Well, what you have done this morning might not be wonderful to anybody else, but it is to you. And you know that it will be to your little wife back home, when she gets the letter you are going to write tonight!

LATHER OR BRUSHLESS?

W. G. Mennen testing ingredients used to wilt whiskers thoroughly and eliminate the yanks.

Ouch!

"... 10,000 WHISKERS DAILY!
... 10,000 YANKS DAILY!
... BUT—
WHY SUFFER?"
W. G. Mennen

"TEN thousand whiskers a day to be shaved—by the average man! Ten thousand possible yanks! Think of it! That's why I believe this message I have for you is *really important.*

"If you want to find the one way to shave that's best for you—and of course you do—then, gentlemen, apply these facts to your face:

"The first question you must answer is not what *make* of shaving cream to use, but what *type.* Should you use a *lather* shave or a *brushless?*

"Most manufacturers make only one type of shaving cream. Naturally they claim their type is best for everybody; and no doubt they believe it. But, for my part, gentlemen, I think it has been proved that neither type of shave is best for everybody. That is why I make both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Both are real whisker wilters. But one will give you even a better shave than the other.

"If your skin is *oily,* use Mennen *Lather.* It loosens embedded oil deposits, flushes out over-active pores.

"If you have a *dry* skin, I recommend Mennen *Brushless* Shave. It's a cream, not a grease—contains special ingredients which soothe tender skins.

"If your skin is *normal,* then it's a question of convenience—do you like a brush—or don't you?"

Send for my "Skin-Tester Kit"

"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin-Tester Kit'—containing good-size tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

"In the 'Skin-Tester Kit' I've also included trial sizes of Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer and a new Mennen Double-edge Blade. I'm offering you this kit for only 10c! But please send for it only if you will make the test. No professional sample hounds wanted!"

AFTER THE SHAVE

Mennen Skin Bracer—a new tingling tonic. Has a subtle odor that's 100% masculine—yet girls also go for it!

Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder. Doesn't show. Kills "face shine!"

MENNEN

2 types: LATHER SHAVE and brushless SHAVE

MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
MENNEN Brushless
double-edge MENNEN blades

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-29.

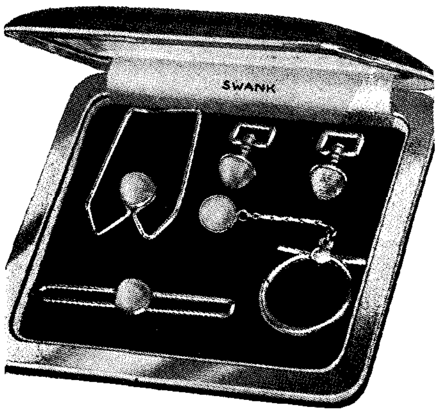
....

....

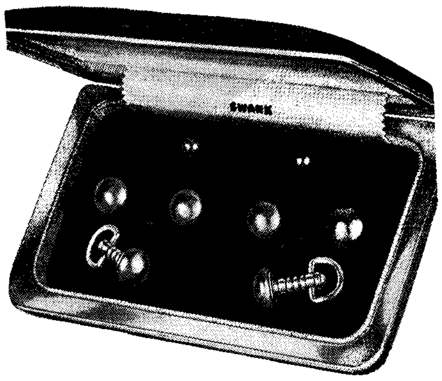
Men welcome gifts of jewelry
WARREN WILLIAM Warner Bros. Star in "Concealment"

Swank jewelry is always acceptable; and it's always a *safe* choice—smartly styled, of assured quality.

Swank Cravat Chain—the new and smarter tie holder. Many appealing patterns including sport designs.
$2.50—others higher and lower.



Swank Gift Sets in many modern designs and combinations.
$6.00—others higher and lower.



Swank evening jewelry is preferred by men who desire unfailing correctness in jewelry accessories—and of course, *quality.*

AT JEWELERS AND SMART MEN'S SHOPS

The Baer & Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SWANK

Jewelry Accessories for Men

Two on Safari

Continued from page 21

claw, foot by foot, yard by yard, along the interminable length of the pier. Drenched with spray, she cowered on a thwart, her hands locked to it in a deathlike grip.

An hour later Josephine, soaked, almost comatose, was being lifted into the saddle. She was scarcely aware of reaching camp or of carrying out Ballard's emphatic command to strip and take a rub, nor could she remember being handed his camel's-hair dressing gown. Her first consciousness of all these facts came only in the morning, with the slanting sun beating into her newly opened eyes. The stillness amazed her. Glancing about, she perceived everything was gone out of the tent except her bed and a fresh outfit of clothing laid on the canvas floor. She dressed hurriedly and stepped out to a scene of desolation; the safari had departed. Ballard called to her:

"Come and have a wash and get your breakfast."

From a canteen he poured water into her cupped hands. Seated on the ground, with only a saddle for backrest, she ate a plate of sizzling ham and eggs and drank her coffee. When Swayback was brought around the last of the loads had already disappeared up the trail and she found herself alone with Ballard. She stole a glance at him. He seemed oblivious of her and her mood, intent on some goal beyond her vision. Determined not to be the first to speak, she sat in silence, but gradually she perceived that what held his attention was some test of endurance which loomed high above any trifling contest between his will and hers. She sank into an apathy which was soon to develop into the cumulative agony of a treadmill. All that day and the next she suffered as she had not known body and mind could suffer and still keep going.

BALLARD appeared merciless; she hated him with a burning hatred so intense it took the place of courage. But such courage, good for a burst of speed, has no staying quality. On the second afternoon, reeling, she deliberately let herself go, taking a long header into the sand as joyfully as if she were plunging into water. The helmet, having saved her face from a scratching, rolled off into the bush. Ballard did not dismount, he merely shouted an order. Ali and the leader came at a run; they stooped, seized her by waist and ankles and swung her over the drooping head of the gray to a seat on the pommel. Ballard held her in his arms, the left across her back, the right under her knees. Her head sank against his shoulder. From far away, from the outermost edge of consciousness, she heard him say: "It's a dirty deal, Jo; but we've simply got to get through."

But his thoughts were scarcely with her; they were anchored on the visit to Ibn-ben-Dur. That interview stood for a wall, a division between the prosaic world of the stolid Britishers at Machiche and Delagoa Bay and the spider's web of the world of intrigue. Somehow Ibn had promptly brought to mind certain denizens of Red Lion Square. Not that there was any alliance between them—far from it. But their brains worked along similar lines. Race hadn't anything to do with it. Say you divided humanity into two picture puzzles; Kennicott, MacIntosh and their ilk would fit into one frame, while Ibn, Grast, Furman and Menck, along with Andy Fox for good measure, would take their place in the other. Then what about himself? For the time being he was outside both pictures, self-charged with fitting the pieces together.

Ibn had not given him all he needed in the way of information and yet had been able to cast a broad light over recent events, deep in the hinterland, of great specific interest. True, not once could he be brought to focus the beam and say with certainty, "This is your man," but that was only natural. Since no order had ever come to the Banyan in writing, only by word of mouth, how could he recognize the name of Morland, or as his ears would hear it, Molande? MacIntosh would have known, of course—name, origin and every other detail. But MacIntosh was the last man to whom Mallory, familiar with the adamantine character of British pride, could have gone with a question. If Ibn had painted anything approaching a true picture, no Englishman could be expected to identify it, give it an English name.

A weight, quite independent of the fatigue of the journey and the burden in his arms, began to drag down Ballard's shoulders as he felt driven to accept the fact that the Honorable Laurence Morland must be of the scum of the earth. There are a very few things a white man, provided with funds and the leader of his own safari, cannot do in Africa. First and foremost he must not shoot female game, secondly he may not kill human beings, thirdly he must pay for what he takes. In contrast, the range of what he can do verges on the illimitable. The intricate taboos of the African do not bind him and out of sight of the eye of his own kind—greatest of all restraining moral forces—he traverses a no man's land wiped clear of inhibitions.

Overnight he finds himself a potentate, the apex of a wandering hierarchy, and the extent to which the discovery goes to his head is the measure of the basic man. With Morland it seemed to have taken the form of establishing him as a scourge second only to the fabled bandits of the Drakensberg passes. Though at first he had stolen no goods, he had been shrewd enough to steal an idea from some book he had read which wiped out for the time being all need for stealing anything else. What could be easier than buying a dozen wives at two pounds ten apiece? This simple maneuver amounted to a stroke of genius, for immediately he must have become enlarged in the native mind as a man of great wealth, paramount head of a family and presumptive founder of a new tribe. The prerogatives were endless, but overshadowing all others was the immediate accretion of labor and followers in abundance. Marriage wiped out pay; his women must engage in every form of basic labor for him for nothing. By ritual their relatives became his retainers. Out of them he could pick his retinue at random—porters, guides, gun bearers, trackers and couriers—in exchange for the casual game that fell to his gun. What need he buy? Cartridges and the renewal of his shooting license—nothing else.

OUT of the meager entries in Ibn's ledger a strange hegira had taken form. The renegade Englishman had not entered through Inhambane after all; he had come in by way of Bazaruto Island, crossed to the headwaters of the Shangani and thence downstream to its junction with the Limpopo. There something crucial must have happened; either some disappointment had unseated his remaining reason, or the last vestiges of inherited decency had crumbled under half a dozen varieties of pressure. Rotted by native drink and native women, perhaps led on by an illusion of omnipotence coupled with the urge of a drained purse, he had crossed the fatal line between debauch and banditry. From that moment he was doomed. He had turned back, headed northwest, leaving behind him a broad trail of pillage and rapine. For a while the tribes he harried would be terrified because he was white; for a while the lax authorities would put off pursuit, unbelieving or so lazy they were willing to let the next man do it. But in the end, a price on his head, he would surely die.

SUCH was the picture that had risen like a wall in Ballard's path. It forced him to scrap everything that had gone before and make a new start. It explained why he, no less than Josephine, had been grateful for the strain of action which had prevented their coming to grips over her reaction to Laurence Morland's name. As far as he was concerned it had postponed the moment of decision. But now, with night falling and the big gray horse lagging behind through carrying double, that moment was upon him. Out of bravado or shame or blind craving for adventure he had embarked on a torrent in the spirit of a boy going to a picnic. Without bothering to check up on the Honorable Laurence Morland, he had vaguely pictured himself as a hero on the way to prevent a murder. While that conception held good it had seemed all right to travel on blood money. But what about it now? What if Morland at the head of his malodorous small army had as little right to live as any other vermin?

Josephine stirred in his arms, snatching his thoughts into another channel whose rushing waters were scarcely less troubled. That trick he had played on her in Ibn-ben-Dur's scented back room—he had not planned it, it had just happened. Aware of the tensity in her pose, upon mere impulse and more to amuse himself than with any intention of betraying her, he had interjected Morland's name. In his own manner, Ibn was honest. The name meant nothing to him; he said so and had stuck to it. But with Josephine, how different! He looked down at her bare head, fallen against his left shoulder, her face hidden. So here was the connecting link, the key to her little mystery—Laurence Morland. His brows, already clouded with anxiety, gathered in a tight knot. How had she known of his own destination? Had she lied when she denied any connection between herself and a certain combination of disagreeable sounds?

He revived his memories of Red Lion Square, mentally ticking off Lord Morland, his white-headed chauffeur and the three members of the firm, but no sooner did he conjure a vision of the goggle-eyed clerk than he was conscious of light in darkness: William Jones, despairingly cracking all his gangling joints—the face glimpsed in a taxi—Josephine! He felt proud of himself, almost wished that Andy Fox might have been present to give him a grudging nod of approval. For the moment he did not bother with the whys and the wherefores. Why had the old clerk risked and lost his job for a few minutes' talk with a young girl above his class? What had been said to make her linger only until she got an identifying eyeful of himself—Ballard Mallory—and then go tearing away before he had a chance to balance the scales? Never mind all that now; for the present it was sufficient to have wiped out the purely factual puzzle as to how she had come to know who he was and where he was going.

She moved again. This time, half smothered from drooping against his shoulder, her whole body tensed. She threw back her head and drew a long, revivifying breath. He thought she must be awake but, studying her upturned face, he saw he was wrong, even though her eyes were not quite closed. Children, he remembered, slept like that—lips and eyelids parted. Poor kid, that's all she was—a child! In moments like these, with her mask of maturity fallen and forgotten, she threatened to creep into his heart. Scarcely thinking what he did he stooped and brushed her lips. For an instant they were warm against his, then cold. He straightened; she was awake, regarding him consciously through half-opened eyes.

"Why did you do that?" she asked with a self-possession which made him feel as foolish as a boy caught in a melon patch.

"I don't know," he muttered lamely. "I—I thought you were asleep." Hastily he tried to correct himself. "I mean—"

"Of course that would make it all right!" she interrupted. "Anything you can steal while somebody's unconscious—"

With one continuous movement he raised her until she sat erect, drew her close and stopped her mouth with his. He kissed her roughly, then drew away, hurled back not by any action of hers but by his own astonishment. A weakness came over him so genuine he almost let her fall, and the instinct of self-preservation alone made her reach up quickly to seize his shoulder. For a moment they sat staring into each other's eyes by the light of the stars, he as confused as she seemed cool. The weary horse plodded on and came to a stop within a sudden radius of brilliance. Ali's voice sounded from close at hand, waking him from his trance, summoning him back to a forgotten austerity: "Tea ready, master."

WHEN she awoke on the following morning Josephine had only a vague recollection of having been persuaded—almost forced—to drink, bathe and eat before she went to bed. Consequently she stepped out to a scene which filled her with amazement. Gone was the nightmare of sand, wait-a-bit cactus, while out of straggling disorder had sprung astonishing unity. Within the black shade cast by two huge cashew trees the camp had been set—her tent and Ballard's side by side, the great fly spread for a dining-room, the slanting tarpaulin of the kitchen with Jocko's boxes and his fireplace completing a square. Farther out, in a wide circle, were the outposts of smoldering fires, each with its crouching group of carriers. Straight before her, just beyond the rim of shade, was a sudden dip—the beginning or the end of the lovely valley of the Inhasune.

She drew a long, quivering breath, locked her hands behind her head, stretched and yawned. From his seat at the breakfast table Ballard turned to look at her and smiled. As earlier in the morning, the lifting sun had driven obscuring mists from the plain, so now his dread of this first encounter seemed to vanish. The boyish figure, clothed only in pajamas of dark blue open at the throat and thrust into mosquito boots, somehow put him at his case.

Her breakfast began to arrive; in silence she dispatched it, course after course, worked through to her second cup of coffee and accepted a cigarette.

"It's day now," she reminded him. "You ought to be working."

"Don't worry. I'll get to it in time."

"Are we going on?"

"No."

"Then what is there to work at?"

"Oh, there's plenty to do. Stock the larder, for instance."

"You mean shoot something?"

"There you go again with that nonsense," he said impatiently. "Which do you want to have die—the game or our people? A gang like this requires a ton of meat a week."

"What about the rice we brought?"

"You're like all people who ride a humanitarian hobby; it makes them either dumb or blind. If you'd think a bit you'd realize the rice is only for emergency—rations for exactly four days. To feed it daily you'd have to keep twelve porters on the road even from here, and as we go farther and farther in, you'd have to multiply that number until it got to the point where porters would be carrying food for porters carrying food—and so on to absurdity."

"According to you," she interjected quickly, "without a gun every native would starve."

"I WITHDRAW the word dumb," said Ballard respectfully, "but there's an answer. Since a safari isn't a fixed village, it has only two ways to live: replacements from neighboring kraals or game. Of the two, game is generally the easier and always a lot cheaper. In our case it happens to be obligatory."

"Why?"

"Because we won't be traveling along from one shamba to another; where we're going they'll be gone."

"What are they?"

"The communal patches of tilled soil surrounding every native village."

"Then you know where we're going," she murmured in a half statement.

"Only vaguely," he answered after a pause. "I know the general region."

"Is it far?"

"The answer to that depends on a lot of things—how soon we strike the broad trail, how fresh it happens to be where we hit it, and how fast the quarry is traveling."

"Quarry?" she asked quickly.

He looked her straight in the eyes, his own filled with a vision of destruction, of drunken orgies culminating in a trail of mutilated bodies, ravaged shambas and women, of youths enslaved. Was this the moment to tell her?

"Yes," he answered, "quarry."

Though he was ready to face the issue, apparently *she* was not. Shocked by the force and readiness of his answer, she recoiled. Her eyes first wavered, then deliberately turned from his. As is the privilege and the art of woman, she executed a complete reversal.

"If you've got to stock the larder, why don't you get at it?" she asked pleasantly. "What are you waiting for?"

"It's too late and too early; the game won't begin to stir again for hours."

"What is there to do in the meantime?"

"Nothing. It's a day of rest, and believe me we've earned it—men, horses and women. Lie around, sleep; later on you can put on your clothes and take a stroll."

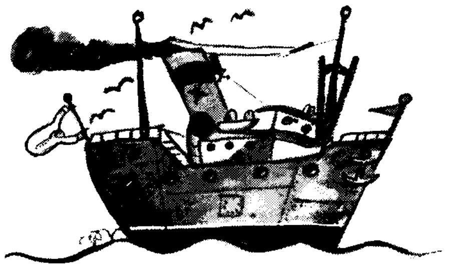
"Alone?"

"If you like."

"Aren't there any lions or snakes?" she asked with a touch of disappointment.

"There are, but the chances are a

(Continued on page 46)



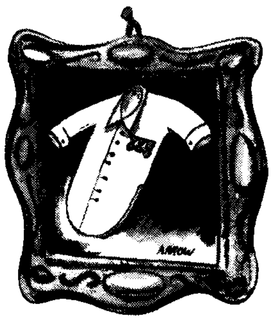
Gentlemen:

I bought six Arrow Trump shirts the last day. Five I put in my trunk; the sixth I wore. After I closed the trunk, I wrote on the ticket: Pier 53. She left from pier 35. So there I was with just one shirt. For three weeks the Chinese sea cook on this tramp steamer boiled that shirt.

When we landed in Naples, native women beat it against volcanic rock formations. It was wrung in the murky waters of the Grand Canal in Venice. It was rubbed in the Blue Danube. A stout Bavarian maiden twisted it in the Ammer at Oberammergau. And still that shirt didn't shrink -- it didn't even look worn -- in fact, it challenged me to think up new tortures for it. . .

I cleaned my bicycle with it before I met my mother in Lucerne. It was flailed by the muscular fishwives along the Sambre and the Meuse. And I sent it to the sadistic Woo Fung for laundering when I got back to New York.

Well, that shirt still fits. But I'll get it yet. I'm leaving on another tour. I'm going to wash it in the Mississippi. I'm going to scald it in the Devil's Cauldron at Yellowstone.



And before I start let me assure you of one thing; you Arrow people will hear from me if that shirt ever does shrink*. Because I'm the kind of fellow that believes in getting his money's worth.

Sincerely,

Ludwig Bemelmans

* Mr. Bemelmans is, of course, doomed to defeat. For the Arrow Trump is Sanforized-Shrunk -- the guarantee of perfect fit.

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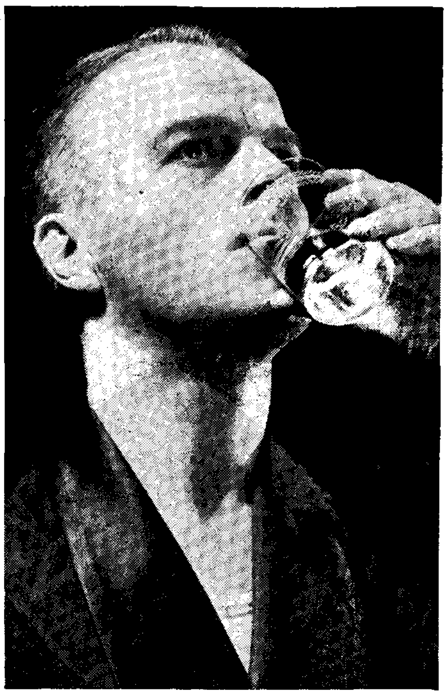

for a good gargle

To keep the mouth and throat clean, to remove accumulations and to aid in keeping the mucous membrane healthy and resistant to infection, gargle with a solution of baking soda in the proportions indicated in the following statement by the Council on Pharmacy & Chemistry of the American Medical Association.

"If it is desirable to use a gargle to cleanse the throat and remove accumulated mucus a satisfactory solution may be made by dissolving one to two teaspoonfuls of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda in a glass of water. Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda."

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(Continued from page 45)

hundred to one you won't see any. Even if you did, they'd be running the other way."

"What if I get lost?"

"You can't. Your groom's name is Bongo. Whenever you get tired, call him and ride home."

"Things are simple, aren't they?" she said, raising her eyes to find his fixed upon her.

"That sort of thing—yes," he answered. "But there are others not so simple. I'm sorry about what happened."

"When?"

"I'm apologizing for last night—for kissing you once as if you were a child and again as if you were a woman."

"Oh."

"Are you pretending you had forgotten?"

"No, but you needn't feel particularly sorry as far as I'm concerned."

"I don't; I'm sorry for myself—for having made a fool of myself both times."

"You did, in a way," she admitted coolly, "but there's really nothing to worry about. That sort of thing—"

She left the phrase unfinished; he waited and grew impatient. "Well?"

She looked down at the curling blue smoke from her cigarette. "Nobody can touch me unless I wish to be touched," she said, speaking slowly and distinctly as if for her own sake as well as his. Apparently not quite satisfied, she continued, "Whatever is stolen—or taken by force—isn't even a robbery, because it leaves you as you were."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!" he murmured admiringly.

Her security was so complete it embraced him, restoring his own self-confidence. He sat studying her and himself with a new clairvoyance. What were they doing here—he a man and she neither woman nor child? As individuals whither were they traveling? Nowhere, since neither sought conquest. But that was impossible. No man—no living thing—can stand still. And she was alive. Beauty breathed in the freshness of her skin and deep in her dark eyes. Then he stumbled on solution. They were safe because she walked beside him, never with him. He stared at her left hand, lying lax. If he was right, they could touch and not touch, hold hands and feel nothing. Leaning forward, he slipped his palm beneath her long fingers and with his other hand began to smooth them gently.

They lay quiescent; the tiny pulse in her wrist throbbed on unchanged, neither slow nor quick. Then, without warning, he felt her blood leap as though it would burst its way out through their tips. She snatched her fingers away and sprang to her feet. He was conscious of a surge of exultation deep within himself, but before he had time to identify it he looked up. Promptly the hot flow in his own veins turned cold. She was staring straight ahead with an intensity which excluded him, wiped him out. He tasted the bitter ashes of non-existence and rebelled. Now was his chance. Ask her—say it—"By the way, what is Laurence Morland to you?" He did not dare.

SHE turned and left him as though walking in her sleep, for the leap of her blood had surprised her as much as it had him. Like the blow of a hammer it had wakened her to realization of how far she had strayed out of her reserve. She would have been astonished could she have imagined the figure of mystery she cut in his eyes. To herself she was no mystery at all, simply a young girl with heart, legs, lungs and a reasonable amount of brain, all in normal working order. Even the remarkable poise which made her appear an enigma sprang from a very simple cause, for is anything more elementary than the steady course of a bark that picks out the North Star for a guide and sticks to it? That, essentially, was all she had done—aimed at a single goal.

From her point of view Ballard was the mystery. Behind the mask of her equanimity was an inner self which regarded him as helplessly as it would a troglodyte—something heard of but never before seen. Her youth, her education and her inexperience denied him; if this was an American she had been grossly misled. All forms of betrayal confused her and in the afternoon, while he was busy with his guns, she plunged off into the forest, hoping to find her lost bearings. Somewhere behind her Bonga with Swayback was undoubtedly following but even had he been at her side she could still have felt alone.

THE fallen leaves of the izonzo trees formed a vast carpet that crepitated under her feet with the tinkle of infinitesimal slivers of glass. Billions of fallen leaves and yet the leafy dome above her remained unbroken. Beneath it were arches—innumerable arches draped with pale green moss hanging in long streamers that scarcely stirred. She was in a cathedral, a huge cloistered space that invited mind and eye to a wide range. Here she could see clearly—not the trunks of near-by trees, but things far away.

She picked out only one, Ballard. All else—drab Red Lion Square, the stuffy taxi, poor old Mr. Jones and what he had said—became mere props and backdrop. In memory she saw Mallory emerge from the doorway on which her eyes were glued, carrying his outlandish hat. That had been his beginning—his visual beginning. He had looked no different than she had expected and her interest had been limited strictly to identification, to making sure she would know him again. Divergence had begun later. When? She remembered with a shock the evening she had shrunk from his touch. Because of what she believed of him her revulsion had been genuine. Then what happened, since no circumstance was changed? How had she arrived at the ridiculous position of trying to straddle between shore and a slowly receding boat? For that was her present case. While one foot still stood firm on her intention to use him as impersonally as if he were a blind man's dog, the other had drifted off into a friendship that could hold hands in the morning!

She was ashamed. If there was a guiding principle in her life it was to see where she was going and to walk straight. Immorality was not a thing of the body but of the spirit. She hated subterfuge with a wholesome hatred and regarded a flirt as a plain cheat. What must he think of her? It was a question she had not once asked in all their days together, because up to this morning she had not cared what he thought. Then she did care now? Yes, or she wouldn't be worrying about it. Without necessarily caring for him she had at least arrived at the point of caring what he thought. She perceived that a change of some sort was involved—either a change in Mallory or in her conception of him—and stood quite still until she could give it a name. No longer was he any American or a blind man's dog; he was an individual, a man, and she was a women. She nodded her head twice, then held it erect; that was that, and she felt a lot better.

Into the stillness, from far away, came a shot and then another and another in rapid succession. That was Ballard, filling the larder. To her surprise she felt no squeamish reaction, only an odd conviction that what he did must be right. She turned, intending to retrace her steps, but immediately all directions became one. There was no choice—none; to her inexpert eye her latest footsteps had left no telltale mark on the endless copper-glinting carpet. The trees, so alike, differed only in size. Her heart sank with the panicky feeling of the lost, then she remembered Bongo. She picked a large trunk for cover, stood close to it and amused herself with waiting for him. Moments passed. Then—without sound, without warning—a picture stood before her, filled her eyes to overbrimming.

She was face to face with a glorious buck, lyre horns tipped with amber, lucent eyes above a snow-white butterfly and a crested mane of white running the full length of his level back. He was incredibly beautiful, and apparently so was she unbelievable to him. He stared at her curiously until he smelled her. Then action—the distending of his nostrils, the set of his huge ears, the planting of his fore hoofs, the whirl and the drive of a first tremendous leap. After that only the bobbing of the white pompon of his bushy tail as it threaded through diminishing arches to fade into invisible space.

Whence had he come and whither had he gone? Had she dreamed him? No, because her heart ached and her throat was still clogged with the impact of his beauty. She was nearer to crying than ever before and welcomed a second diversion—Bongo leading Swayback. They were like ghosts, a moving shadow within the perpetual shadow under the endless dome. Head down, Bongo walked slowly yet surely, placing his bare feet only where she had stepped; by the deadened crackling of the leaves alone he could tell if he missed by so much as an inch. Only when he came to the spot where the buck had whirled did he look up, his face one blazing smile, his eyes dancing with a joy so profound it spoke a universal language.

"O-eh! Inyala! Le madoda mculo!"

Josephine nodded violently, sharing his joy. He had not been there, yet he had seen it all—was still seeing it: the vision, Inyala, the great male! In that moment she and Bongo were one, the only difference being that with him the conception of beauty was telescoped into the mouth-watering thought of meat on the hoof. Luckily unconscious of the restriction, she continued to share his smile even after she was mounted and they were headed toward camp. He walked in front, Swayback's nose nuzzling his naked torso, seeming to push him along, while the black's cropped head nodded interminably as his voice reiterated its pæan: *"O-eh! Inyala! Le madoda mculo!"*

LITTLE did she think she was to look back on that contented moment as a division in time, a monument standing between peace and turmoil. She was amazed to find how far she had walked. The sun was set when she arrived and not only had Ballard returned but he had had time to freshen himself and get togged out in white. That was not all. The whole air of the camp had changed; from a casual overnight location it had become transformed into a compact community with a pulse of its own. The porters, bivouacked in groups of eight around their fires, were gloatingly tending brochettes of broiling meat, yet in their very silence there seemed to be a tension independent of greed. Though it did not appear to come from them there was a steady hum, pitched so low it was like the droning of invisible wings.

(To be continued next week)

Take It From Us

Continued from page 16

them. "I have always thought," he says in his deep, rich, omniscient bass, "that Americans know more about their own country than Britishers."

The principal hangouts for foreign correspondents are the State Department, the White House and Capitol Hill. They always attend press conferences held by Secretary Hull and the President. Although they receive the same courtesies as Americans, they rarely ask questions; they seem to feel that it would be inappropriate to butt in vocally. Each one's news standards and judgments are influenced by his people's particular interests. They record the repercussions which some American action may have on their nation's pocketbooks or peace of mind or place in the sun. For most of them the Administration's monetary maneuvering and tariff revisions have been the hottest stuff in the last twelve months. Except for Sir Willmott, they rarely deal with any political event less important than a presidential or congressional election.

Although they labor thousands of miles from their city rooms and chancelleries, the good old "local angle" keeps them hot-footing it as strenuously as it does any owner-editor-reporter who covers the firehouse, the town hall and church suppers in a New England mill village. Sir Willmott's interests, naturally, are wider than the others', but even his long, pliant legs move snappiest when there is an Anglo-American feel to the story. He stood on the curbstone during the Woodrow Wilson death watch, and he stood around with us when we waited to discover what Mr. Roosevelt was going to do about busting banks that drizzly Sunday night after inauguration. Those were "local stories" for him.

The old adage that "misery loves company," even though the "company" may dwell on a distant continent, often determines both the matter and treatment of their dispatches. Long before Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration Sir Willmott predicted daily that the United States would soon follow his beloved land off the gold standard, and he proved a better prophet than the State Department officials who complained so bitterly about his articles.

What Foreign Editors Want

Although the German moratorium and anti-Hitler demonstrations have furnished Mr. Sell his best copy, he must cater to Teutonic memories of suffering. His editors demanded full coverage on sporadic use of scrip by some municipalities during the bank holiday, and they will take all he can rush on predictions that inflation is just around that well-known corner. Another story he sat up with until it died was the vogue over technocracy a few years back. Russian editors cry for every bit of news which suggests that Soviet ideas are blossoming in the United States. They want complete reports on the successes and prospects of the Farmer-Labor party and more radical political organizations, on industrial and agricultural "regimentation," on labor disturbances, Communist activities, and proposals for establishment of a Central Bank dominated by the government.

Foreign correspondents say that their own government's policies do not influence their handling of news—not consciously at least. Nevertheless, popular or personal prejudices back home inevitably affect these men in their selection of subject matter, in their treatment, in their phraseology. As long as President Hindenburg was alive, Mr. Sell had to send every word which fell from Senator Borah's lips. The defender of the Hindenburg line had conceived a great liking for the apostle of world peace and American isolation, due possibly to the Idahoan's demand for revision of the Versailles Treaty, and Mr. Sell was the link between these two individuals whose lives were passed in such different circumstances. Mr. Sell, to make his meaning clear, always refers to "Congress" as the "Reichstag," to the Senate as the "Oberhaus," to the House as the "Unterhaus." Along with others similarly circumscribed, he cannot mention "primaries" in writing for people who never took part in one.

In a Cynical, Tolerant Vein

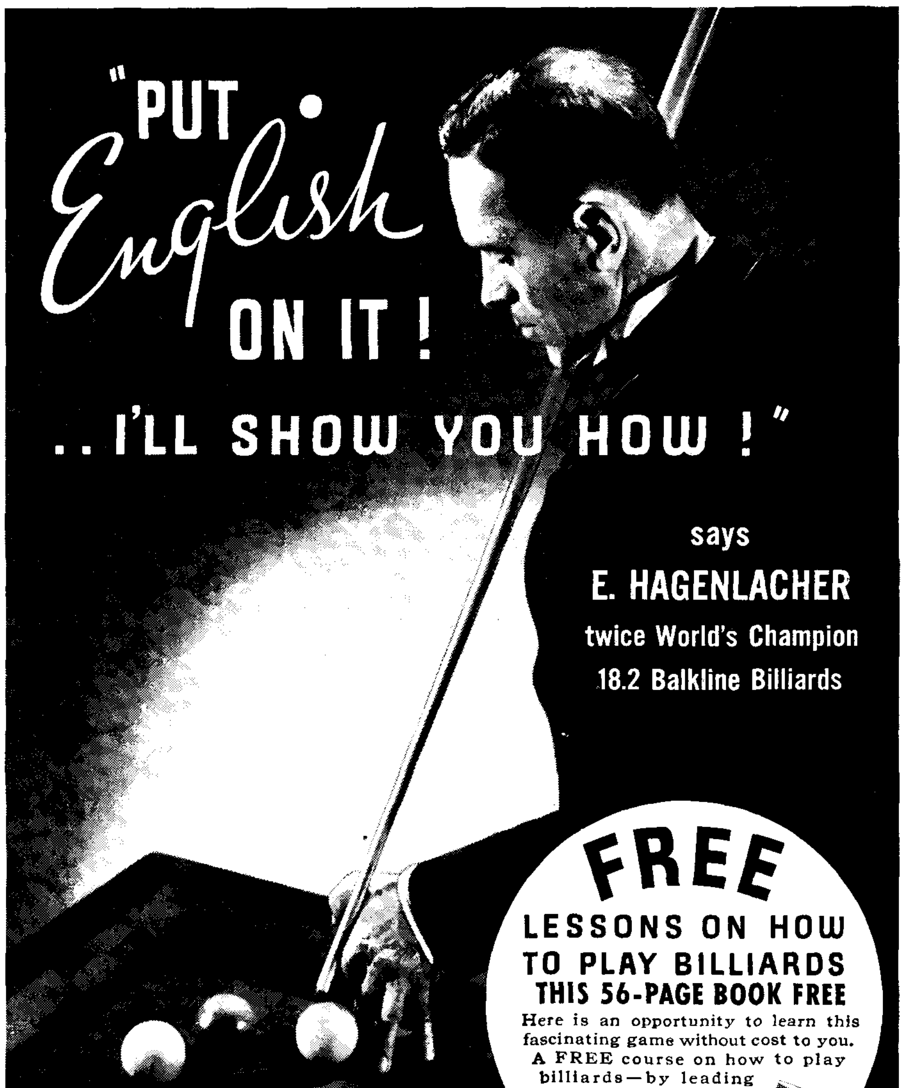
Messrs. Romm and Todd must never forget Russian terminology and psychology. The mobbing of any Communist headquarters, as during the San Francisco strike, is always reported as "the terror," and the perpetrators are always described as "the militants." The textile strike was their biggest story outside specific Russo-American affairs.

Even Sir Willmott finds it useful to resort to literary allusions and political similes which carry a definite meaning across the water. Through his writing, too, there runs the slightly cynical, tolerant vein of a cosmopolite with British forbears and fancies. When Wall Street bears and bulls and brokers were paralyzed at the market's gyrations in 1930, "Bill" described them as "God's frozen people." Of Mr. Borah, who frequently tweaks the tail of the British lion, he says:

"He is a mixture of Savonarola and soda—but one ha'penny worth of Savonarola to an intolerable deal of soda." He informed his readers that "Herbert Hoover can calculate wavelengths but he cannot see color; he can number vibrations but he cannot hear tone." Mr. Coolidge was "the soul of a Covenanter dwelling in a dry place," and the late Nick Longworth "had the defects of his jollities."

Except for understandable limitations, the foreign correspondents stationed at Washington are as conscientious as and probably more careful than their American brothers. Many incidents illustrate their attempt to be fair. American delegates at the 1927 Geneva disarmament conference admitted that Sir Willmott's daily dispatches from Washington setting forth this government's reaction to various proposals helped our cause. Mr. Sell, who broadcasts on "What America is Talking About" twice a month, is the only radio orator heard in Germany whose manuscript is not first submitted to the authorities.

In his dispatches, and in his answers to eager, pathetic letters from subscribers asking the status of recovery in the United States, Count Biondi writes more optimistically than many American reporters. He has so frequently characterized Mr. Roosevelt as a "deeply rooted American," and as an "aristocrat who sympathizes with the hardships of the poor," that our President might give Il Duce a run for his money in a Roman primary—that is, if they had primaries in Italy. Finally, choruses the colony: "Don't forget that the wild yarn about Indians hunting Dillinger with bows and arrows was sent by somebody in New York, not Washington!"



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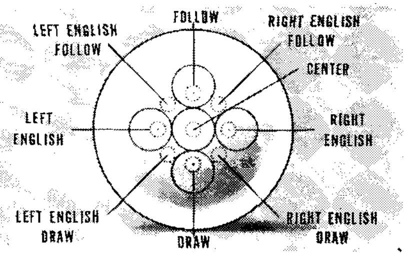

Here is Sample Lesson

See Diagram at Left

Large outside circle represents size of ball. Smaller circles, size of ordinary cue tip. Small dotted-line circles, space covered on ball when tip strikes the ball. Diagram explains what particular "English," or action, results from striking the cue ball at different points of contact. To avoid mis-cues, one must never strike the ball farther away from the center than shown by the solid line circles.

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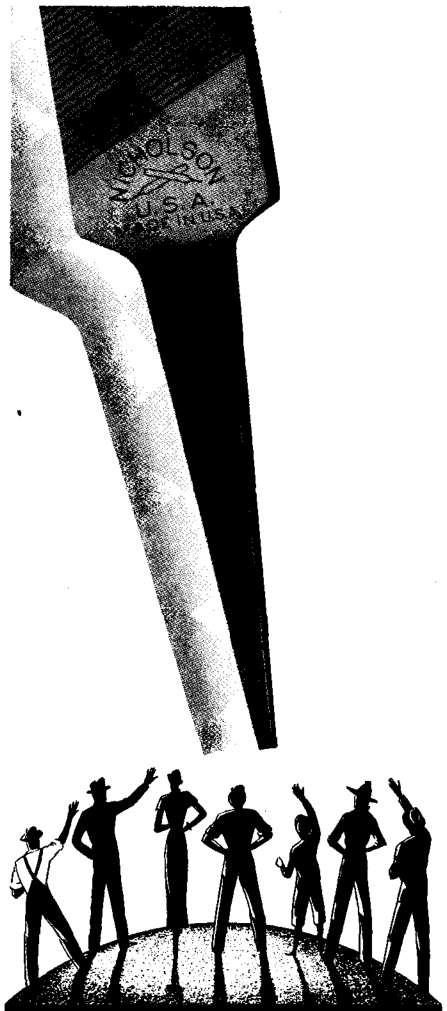

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For Love and Money

Continued from page 24

was a mere bit of relaxation. The officers and buck privates by this time had little fear of death, taxes or mortgages and they went down for the 89th. They raised $200,000 to bet on the game and had it cached in trunks at Coblenz just to show there was no stage money about it. The 89th won.

The final for the A. E. F. championship was played in Paris before General Pershing, the King and Queen of the Belgians and various American soldiers who went A. W. O. L. rather than miss the event and are probably wandering around France to this day. Clark's team defeated the 36th Division after trailing 6-0 at the half. What turned the tide, according to Mr. Clark, was a telegram from Kansas City saying that Kansas City would be very much hurt if this sort of thing continued.

Portsmouth Gets a Team

After the war Potsy coached at Illinois, Michigan State, Kansas, Minnesota and Butler. When there came some dispute as to whether Butler was not progressing faster athletically than otherwise, Mr. Clark threw up his three-year contract and departed. He next turned up, of all places, in Portsmouth, Ohio. Potsy began to gather the team together.

He got Dutch Clark of Colorado College, considered by many critics to be the best player alive, and he later picked up Glenn Presnell of Nebraska, Ernie Caddel of Stanford, Father Lumkin of Georgia Tech, Ace Gutowsky of Oklahoma City University, Tarzan Christensen of Oregon and Bill McKalip of Oregon State. At a time when Red Grange and the Chicago Bears were playing in the Chicago Cubs' ball park and Benny Friedman and the New York Giants were playing in the Polo Grounds, Mr. Clark and his young men were dressing in a shed with one shower bath. In the middle of the shed stood a pot-bellied stove and the players hung their clothes on broom handles.

After the first flush of pride, the attendance began to fall off, with ten thousand down for Friday night practice and three thousand showing up with money in hand for the Sunday games. When the team wasn't playing it was holding financial meetings. There was always the problem of quitting entirely or cutting down the squad to the point where the gate receipts would begin to approximate the pay roll. Money or no money, there was never any chance that they were going to give up playing (and for the honor of Portsmouth, let it be said that all salaries were finally paid), so it was a question of playing through games against such gentle creatures as the Green Bay Packers with nothing more serious to worry about than a compound fracture of the tibia.

When they traveled, they traveled by truck.

"Ai-yi, that truck!" cry the present members of the Detroit Lions when they think of their equipage. On one tour they left Portsmouth on Friday morning, reached New York Saturday night and beat the Giants Sunday afternoon. They left New York Monday morning and reached St. Louis at six o'clock Wednesday night and played the Gunnars at eight o'clock and beat them. Then they left on Thursday morning for Chicago, where they beat the Bears on Sunday.

If Portsmouth hadn't been possessed of the best spirit in the league, they'd soon have been (a) in the hospital or (b) in the Ohio River. The players yelled in derision, "Yah, the old army spirit!" when they wanted to get Potsy's goat, but they followed him as no college team has ever followed a coach and they forgot their twisted knees and aching backs when the ball was on the ten-yard line and it was time for a Portsmouth touchdown. They lost only one game on their home field in three years, the last one they played. They finished second in the league in 1931, lost to the Chicago Bears in the first-place play-off in 1932 and were second again in the Western Division in 1933.

In one of his moments Potsy decided that although the team had played a tough game Wednesday, a scrimmage on Saturday night in preparation for the Sunday game was just what they needed. At seven o'clock Saturday night there were the usual 10,000 fans storming to get in for the scrimmage, which would be free. At the last minute Potsy decided that his eleven men might just as well wait and die on Sunday. He kept the gates closed and went through a secret signal practice, while the crowd stormed the parapets.

"Potsy was good to us that night," says Dutch Clark, the great quarterback.

"Because he didn't make you scrimmage?"

"Because he didn't throw a couple of us out to that mob," answers Dutch.

Reunion of All-Americas

But it was all in fun. They were playing the great teams of the league and knocking the spots off them. One of the big games was at Boston after Potsy Clark had been quoted as criticizing the Warner system. Because Long Star Dietz, the old Carlisle star, was coaching Boston the Back Bay boys got steamed up and Portsmouth got steamed up by indirection. It was a battle for blood and Portsmouth won on two quadruple passes.

"We've tried a dozen of them since and never made one work," says Potsy. "In fact we can't even make them work in practice."

The National Football League is made up of the Chicago Bears and Chicago Cardinals, Green Bay Packers, New York Giants, Detroit Lions, Philadelphia Eagles, Cincinnati Reds, Boston Indians, Brooklyn Dodgers and Pittsburgh Pirates. Red Grange is still a star with the Bears; Harry Newman of Michigan was the sensation of the league last year with the Giants; Hewitt of Michigan was the outstanding end, playing with the Bears.

Boston has Cliff Battles from West Virginia Wesleyan, considered the finest running back in the world. Brooklyn has Shipwreck Kelly and Kercheval of Kentucky and Chris Cagle of West Point. Philadelphia has Hanson, the great back from Temple, and Pittsburgh has Skladany of Pitt. Potsy Clark considers Brumbaugh of Florida, playing with the Chicago Bears, one of the best quarterbacks he has ever seen and thinks there is no better small player alive than Gill Le Febvre of Cincinnati. The whole league is watching Cliff Montgomery, the Columbia star of the Rose Bowl, who is now with Brooklyn.

The great loss this year is Cal Hubbard (Geneva), Green Bay tackle, who is held by many critics to be the greatest lineman of all time. Hubbard, standing six feet two and weighing 240 —all meat and bone, is exceptionally fast and powerful. For years he so completely dominated the league that opposing teams gave up all hope of sending a man through his side of the line. Portsmouth once determined to overcome this handicap. It was decided that the first time they got the ball they would throw Father Lumkin, the great blocking back from Georgia Tech, at Hubbard on a weak-side play and keep at it until Hubbard was licked. On the first play Lumkin hit Hubbard and found himself lying eight yards behind the line of scrimmage on his back. There were three attempts in all, with Portsmouth losing twenty yards.

"That other play," said Lumkin feebly, as he limped back into the huddle after the third collision. "You fellows haven't forgotten that other play of ours, have you?"

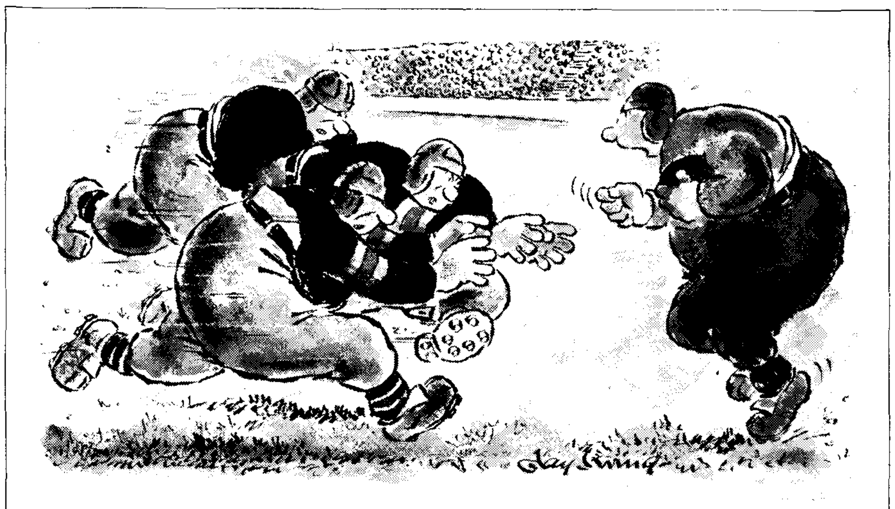
That's the way it is in pro football now. There may have been days when the participants took it lightly, but a Potsy Clark team, for example, is better trained and coached than any college team could possibly be. Tim Mara, owner of the New York Giants, has a standing bet of $10,000 that in a game against the best college team available any of the first five teams in the pro league will make more touchdowns than the college team will first downs.

"How do you account for all that difference?" we asked Potsy Clark.

"Well, it's experience, for one thing, and—" began Mr. Clark.

"Don't be so modest about it, Potsy," shouted one of the players from across the dressing-room. "Tell him the truth. . . . It's the old army spirit!"

He ducked into the shower.



"Tsk! Oh, for goodness' sake! I wanted to make a touchdown!"

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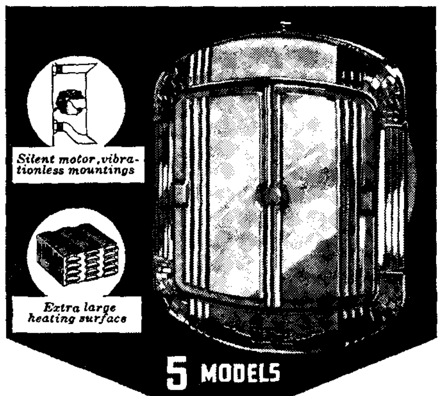
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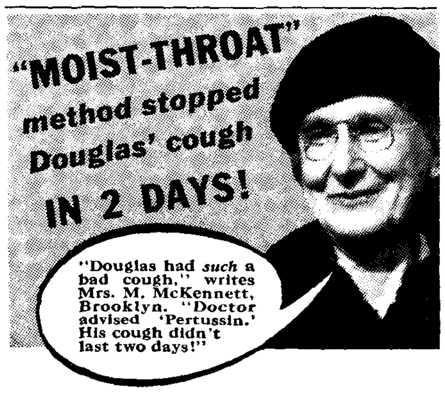
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Clay Pigeon

Continued from page 9

Another cop came in. He said: "They's a guy down in back, Sergeant, looks like he's dead. The back of his head's all busted."

Mac looked inquiringly at me.

I said: "Sorry I had to be so rough. I spilled him on that concrete floor."

We came out on 58th Street, over near the East River. Mac said:

"Oh, those two numbers you asked for; one's a private number, and the other's a shop on Audubon Avenue. Guess you want the private one, huh?"

I said I did.

"Belongs to a guy named Firenze, 369 West 157th. Know him?"

I said: "No, it's just something I promised to look up for a friend of mine. Big game, I think; he wants to lose some money."

MAC grunted. Then he said: "Say, how come this mob thought you were carrying a bag full of cocaine and morphine? Where'd you get it?"

I said: "A guy I met in a speak asked me to check it at Grand Central for him. I thought it might be hot, but I didn't know it was *this* hot."

Mac looked at me a trifle suspiciously.

"Sounds fishy—if I didn't know you were a right guy, Jimmy—say, you haven't seen anything of a black-haired kid around, have you? Good-looking boy, very young?"

"Who is he?" I asked him.

"Name's Landon. I've had my eye on him for some time. I thought he knew this bunch, but I might be wrong."

I said: "Yeah? Well, if I run into him I'll let you know. Say, Mac, could you let me have a fin? I'll give it back to you as soon as I can."

"Sure." He dug down in his pocket and handed it to me.

"Thanks, Mac, I'm flat as usual."

"Any time, Jimmy. You better drop in at Headquarters, in the morning."

I took a cab back to the apartment. When I rang the bell, Sonya opened the door and looked at me, wide-eyed. I couldn't have been too pretty a sight, at that.

"Where's that brother of yours and his friend?"

"What's happened, Jimmy? Have you been in an accident?"

"Yeah, it was an accident all right. Where are they?" I walked past her into the apartment. It was empty.

"Where did they go?" I asked her again.

"I don't know. Arthur told me to go back to the hotel, he had to go out on business, and that you'd left. I felt something was wrong, so I stayed here. Oh, Jimmy—"

She started to cry.

I went over and put my arms around her. I said:

"Listen, Sonya, your brother's mixed up with a bad crowd. Tell me all you know about it, and I'll try to help."

"Well," she looked at me, and put her hand up to my head. "Wait, let me wash that cut for you first."

We went in the bathroom and she played nurse for a while. While she was taping me up she told me the family history.

Their parents had been killed in a smash-up three years ago, and she had gone to live with her aunt in London. The kid wanted to finish college over here; I gathered they both had a fairly decent income. Then he'd left college, and she heard from some friends that he'd been seen with some pretty bad characters. That was why she had come over.

Not a long story, but not a funny one either. I wondered how deep he was in. We went back to the living-room and I poured myself a drink. God knows I needed it.

Poor girl, she was so upset.

I said: "Sonya, you hardly know me at all, but will you trust me?"

"Yes, Jimmy."

"All right then, go on back to your hotel and go to bed. I'll take care of Arthur."

"What are you going to do? Do you know where he is?"

"Well, I have an idea," I told her.

"Why is he with that Greek? What's it all about, Jimmy? He's in trouble, isn't he?"

"Never you mind, I said I'd take care of him for you, didn't I? Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, Jimmy."

I couldn't hold out any longer. I kissed her. It was quite as I had imagined it, only more so.

"Now will you be a good girl and get some sleep? I'll call you in the morning."

"All right."

I dropped her at the Saltoy, where she was stopping, and then I gave the driver the West 157th Street address, and told him to step on it.

When we got there I found it was one of those big overgrown apartments you find in that neighborhood. I paid off the driver and told him to wait around the corner and he might get a fare back. Then I went into a drug store and called the Academy number. I guessed the right one, for a man's voice answered right away.

I said: "Let me speak to Arthur Landon, please."

There was a wait and I heard the boy's voice.

I said: "Listen, kid, this is Jimmy Hollister. You're in a tough spot and you don't seem to know it. I want to see you right away."

"Where are you?"

"At your place. Get right down here."

I hung up and went out. At the apartment there was a colored boy asleep with his head down on his arms, over the switchboard. I didn't wake him up but I looked over his shoulder at the list of names. Firenze was in 5-J.

I went up the stairs and found 5-J. I used a fire-escape, and climbed into a dark bedroom. I could see into the next room, which was lighted.

THE kid was there. He had his back to me, sitting across the table from two guys. One of them was the Greek, and the other just like him, except he was older and he had a big, very much waxed mustache with long points. He was talking vehemently, with his hands going like a pawnbroker's.

"—I tell you sixty grand was the best I could do!"

The Greek said: "It's not enough. We'll do better out of town." He turned to the kid. "That sister of yours can take it to Chi."

"No!" I could see the kid's hands clench. "Keep her out of it!"

"Oh, yes?" The Greek was silky suave now. "For why we keep her out of it?"

"Because I say so! I've taken enough; I've put on a front for you and your rotten deals, but you won't get her into it!" His voice had risen. "I'm through; do you hear me, through! You can do what you like about it. I'd just as soon blow the whole thing!"

"Oh, you would? Maybe you've done it already, eh? Who'd you give this

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

number to?" The Greek got on his feet. He looked nasty.

"Wait a minute; take it easy." The other one went to a sideboard and messed around with a glass and a bottle.

"Here, Arthur, you need a drink." The kid backed away toward me. The mustache guy came in front of the door with the glass in his left hand. I saw his other hand coming out of his hip-pocket with a blackjack.

I'd been carrying the gun I'd taken from Louie with the barrel shoved down the arm-hole of my waistcoat, and I got it out. I was just going to call him but his arm came back, and the kid whirled and let go a right for his jaw that was a sweetheart. He went down on his knees, but the other one had gone for a gun, and he got off one shot—that missed—before my bullet hit him and he smashed down over the table.

THE guy on the floor was starting to get up and I took one step and came down on his neck with the end of my gun. He took a nose dive.

The kid looked at me calmly.

"You little fool!" I said. "And with a sister like that!"

He looked at me, puzzled.

"What?"

"Nothing. Come on, we've got to get out of here." I grabbed his arm.

"Wait a minute." He wrenched it away. The Greek, who'd been lying across the table, rolled off and hit the floor with a thud. The kid went over and rolled him on his back. I started after him and I stumbled over a bag that looked just like the one that had gotten me in all the trouble. I kicked it out of the way, and looked at the Greek. He'd live, unfortunately.

The kid was going through the Greek's pockets. He pulled a mess of papers out of the inside one and stuffed them in his own.

"Come on, let's go!" he said.

We found some back stairs and went down them four at a time. My cab was still waiting.

I said: "Over to Broadway, and down."

The cab started and I got out cigarettes and gave the kid one.

"Where are we going?" he asked me.

I didn't answer him for a while and then I said: "I wish I knew!"

"Say, Hollister, you've been darned decent. I'm sorry I got you into this trouble. I didn't know about the bag."

"Forget it; I didn't think you did. You're in a worse jam. Know the cops were looking for you?"

"No. It's no great surprise, though."

"Well, I don't think they've got much on you; but they know you've been in bad company. How'd you get mixed up with that Greek, anyway?"

The kid fished in his pocket. He got out the papers he'd taken from the Greek, pulled one out and handed it to me.

It was a check made out to George Papayanakous for six thousand dollars. It was signed Arthur Landon.

"Holy smoke! How come?"

"Oh, I was crocked, and lost it to him gambling. He wouldn't take an I O U; made me write a check then and there. Of course I couldn't make it good, so he made me do some things for him. I was a good front, I suppose. Now I'm really in a jam."

I said: "Take it easy, kid. Nobody's got anything on you. Got a passport?"

"Why, yes. I think the visa's still good."

"Great!"

I tapped on the glass and told the driver to stop at 59th and Lexington. When we got there I got out and bought a paper. I gave him the kid's address; I thought it would be safe enough by now.

I turned to the shipping page.

"Here we are. The Aquitania sails at five this afternoon. Have Sonya get the reservation in her name."

"Gee, Hollister, you've got it all figured out. I don't know how to thank you."

We had stopped in front of the apartment. I went up with him and helped him pack. Then we made some scrambled eggs and coffee; I was plenty hungry. It was eight o'clock by the time we got through. I told him to call Sonya.

He came back to the kitchen. "She wants to talk to you."

I went to the phone. "Hello, Sonya."

"Jimmy! What's all this Arthur's been telling me about sailing today?"

"Well, it's my idea. He's O. K., but I don't think a trip would hurt him any."

"What about me? Think I live on the Aquitania? I just left it yesterday."

I said: "Listen, didn't you say you'd do what I told you?"

"Yes, Jimmy."

"All right then. Call up the line as soon as you can and get two reservations in your name."

"But what about you?"

"Nothing about me. I'm coming over in a little while myself. About a month or so." What an optimist I was!

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Anyway, I'll be down at the ship to see you off."

"All right, Jimmy."

I hung up. Arthur had fallen asleep on the divan. Well, the phone would wake him up. I went out and closed the door quietly.

I WAS going down Lexington with the sun just beginning to get hot, when I remembered I had to see Mac. I thought I'd call him and make sure, so I went in a booth.

I said: "It's Jimmy, Mac."

"Say, I want to see you!"

"That so? Why?"

"Where'd you get those phone numbers you gave me last night?"

I said: "Now, Mac, I can't tell you everything I know, can I?"

"Well, after I took those guys down to the station and booked them, I went up there."

I said: "Was that nice?"

"Nice? I don't know about it's being nice, but I found a Greek named Papayanakous with a bullet in him, and his brother with a bump on the back of his head, laid out cold. And, what's more important, a bag full of junk, a real one this time. What do you know about it?"

I said: "Not a thing. I told you where I got the number."

Mac said: "Well, you're a white-haired boy down here this morning, anyway. The chief wanted those guys we picked up awful bad. Oh, hey—I almost forgot—there's a federal reward for the professor, you get two and a half G's out of it!"

I said: "Gee! How soon can I get it?"

"Oh, I don't know; takes a little time."

"On account of how good I'm in with the chief, do you think I could get some dough if I came down?"

"Sure, I guess so. I could loan you some myself; that's good security."

"Wait for me," I said. "I'm on my way!"

But before I started I called Sonya. When she answered, I said:

"Did you get those reservations yet?"

"Why, Jimmy! Yes, they're on 'A' deck."

"My full name is James Elroy Hollister."

"Yes. But—"

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Well, call them back and make it for three!"

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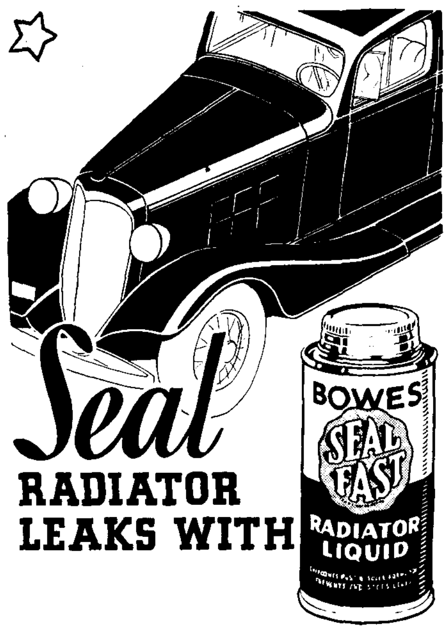

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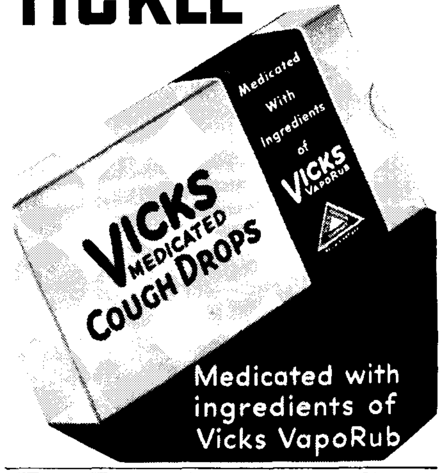
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He Understood Women

Continued from page 15

"Sit down," said Jeff, pulling around a chair.

She sat down.

He drew his own chair up and looked her in the eye.

"Ah, Priscilla," he said. "I'm an old-timer. Why don't you come out with it? I'll give you a hand. I understand, baby, I understand."

Her eyes were blank but beautiful as she looked at him.

"You say the strangest things," she murmured.

"O. K." he said. "Make it next Sunday morning."

"I'll meet you at the harbor," she told him. "I have a little second-hand car now, too. And driving it is fun."

HE TOLD Bert Abrams about this, and analyzed it for him.

"I would say she is the most dangerous woman I have ever met," he said. "Follow her reasoning: when I told her about French and Sayer she didn't know who they were. In the meantime she looked them up. She's ready to go now—nothing but big game for her. Pompadour was probably a slouch."

Passing her later, Jeff said:

"By the bye, did you get the chicken ranch?"

"Oh, yes!" she thrilled, putting her palms together and looking gay, "and we got Buff Orpingtons."

"You've got more than that," Jeff said, hurrying on.

He solemnly warned both French and Sayer about her; they broke dates to join him. Sunday morning his fifty-foot schooner sailed out of Newport Beach Harbor with six people aboard. There were the two dangerous-looking, tall girls from New York. There was Basil French, a tan young man with glasses. There was Roger Sayer, who played polo and had iron-gray hair. There was Jeff, in a new yachting cap. And there was, above all, little Priscilla Smith, in a middy blouse.

Jeff told Bert Abrams afterward that her work was really magnificent. She had French and Sayer hooked before they were well beyond the breakwater.

"I've never seen a neater bit of work in my life," Jeff said. "I'm just waiting for developments now."

He hadn't long to wait.

The next thing that happened was a sincere emotion in the breast of Basil French. He came into Jeff's office late one afternoon, wearing a scratch on his cheek and the tint of a man who had not slept.

At first he was easy and casual, talking about one unpleasant thing and another, as people do; but eventually it came out. He wanted to chat a minute about that charming girl. The Smith girl. A lady. Breeding to the finger tips. What unhappy circumstance, he wanted to know, had brought her into motion pictures?

"The Home-Girl contest in Nebraska brought her into motion pictures, you fool," said Jeff, suddenly blazing up. "How can you be so stupid? Look here, French, I warned you. You're dealing with an ambitious woman. She's after big game and she's got you sighted."

Basil French drew himself up. "I won't have you talking that way," he said. "I have never met a lovelier girl in my life."

"Let me be best man?" Jeff asked.

But nothing further happened. There was no announcement in the papers. Priscilla Smith went on with her work, just as before.

Jeff told Bert Abrams that, no doubt, Basil French had come to his senses.

But one afternoon when he and Bert stopped in a jeweler's to buy a cigarette lighter—Jeff never bought jewelry, nor wore it—they were shocked. They found young French peering at a diamond ring that could be traded for a castle. He was embarrassed, when they came upon him, but he made a clean breast of it.

"I only hope she'll have me," he said. And then he repeated her name a couple of times in a happy way: "Priscilla. Priscilla Smith. . . ."

"An example of what a really clever woman can do," Jeff told Abrams as they walked on. "Fifteen years and she'll be a social dictator. You can thank God there aren't more clever women, that's all. She's a lovely little savage with a cool, clear mind."

"I can't get over it," Abrams said, "she don't seem so mysterious or dangerous to me."

"It's your age. I wouldn't admit it."

One day, passing her dressing-room, Bert heard her talking on the phone. Brazenly he listened. He reported to Jeff Grant that it went like this:

"Now, Mr. French, I simply can't. But I cannot, Mr. French. It's awfully nice of you to ask me again but you see I must get my sleep. This is very hard work here at the studio and this is only my second picture and I cannot take any chances with my health and spirit."

Jeff paced the room.

"Go to her point-blank, Bert," he said. "Find out what's happened!"

Obligingly Bert stopped Priscilla on her way out. He expected her to flare up at his impertinence, but she didn't. Her beautiful face clouded.

"Mr. French is a nice enough man," she said, "but I don't happen to like him so awfully well. I have an Ideal, Mr. Abrams, and that is what I am waiting for."

Jeff heard this with his jaw set.

"What bigger game than Basil French?" he mused.

"Could it possibly be—"

"No, it couldn't," snapped Jeff. "Me, you were going to say. Couldn't possibly be me. She knows my reputation too well. Can't any of them get me."

"That isn't what I was going to say," said Abrams, walking off.

IT WASN'T two weeks later that the following item appeared in a gossip column:

Socialites Basil French and Roger Sayer were seen pulling each other's ears very merrily on the terrace of a certain beach club the other midnight, behaving not unlike two street rowdies, my dears. It was all about that high-voltage new star curiously named Priscilla Smith. Socialite French broke his glasses and now is wearing tape on his right ear, and Socialite Sayer has discovered that beefsteak, in defiance of the old tradition, will not take out the blue.

Jeff Grant was explaining to Bert Abrams the fundamental biological urge, set in operation by a clever woman, which could strip the veneer of civilization from two such polished products as French and Sayer, when Priscilla walked into the office crying.

"What's wrong, baby?" Jeff asked.

"Now it's even getting in the papers," Priscilla said, loooking into his eyes steadily through her tears. "I just wish they'd leave me alone, that's all. They're

(Continued on page 52)

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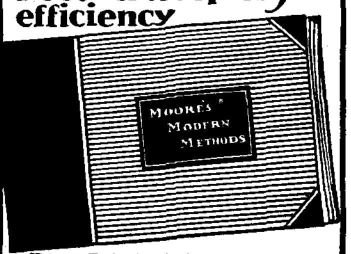

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(Continued from page 51)

awful bores, both of them. I want you to tell the gateman not to let them in, I don't care how rich and influential they are. You'll do that for me, won't you, Mr. Grant? Please, sir?"

"Certainly I'll do that for you," Jeff said, in a tender way. "And don't cry any more, Priscilla."

"I won't then," she said, touching the outside corners of her eyes with a little silk handkerchief.

Jeff shook hands with her. "And let me congratulate you on your crying," he said warmly. "As a matter of fact, I haven't seen you do anything wrong, yet!"

When she had gone out Bert Abrams caught himself up in excitement.

"A masterpiece!" he banged the desk. "You're teaching me a lot, Jeff. I'm learning every day. I'm grateful—I've never been so interested in anything in my life! I'm going to have a little talk with her—"

"Keep out of this, mister!" Jeff said, raising his head. "You're an amateur, remember. All you know about women you learned from me!"

BUT this sort of thing is insidious once it gets in the blood. Bert Abrams couldn't keep away from it. He had developed an analytical sense. He had found a hobby. He was a new man. He chatted with Priscilla on the Good Morning, Maribelle set at the first opportunity. He talked with great friendliness of Jeff Grant. Then he waited and listened.

Priscilla said:

"Mr. Grant is quite nice, isn't he? I don't think he's so very dangerous—do you?"

"Not any more," Bert said, drawing a deep breath. He sat for a minute looking at her with warm admiration. "You know," he said, "I think he'd appreciate it if you'd invite him out to your chicken ranch so he could meet your mother. He's very much interested in your mother."

"If he'd like to come," she said doubtfully; "we're very simple people."

"Try it," suggested Bert. "You can rent a chicken ranch for a week-end and get a nice, white-haired old lady at any agency."

"Miss Smith!" came the call. "We're ready!"

As Priscilla walked away she turned back twice to look at Bert Abrams. He was staring at her.

Jeff Grant found the note when he went home Friday night. It read:

Dear Mr. Grant:

Mother and I would like very much to have you drive out for tea on Sunday at four o'clock if you would care to come. Our ranch is a very simple place at 1930 Santa Anita Drive, Arcadia. If you'd enjoy a quiet afternoon in the country we would be honored to show you what your generosity and kindness has done for us. Sincerely yours,

Priscilla-Susan Smith

"Look at this," Jeff said, putting the note close to Bert Abrams' eyes the next morning. "Behind that placid brow there is even a sardonic humor. Susan! *Susan!* It's a slap in the face. I'm going to go!"

Eucalyptus trees towered over a double drive; northward were the mountains, with deep, blue shadows of haze; around him, save for the motor of his car as he coasted along, there was almost complete silence. Four o'clock sunlight slanted through the fringed branches of a giant pepper tree, bending over the Parkway at Number 1930 Santa Anita Drive, Arcadia. Red and yellow flowers caught the sunlight in brilliant patches.

As his car moved into the driveway, toward the English provincial farmhouse, he could hear, beyond a vineyard, the restless noises made by thousands of chickens.

He stopped the car in a turn-around, and discovered, sitting on a small, sunsprinkled terrace, a lovely, white-haired old lady, knitting. She was in a rocking chair. She was knitting and rocking.

He grinned appreciatively and got out. With gracious dignity she rose to meet him, calling at the door, as she came:

"Priscilla-Susan, Mr. Grant is here!"

"Madam," said Jeff Grant, making a bow with his heels together, "it is perfect. Congratulations. I am a man who likes to see this sort of thing well done."

Then Priscilla-Susan Smith came out, wearing a neat, lace-edged apron over a blue afternoon frock with puffed sleeves.

She held out one hand, with dignity and charm.

"We are so happy to have you. We are honored, Mother and I. Aren't we, dear?"

The lovely, white-haired old lady inclined her head and smiled at Jeff Grant with kind eyes.

Priscilla-Susan led him up the terrace.

"I'm making tea biscuits," she said, with a little apologetic laugh; "would you care to come in and watch?"

He was a sad young man, sitting on a high stool in a green-and-white farmhouse kitchen, watching Priscilla-Susan Smith with flour on her hands.

Later, sitting on the terrace in the moonlight, there was a moment when Mrs. Smith left them briefly to get a wrap from the house. It was here that Jeff Grant took Priscilla's hand and pressed it to his lips.

"It's all over," he said. "I give in."

She looked at him curiously.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Grant?"

"I say, I quit. I give in. I can't take any more. Pay her off and let her go—it's been beautiful—beautiful!"

"Pay who off, Mr. Grant?"

"Why, your character woman. Let her go."

Mrs. Smith came out wearing a little, old-fashioned knitted cape over her shoulders. She certainly was a sweet-faced old lady in the moonlight.

"Mamma," said Priscilla-Susan, "I think Mr. Grant is not feeling very well. Would you suggest an aspirin?"

Still later, in the driveway, standing beside his car as he was ready to go, she said to him with deep sincerity:

"I'm terrible sorry—I didn't understand before. But, you see, Mr. Grant, I've never thought of you that way at all. I had a different sort of Prince in mind. I do like you, though. Maybe I could be your little sister?"

"Don't do that to me!" he cried. "Don't say that!"

Well, he went to pieces after that. The day Bert Abrams boasted loudly that he had known for weeks that Priscilla really had a mother and a chicken ranch he threw an inkwell out of a window.

He was a broken man. He bought a large ring at a jewelry store. He bought Priscilla a gold frame for her mother's picture. He sent her flowers. He wrote her notes, like a schoolboy. He followed her around, gazing at her. It was pitiful. The new picture Five Glorious Girls turned out to be a disaster. You need only one to lose your reputation—all of his reputations were cracking up.

Because around the studio, during the last days of the picture, Priscilla treated him with kindness. She was always doing things for him, like straightening his tie, or looking at him in a sympathetic way. Sometimes she even patted his hand, and told him not to mind and that time would mend everything.

It was more than a man could stand. Then Bert Abrams began to talk. Said he had known all along that Priscilla Smith was her real name. Said he had repeatedly told Grant that she was sweet and simple.

What happened, of course, was that Bert Abrams simply took over Jeff Grant's reputation. It is said today, around Hollywood, that Bert Abrams knows more about women than any man they've ever imported.

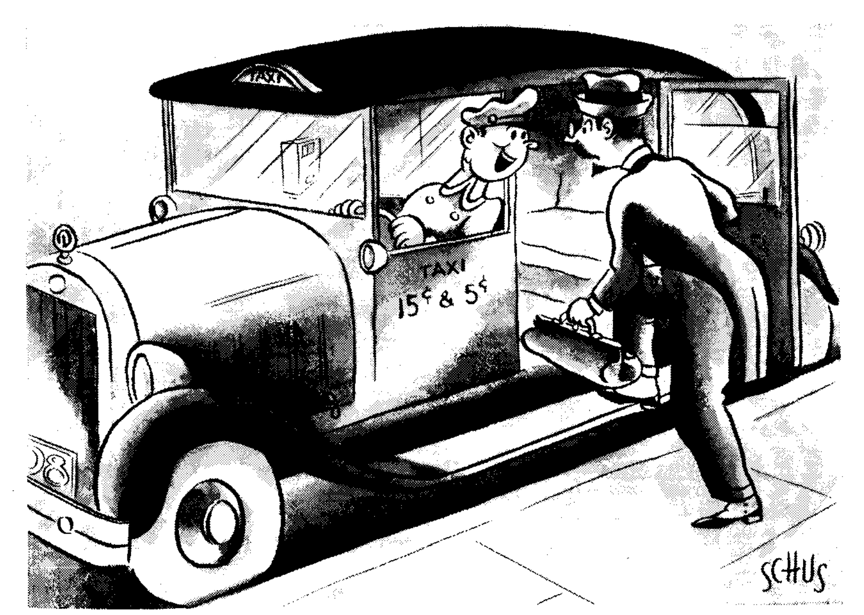
Jeff finally resigned, and went back to New York.

AFTER he had followed Priscilla-Susan Smith four times to England and once to France, and three times to California, Jeff Grant was able to divorce his freedom. It was the fourth trip over, when she was playing in London, that she said to him one evening in Hampton Court:

"It's a curious thing, darling, but *you* must have known you were my Prince from the very beginning. But you weren't the Prince I'd expected, you see, so *I* didn't know it."

"There's the point," he told her, pitifully. "I understand women. It's sort of instinctive."

But by that time his reputation was gone.



"Hop in, Doc—you're as good as in the hospital now!" ADOLPH SCHUS

The Shine on Your Cake

Continued from page 22

its smooth surface and then, in a trice, wipes it clean again for the next operation. He also sticks by the old-time pestle and mortar, just as it's been used in inn kitchens for hundreds of years, instead of a grinder to mash nuts and raisins, to work up smooth pastes for mousses and soufflés and to create fine fillings for sandwiches, because he knows that grinding mangles the taste as well as the shape of such delicate foods by the loss of juices.

Another important part of his equipment, and one particularly worth copying, are the strainers—and a chef strains everything strainable. If you told him that a housewife considers her sauce or gravy, custard or pudding a failure if she has to do so, he would only smile pityingly because he knows that, lumps or no lumps, thorough straining gives these things a smoothness, lightness and texture impossible to get otherwise. For heavy straining he uses a utensil called a China cap—a pierced metal cornucopia that fits firmly down into bowl or saucepan. The food is pressed through with a wooden masher with half the wrist-strain and twice the speed and thoroughness possible with a wobbly wire strainer. For soft straining his device is even simpler and speedier. He just pours the stuff into clean cheesecloth and squeezes it through by twisting the ends.

But the chief stock in trade of a chef is his set of French knives—wide, triangular blades of varying size but invariable sharpness—and without them he just couldn't be a chef. With one sort of flourish he can decapitate a dozen stalks of celery and reduce them to the makings of Waldorf salad in less time than it takes to tell, and with another he can slide through a ham or roast surely and evenly enough to make a machine blush.

Shining Examples

So much for the simple equipment that turns out those impressive masterpieces. But, though so much skill goes into them, if you've a nose for cooking and an eye for food tricks you can learn how to turn off a masterpiece or two yourself.

For instance, how about that special shine they manage to get on everything? I mean the good, glittering red on the strawberry tarts as if they'd been sealed in edible sunshine; the rich, brown shine on the éclair frosting; and the transparent, melt-in-your-mouth sheen that polishes all the cold meats on the buffet and holds the fancy egg and tomato appetizers together?

That shine on the open-top French pastries, for example, is a stand-by any bride could make—for it's just melted apricot jelly brushed over the top with a pastry brush as the tarts come out of the oven. That's the glaze, too, they put on those gigantic hotel baked apples to make them blush through the cream.

To make a household quantity of this glaze—which pastry chefs keep on hand as casually as sugar or butter, melting what they need each time—cook a quarter of a pound of dried apricots (equivalent to one cup) in two cups of water until tender and then strain. There should be nearly a cup of pulp. Add an equal quantity of sugar and cook a few minutes until the mixture looks thick and transparent. Strain again through a fine sieve and set aside for use.

All chefs and bakers use a standard egg-wash to glaze pie crusts before making, in the proportion of one egg to a pint of milk. And the shiny white, chocolate and colored icings that you envy on hotel angel cakes, éclairs, cup cakes and petits fours are just a ready-made moist white sugar fondant you can buy in a jar at any hotel supply house for a few cents a pound and keep in a covered container in the refrigerator for weeks on end. Heat it to soften it—only don't let it boil—thin it with egg white, a quarter-teaspoonful to a cup of fondant, add flavoring and coloring and, presto, any plain or fancy frosting you could want, surefire. You could turn out a Scotch plaid if you used saucers enough.

Only a chef wouldn't use saucers—and that's another secret of the shine on his frostings. He simply puts the cakes, big or little, on a cake rack over his marble slab and pours the frosting evenly over them from the saucepan, letting the surplus dribble down through the rack onto the slab where he later scoops it up on a spatula and puts it back in the pan to use again.

To Complete the Picture

Going on from the pastry chef's station to the cold meat section, you find the glazes there are just a good thin coating of cold jellied consommé, more transparent than usual and made with more gelatin (two teaspoonfuls to a cup of strong broth) to make it stick. After the gelatin has been dissolved in the cup of hot broth in the usual way, beat half a tablespoonful of egg white in a teaspoonful of finely chipped ice until it's stiff, and pour this also into the broth mixture, stirring slowly and blending well. In a second or so the egg white will foam up to the top, leaving the broth very clear and sparkling. Skim off as much egg white as possible and strain through several thicknesses of cheesecloth. When the broth begins to cool and thicken it is ready to use.

All this takes less time to do than described and it's worth a few minutes' time before any buffet party, because the stuff is magic. You can pour it over half a stuffed egg or that familiar stand-by, a slice of tomato with a slice of hard-boiled egg and a dot of olive on top, and you seal them deliciously together into a regular French hors d'œuvre. Or try it over delicatessen ham that has been spread with cheese, mustard, chopped deviled egg or any other good filling and rolled.

Chefs have a last-minute grab for each plate: the garnishes. Each chef is surrounded by his own fixings ready for instant last-minute use: for fish and meat chefs, fresh-squeezed lemon juice in shaker bottles, melted butter, bowls of buttered crumbs, truffles, mushrooms, the freshest and greenest of parsley and cress. Or, if he's an hors d'œuvre specialist, his bowls of chopped egg yolks, egg whites, olives, coloring matters and his fluted knives. Garnishes are the twin ace with glazes for the pictorial success of hotel dishes, and even easier to copy—watercress with the beef and a tip of fresh mint by the lamb chop, a nest of pearl onions to top the stuffed tomato, a black dot of truffle here and a golden powdering of dry egg yolk there, a handful of grated Parmesan cheese on the raw vegetable salad for color and sticking power or a sprinkle of the same over the soup for Continental style and flavor—there's no end to it for giving the hotel look.

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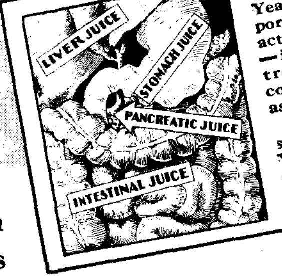

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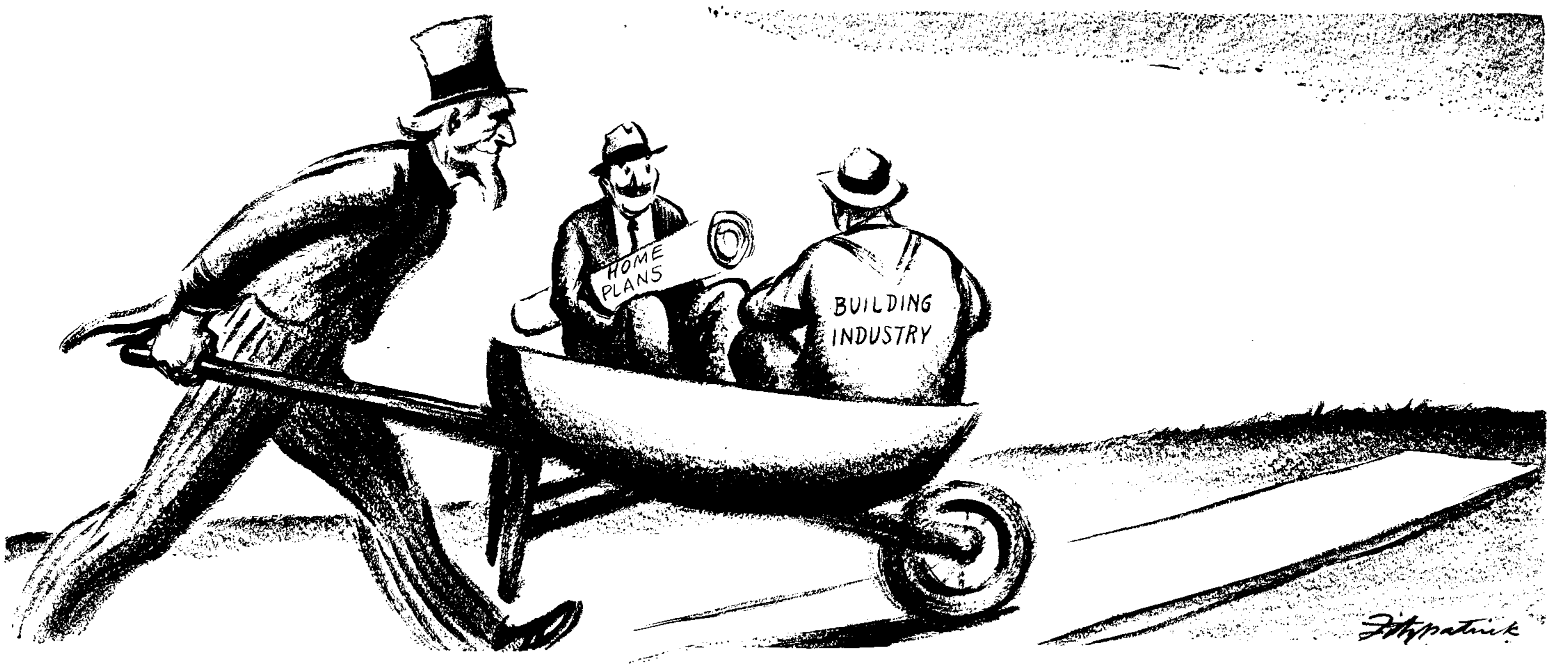

Homes to be Proud of

FROM various sections word comes of increasing success for the national housing program. This is encouraging news. We have been laggard in our home development. If energetically we realize the widespread opportunities offered by the federal government, a veritable new era in American housing will arise.

In earlier good times most of us who lived in cities and villages relied on the speculative builder to provide us with homes. The speculative builder erected small houses and large apartments. Sometimes he did his work well. Often he did not. The motive of the speculative builder was to get the largest practicable profit for the least amount of house which could be sold or rented.

The waste of such a scheme of providing shelter for a nation of 120 millions was prodigious. Competition between rival speculators tended to give the shoddy builder unfair advantages over the more scrupulous. Financing costs were excessive. Out of every dollar which the home builder expended or promised to pay, a large part was sheer waste.

The federal government is now making it possible for the building industry to be reëstablished on a just and rational basis. As a nation we have a chance unparalleled in our history to create decent and attractive houses at fair and moderate costs.

The poor houses we got from speculative builders were an inevitable product of the system which produced them. The speculative builder did not intend to live in the houses he erected. He built for the profit obtainable. He did not expect to sell a second house to the same buyer. The satisfied customer who comes back year after year played no part in his picture. Consequently, he was tempted to build as cheaply as building ordinances and the market would allow.

The home buyer without large capital was compelled to make his payments in the most wasteful manner imaginable. A large profit first was extracted by the speculative builder. This unnecessarily high cost was then written into mortgages of various sorts.

At every step extra costs were loaded on the mortgages. Innumerable fees, direct and indirect, seen and hidden, were added until the buyer's expenditure was swollen beyond all reason. The methods adopted, even by better mortgage companies, allowed fees which cannot be justified in any broad-gauge consideration of housing.

The entry of the federal government into a building program has vitally changed this picture. It is possible now under the stimulus of the Federal Housing Authority to obtain the money for building without paying bonuses or fees to the various parasites who previously fed upon the building industry. By insuring the loans made by banks and other financial agencies the government has so reduced the element of risk that low interest rates are practicable.

Governmental initiative has touched the various phases of the housing industry. It is possible to obtain federal aid in financing and refinancing old mortgages. It is possible to get help from the government in undertaking new construction or in making repairs to existing structures. Also, in many cities and in some rural districts governmental agencies have assumed responsibility for large housing projects. In Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, New York, Atlanta and elsewhere, the federal government is expending millions to tear down structures and to erect decent modern apartments.

The justification for this vast program and expenditure is the national necessity of providing employment and of diminishing direct relief to the unemployed. Housing is undeniably needed. Equally certain is the fact that a revival of building on a large scale offers the quickest and the most feasible way to create new jobs.

Of the urgent necessity to put those now living on public doles to work there can be no doubt. Already relief has proved to be demoralizing to some of the recipients. In one large Southern city in which the building program is well under way, trade unions reported a shortage of craftsmen, while some of their members were still unemployed and being supported by the relief agents. Obviously this condition will not be tolerated.

Housing not only provides the widest opportunity for reëmployment, but also points to our greatest lack. James Moffett, Housing Administrator, has estimated that 70 per cent of the money spent on home modernization and repair goes to labor. The housing authority also estimates that 16,000,000 homes are in need of repair and that 3,000,000 require urgent attention if they are to be rendered fit for human habitation. In rural regions it is reported that one house in six is so badly run down that it should be replaced.

No one can deny the advantages which would accrue to us as a nation from the providing of decent homes. The emergency impelled the federal government to undertake this work but the benefits from it will flow to all the people. It will, moreover, create standards of building and of financing which should be of lasting benefit to home owners, builders and to the nation. By providing good houses at moderate cost with reasonable financing charges, an example will have been set not to be forgotten in long years to come.

The real success of the nation's experiment in house building depends, furthermore, on the degree and intelligence of the public response. We have the chance to coöperate with the government in a great undertaking. Some imagination and some courage are required even to avail ourselves of the benefits offered. If as home owners, actual or intending, as builders, manufacturers or as lenders of housing money, we do coöperate energetically, there can be little doubt of the success of the undertaking.

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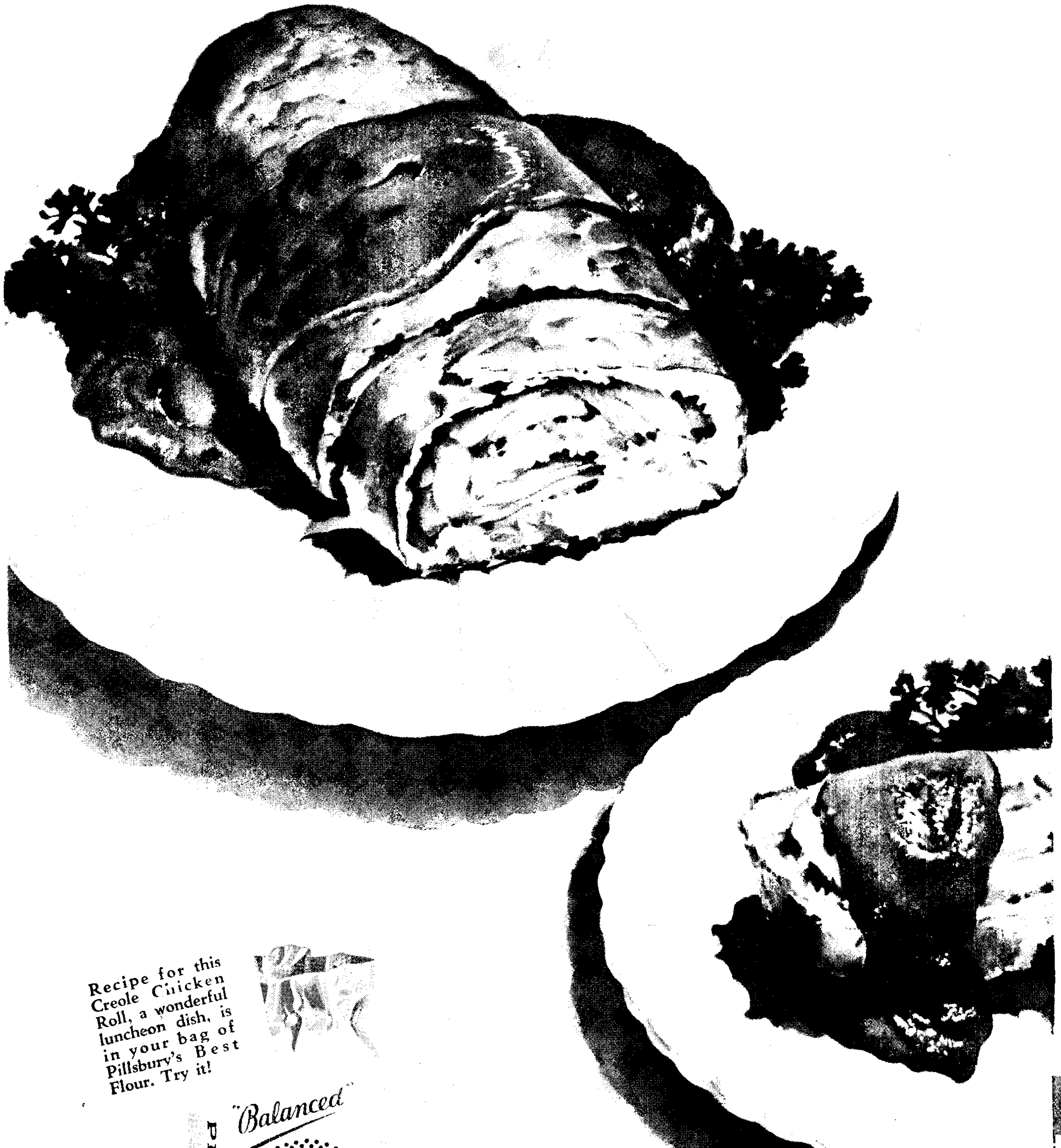

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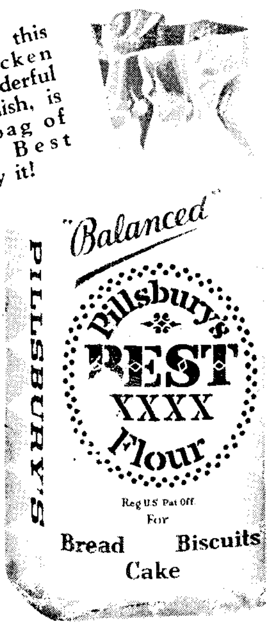

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